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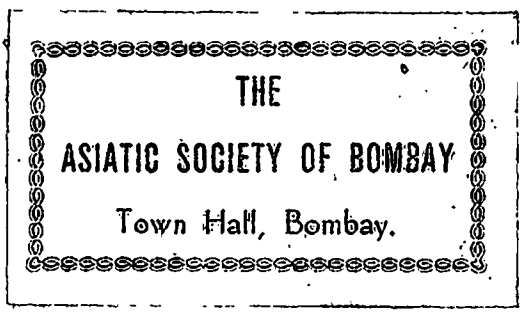

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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS

OF

JAMES SHIRLEY,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED; 2402

WITH NOTES

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

AND

ADDITIONAL NOTES, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF SHIRLEY AND HIS WRITINGS,

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

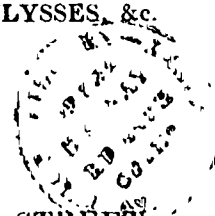
IN SIX VOLUMES.

43488

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING

HONORIA AND MAMMON.
CHABOT, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE.
THE ARCADIA.
THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.
A CONTENTION FOR HONOUR AND RICHES.
THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.
CUPID AND DEATH.
THE CONTENTION OF AJAX AND ULYSSES, &c.
POEMS.



LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
MDCCCXXXIII.

43488

HONORIA AND MAMMON.

HONORIA AND MAMMON.] This "Moral, dressed in dramatic ornament," was published by Shirley in 1562, in 8vo. It is founded, as the writer observes on the opposite page, on the Interlude entitled the *Contention of Honour and Riches*, given in a subsequent part of this volume. It is addressed solely to the reader, and appears never to have been designed for the stage: if a poet may be trusted, this piece shut up the long list of Shirley's dramatic labours. The title of the old copy is, "*Honoria and Mammon. Written by James Shirley,*" with the mottos:

"Auri sacra fames, quid non mortalia cogis
Pectora?
——— Et immensum gloria calcar habet."

TO THE

CANDID READER.

A small part of this subject many years since had dropped from my pen; but looking, at some opportunities, upon the argument, I thought some things more considerable might be deduced; and applying myself further, at times of recess, I felt it grow and multiply under my imagination: nor left I it then, (the matter being so pregnant in itself,) till I formed it into such limbs and proportions as you now see it. Modesty, after this, invited me to cover it, and to cut off many impertinences, and purge some humour, that sate, I confess, unhandsomely upon it.

What is now presented, I hope, will appear a genuine and unforced moral, which, though dressed in dramatic ornament, may not displease, in the reading, persons of ingenuity, such whose nature is not to create prejudice where they intend a recreation; and in the confidence of that, I do not repent the superstructures I have made, my pains, nor expenses that have attended to bring it to this. It is now public, to satisfy the importunity of friends: I will only add, it is like to be the last, for in my resolve, nothing of this nature shall, after this, engage either my pen or invention.

The reason why I make no particular dedication [illegible] friend is, because I aim my general respect [illegible]hose favours and civilities have obliged me. [illegible] none will be offended, where none hath the recedence: and to conclude with the most serious truth, I know not any that love me so little, whom the payment of my so mean addresses would satisfy as to clear me upon the account of his friendship. Let this suffice at present from him, that is

Your Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Conquest, *a colonel*,
Alworth, *a scholar*,
Alamode, *a courtier*,
} *lovers of lady* Honoria.

Fulbank, *a citizen*,
Maslin, *a countryman*,
} *suitors to lady* Mammon.

Traverse, *a lawyer, servant to* Mammon *and* Honoria.
Squanderbag, *a captain.*
Phantasm, *gentleman-usher to lady* Mammon.
Dash, Traverse's *clerk.*
A Doctor.
A Captain.
A Serjeant.
Marshal.
Citizens.
Porters.
Soldiers.
Countrymen.

Honoria.
Aurelia Mammon.

SCENE, Metropolis ; *and twice in the Co*[redacted]

HONORIA AND MAMMON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter on opposite sides, ALWORTH *and* PHANTASM.

Alw. 'Tis not far off: I'll ask this gentleman.—
Can you instruct me, sir, where the great lady,
Aurelia Mammon, lives?
Phan. Yes, sir, I can.
Alw. Pray do me the civility.
Phan. Have you
Affairs with her, my friend in black?
Alw. Have you
Relation to the lady, sir?
Phan. She owns me
A gentleman-usher. With your pardon, sir,
Are not you inclining to a scholar?
Alw. I have spent time i' the Academy.
Phan. The Academy! another beggar.—I
Did think so by your serious face; your habit
Had almost cozen'd me, and your hair; they are
Of the more court edition.—This is
A beggar of the upper form of learning. [*Aside.*
Your business with my lady?
Alw. If you please
To prepare my access—
Phan. 'Tis to no purpose;
My lady keeps no library, no food
For book-worms, [sir,] I can assure you that.

Learning is dangerous in our family;
She will not keep a secretary, for fear
Of the infection.
Alw. Does she keep no fool?
Phan. Yes, yes, and knaves.
Alw. I thought so;
In which class is your name, I beseech you?
Phan. We enjoy equal privileges; indeed the knave
Makes somewhat more of's office; but my lady
Is not so nice; so we can bring certificates
That we are sound, and free from the infection
Of books, or can lay down our understandings,
And part with that unnecessary stuffing
I' the head, (you know my meaning,) or renounce
The impious use of human art and knowledge,
We are in a capacity of employment:
Perhaps you may, on these terms, be admitted
With your philosophy, and things about you,
To keep her horse; do you observe?
Alw. A fair preferment.
Phan. The fittest here for men of art; or if
You can keep counsel, and negotiate handsomely
The amorous affair of flesh and blood,
There you may exercise your parts of rhetoric—
How lies your learning that way? 'tis an office
Many grave persons have submitted to,
And found it a smooth path to court preferment;
But she is here, I'll leave you to your fortune.
[*Exit.*

Enter AURELIA MAMMON.

Mam. With me? your business?
Alw. The lady Honoria, madam, by me humbly
Presents her service, and this paper to
Your ladyship.
Mam. The lady Honour! 'tis
Some borrowing letter.
Alw. This is not civil.

Mam. I am so haunted with this mendicant
Nobility!—at every ebb of fortune,
I must be troubled with epistles from them.
What's here? [*reads.*]—You are a scholar.
Alw. I have studied
The arts.
Mam. Your lady writes as much, and would
commend you
To my employment; but I want no chaplain.
Alw. If you did, I cannot flatter, madam.
Mam. I have known wiser men converted by
Preferment.
Alw. They were things that had no souls;
Or use of that bright entelecheia
Which separates them from beasts.
Mam. I did expect
Hard words, and do commend the pure discretion
Of your most learned tribe, that think themselves
Brave fellows, when they talk Greek to a lady;
Next to the Goth and Vandal, you shall carry
The babble from mankind. Pray tell your lady,
Learning is out of fashion in my family.
Alw. Why should you be an enemy to arts?
The lamps we waste, and watches that consume
Our strength in noble studies, are ill paid
With this disdain; your smile would make us happy,
And, with your golden beam, strike [a] new day
Through learning's universe.
Mam. You but lose your time;
I know you are writing some prodigious volume
In praise of hunger, and immortal beggary:
This may in time advance you to a pedant,[1]

[1] —— *to a pedant*, &c.] The lady Mammon is pleased to be facetious at the expense of the poor schoolmaster, and parson. One of the crying enormities, however, in the evil days in which this was written, was the scandalous rapacity of the patrons of church livings, who never failed to stipulate with the incumbent for the greater part of the value to themselves. This practice grew up with the Long Parliament.

To whip the town-tops; or [a] gelded vicarage,
Some forty marks per annum, and a chambermaid,
Commended by your patron.
Alw. You are not worth
My anger, I should else—
Mam. What, my sweet satire?
Alw. Present your ladyship with a glass, a true one,
Should turn you wild to see your own deformity.
Mam. I prithee rail:—now for a storm—
Alw. I will not lose my temper on such a trifle.
[*Exit.*

Enter FULBANK *and* MASLIN.

Mam. But here are two come timely, to disperse
All cloudy thoughts, my diligent daily waiters.
Ful. Now poetry be my speed! my noblest mistress!
Mam. What have you there, dear master Fulbank?
Ful. Lines, that are proud to express your beauty, madam.
Mam. Bless me! turn'd poet? I must tell you, servant,
Nothing in nature is more killing to me.
Ful. Umph!
I see my lady Mammon is no wit.— [*Aside.*
Do you think I made them? I have an estate, madam.
Mam. I know you have fined for alderman.
Ful. They were a foolish scholar's o' the town;
And I made my address to be confirm'd
In your opinion, they were wretched things,
And like the starv'd composer. The nine Muses,
I have read, madam, in a learned author,
Were but a knot of travelling, tawny gipsies,
That liv'd by country canting, and old songs,
And picking worms out of fools fingers, which
Was palmistry, forsooth! and for Apollo,
Whom they call'd father, a poor silly piper,

That kept a thatch'd house upon cuckold's hill,[2]
Not far from Helicon, or old Bride-well,
Where he sold switches, till his hut was burn'd
One night by a tinker's nose, that lay in straw there;
And he, for loss of this poor tenement,
Ran mad, from whence came all the mighty stir
Of that, which we now call poetic fury.

Mam. 'Tis very likely.

Mas. Madam, by your leave,
I am a countryman—what should a man lie for?—
I ken no college learning, but I have
Been whipp'd for Latin in my days, that have I;
And have heard talk of the philosopher's stone.
Although I wear not velvet like his worship,
My heart's embroidered with love, and I
Defy the man that thinks me insufficient
To do what's fitting to be done between
You and I, madam, as the best *what-lack-you*
Finical-fartical-cit within the walls.

Ful. Take heed how you provoke me.

Mas. I'll provoke
Any man living in the way of love.

Re-enter PHANTASM.

Mam. Did all the ladies sleep well?

Phan. Yes, and their monkeys, madam, and have all
Their several thanks, and services remember'd
To your ladyship—but, madam—

[*Exeunt Mam. and Phan.*

Ful. She has left us.
I'll find a time to make you sensible—

Mas. Me sensible?
I defy thee.

[2] —— *upon* cuckold's hill, &c.] These are but scurvy designations of the "fonte caballino" and the *bicipiti* Parnasso: this is a vein of humour in which Shirley greatly delights, and in which, to do him justice, he is always lively and satirical.

Ful. Be not rampant, and thank heaven
We are not arm'd.
Mas. I scorn it.
Ful. Dar'st thou meet me?
Mas. Yes, the next day after Simon and Jude,
I dare, when all your liveries go a feasting
By water with your gally-foist and pot-guns,
And canvas whales, to Westminster.[3] I am not
Afear'd of your green Robin Hoods, that fright
With fiery club your pitiful spectators,
That take pains to be stifled, and adore
The wolves and camels of your company:
Next whom the children ride, who, innocent things,
What with the giants, and the squibs, and eating
Too many sugar-plums, take occasion to
Perfume their pageants, which your senators
Ride after in full scent.
Ful. Thou horrid lump
Of leather, coarse wool, ignorance and husbandry,
Most pitifully compounded! thou that hast liv'd
So long a dunghill, till the [native] weeds
Had overgrown thee, and but ten yards off,
Cozen'd a horse that came to graze upon thee!
Thou miserable thing, that wert begot
By the whole town, [that] dar'st call no man father,
Found in a hedge, but bred up in a stable,
Where, with the horse, thou didst divide the beans,
Dung like the beast, and wert as often curried!—
Thus bred, at one-and-twenty thou wert able
To write a legible sheep's mark in tar,
And read thy own capital letter, like a gallows
In a cow's buttock.
Mas. Suffer this?

[3] This most humorous and graphic description of the land and water pageants of the good citizens, is by no means a caricature; scarcely an exaggeration. In some of the "Entertainments" come down to us, and which were given, on different occasions, in honour of Prince Henry, almost every absurdity here noticed is gravely embodied and displayed.

Ful. And more:
Fortune, conspiring with thy own ill nature,
That durst be damn'd for money, made thee rich,
And then the country's curses fatten'd thee;
Time, and thy sordid sins, made thee at last
High constable, and, now thou hast the impudence—
Mas. Thou liest! [*Strikes Ful.*

Re-enter PHANTASM *with two swords.*

Phan. Fear not me, gentlemen, I am your friend,
A friend to both your honours. [*gives a sword to each.*] Here, be noble;
You have a just cause, and a gallant mistress.
—Persons of your quality to fight thus
For bloody noses! to't like gentlemen,
And draw blood handsomely; he that gets the victory
Shall have my lady, and a pardon, though
It cost her half a million; so I leave you.—
Here will I stay, and observe both their valours.
[*Conceals himself.*

Ful. We are betray'd.
Mas. I do not like these tools. [*Aside.*
Ful. It is not for my credit to be kill'd;
If he have but the courage to advance,
I am no merchant-tailor of this world;
And yet he looks less rampant. [*aside.*]—Sirrah Maslin—
Mas. I were best deliver up my cold iron here.
[*Aside.*
Ful. He does approach.
Mas. And yet I will not. [*aside.*]—Fulbank,
I am of thy opinion; we are both
Betray'd; for my own part, although I carry
No flesh that fears a sword, yet I do not
Affect to have devices put upon me.
Ful. 'Tis something thou hast said; this may be a plot,

Some third man has projected, by our ruins
To make his path smooth to my lady Mammon,
And thus her squire promotes it.
Mas. A conspiracy!
I read it in the rascal's face; *to't*, quotha,
Like gentlemen! No, they shall not laugh at me;
An my lady had a mind to have my throat cut,
She shall excuse me.
Ful. To my wishes! [*aside.*]—But I am not satisfied
We can, without some blood, come off with honour:
You know th' affront was mine; and though I would not
Have my revenge writ in too deep a crimson,
Yet something must be done; it will be public,
And we may still be laugh'd at.
Mas. Thou say'st right;
Things cannot well be clear'd without some blood:
I have consider'd, and you shall be satisfied.
Ful. So, I have made fine work, the boar will fight now. [*Aside.*
Mas. The credit of a wound will serve; thus, then—
Ful. Stay, I have a device will bring us both off.
Why may not we consent to give each other
A careless wound in the leg, or arm, and so
March off with honour?
Mas. This knack was in my very thoughts; 'tis excellent.
Ful. But since I nam'd it first, 'tis my invention,
And I will strike the first blow.
Mas. Hang't! I pass not;
But gently, then; a scratch i' the arm, or hand's
Enough, a small thing does it: gently, oh!
Thou hast cut off my sword hand; this is foul play,
I cannot hold my tool now. [*Drops his sword.*
Ful. But stoop to reach it,
I'll cut thy head off; i' the field we must

Use all advantages. This weapon's mine too;
Farewell, and say I have used thee honourably.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter PHANTASM.

Phan. Ha! ha! ha! Are you hurt, sir?
I see the alderman has outwitted you.
Let me see; ha!—A scratch, a very scratch. [*Aside.*
Bear up, there may be ways to your revenge;
Leave not your applications to my lady:
He counsels this that will assist you. But
I ever thought your habit much beneath
The person that should court so great a lady;
It smells too much o' the team: I know you are rich,
Air, air your gold, and make your body clinquant;
The rest commit to fate and me. Consult
Your tailor.

Mas. And my surgeon: Sir, I thank you.

Phan. You do not know how I am contriving for you.

Mas. That very word has cur'd me; I'll about it.
[*Exit.*

Phan. So!
When there's no other mischief to be done,
Let them go on, and love my lady Mammon;
I'll assist one, in hope the t' other may
Go hang himself; and then it will be hard
To judge which of the two has the better fortune.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Honoria's *House.*

Enter HONORIA *between* ALAMODE *and* CONQUEST.

Ala. Bless me but with one smile; if you did know
With what devotion my soul looks on you,

How, next to my religion, I have placed
If not above it, your diviner beauty—
Hon. Your name is Alamode, a courtier?
Ala. 'Tis sweeten'd by Honoria's breath.
Con. I have
No stock of perfum'd words to court you, madam;
Can you affect a man? a soldier?
When I have march'd up to a breach, which look'd
Like hell, with all his sulphurous flames about it,
My heart was fix'd on honour, and I took
From gaping wounds the fleeting souls about me
Into my own, and fought with all their spirits;
The mangled bodies that I trod upon,
(For now the dead had buried all the earth,)
Gave me addition to heaven, where, in
My strong imagination, I saw
Thee from thy chariot dropping down a garland.
Hon. You are a colonel?
Con. I profess a soldier, madam.
Hon. It appears, a bold one.—Art thou come,
Alworth?

Enter ALWORTH.

What said the lady Mammon? [*Alw. whispers her.*
Ala. One that has some relation to her person;
They call him Alworth, and I have observ'd
She looks on him with favour above a servant;
He has not the impudence to court his lady?
Hon. So peremptory? What a strange monster wealth is!
I have but made a trial of her friendship,
And had no meaning thou should'st leave me, Alworth.
Depend upon my care; I know your parts,
And shall not be forgetful of their merit:
But thou art come most seasonable to relieve me.
Ala. I do not like their whispering.

Alw. If you please, madam, to absent yourself,
Leave me to the excuse.
Hon. Do so, dear Alworth.
Alw. I am happy
When you command my service.
Hon. Be confident,
I keep a silent register of all,
And shall reward them.
Alw. Your own virtues guide you. [*Exit Hon.*
Con. My lady's gone—
Alw. But has commanded me to let you know
Her resolution; she hath found you both
Ambitious of honour, both deserving,
And such an equal furniture of merit,
She has no art to reconcile her thoughts
Into one fortunate choice.
Ala. 'Tis very strange.
Alw. The Gordian, which great Alexander could not
By subtilty dissolve, his sword untwisted.
I use her own words, gentlemen; you may
Infer, that you must either quit your courtship,
Or, by yourselves agree who best deserves her,
And dare[s] do most to merit such a mistress.
Ala. How! best deserves her?
Con. And dares do most.
Alw. I should interpret this, to fight for Honour;
But you can best expound, and so I leave you. [*Exit.*
Con. What says my perfum'd Alamode to this?
Will not a sword quite spoil your satin doublet,
And let in too much air? your lips and language,
Bath'd in the oil of jessamin, will not carry her:
You have worn a sword thus long, to shew the hilt,
Now let the blade appear.
Ala. It shall. I have yet
No ague, I can look upon your buff,
And punto beard, yet call for no strong water;
I am no tavern gull, that want protection,

Whom you with oaths do mortify, and swear
Into the payment of your ten pound surfeits;
Upon whose credit you wear belt and feather,
Top and top-gallant. Go to your Lindabrides
I' the new brothel, she's a handsome leveret;
If she deny free quarter, tear her trinkets,
Make cullice of the matron; yet be friends
Before the constable come in, and run
O' the ticket for the dear disease.
Con. Go on, sir;
I will have patience three minutes longer,
To hear thy scurril wit, and then correct it.
Ala. Answer but one cool question: if Honoria
Should possibly descend to think well of thee,
And by some philtre should be brought to love thee,
What jointure could we make? what's the per annum?
Con. Have you done yet?
Ala. 'Tis not impossible
You may have a catalogue of towns and leaguers;
The names of bridges broken down, your nose
In time may keep them company in landscape:
You will tell of bulwarks, barricados, forts,
Of outworks, half moons, spurs, and parapets,
Of turnpikes, flankers, cats and counter-scarps?[4]
These things will hardly pawn with Jew or Christian.
But I'll come closer to you: you may have
In ready wounds some twenty, I'll admit,
And, in diseases, can assure her forty;
This will not do: she cannot eat a knapsack,
Or carry baggage, lie in your foul hut,
And roast the pullen, for whose precious theft

[4] *Of* turnpikes, *flankers*, cats *and counter-scarps;*] By *turnpikes*, probably, are meant the revolving bars placed to prevent horses from breaking into the foot-way; and by *cats*, the pointed spikes thrown on the road to check the advance of cavalry;—but this perhaps is too gravely taken, as he is evidently sporting with military terms. For *counter-scarps*, the old copy reads *counter-scarfs*. And here too, it may be right.

You and the gibbet fear to be acquainted.
If you return into your wholsome country,
Upon your honourable wooden legs,
The houses of correction have but thin
Accommodations, nor the hospitals.
Con. It does appear by all this impudence,
And little wit pilfer'd, and put together,
You do not know me.
Ala. Cry you mercy, sir.
You are a great field-officer, are past
These petty things; but if these times preserve
Their smooth complexion, it will not be
Ten hundred thousand pistols to a stiver,
But you may run this gantlope once again.
Con. You imagine you have stung me now, and that
I think myself concern'd in this keen character.
I tell thee, wretched thing, thou dost not reach
A soldier; 'tis a name three heavens above
Thy soul to understand, and 'twere a sin
Would lessen our own worth, to make thee know it.
You are a courtier.
Ala. Very good.
Con. Nay, rather,
A very impious one; you shall confess it,
Or I will cut your throat; this is no *canting*.
Ala. Very fine!
Con. Nay, we know you are a fine gentleman,
A taffeta-satin-plush-embroidered-
Laced-scarlet-tissue-cloth-o'-bodkin-devil.
Pride is thy meat and drink, thy library,
And thy religion; thy new clothes only
Bring thee to church, where thou dost muster all
The fashions, and the trinkets, to the last
New button, upon which thy conscience sits,
And, as the devil guides it, dost condemn,
Or save the people; that done, not the windows
'Scape thee, for thou wilt quarrel with the pictures,

And find fault with the Apostles, for not having
A better tailor: these, sir, are your virtues,
Your high, and holiday devotions!
What moral vices follow in the week
Is best known to the devil, your close friend,
That keeps the catalogue; yet one touch of them:
Thy lust has no bounds; when thy blood's afire,
Thou leap'st all like a satyr, without difference
Of kindred, or acquaintance; and were those
But summon'd, whom thy body hath infected,
They would stuff an hospital, and outstink the pest-house.

Ala. And yet I walk upon these poor supporters.

Con. How long the surgeon knows.

Ala. These all my faults?

Con. No; those are but thy peccadilloes,
Thy malice is behind; thou wilt not take
A bribe t' undo a nation, sell thy countrymen
To as many persecutions as the devil,
Or Dutchmen, had invented at Amboyna!
With all this stock of villainy, thou hast
An impudence—

Ala. I'll hear no more.

Con. A little I'll entreat you; all is but
A preface to your beating, which must follow;
Your tribe will bear it.

Ala. Then have at you, sir. [*They make a pass.*

Con. You are very nimble, courtier.

Ala. As you see.

Con. Good monsieur quicksilver,
You may be fix'd.

Ala. And your arrears be paid.

[*Another pass; Ala. is thrown down, and disarmed.*

Con. What think you now?

Ala. It is your fortune, sir.

Con. You're at my mercy; ask your life.

Ala. I scorn it.

Con. I'll kill you then.
Ala. A boy may do as much
At this advantage.
Con. Will you not ask your life?
Ala. No; 'tis not worth it.
Con. An't be not worth your asking, 'tis not worth
My taking at this posture. There's your weapon;
Rise, use it again.
Ala. It shall be thus to render it.
Though I was not so base to beg my life,
Yet, since you have given it me, I scorn to employ it
'Gainst one that was the master on't.
Con. This is gallantry.
Ala. You taught it first.
Con. In spite of all the widows in the world,
We will be friends.
Ala. I meet it, colonel.
Con. And for the lady Mammon—
Ala. We'll take our chance.
Con. A match! now let us to the tavern.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Mammon's *House.*

Enter FULBANK *and* PHANTASM.

Phan. I think I have brought your business well about, sir.
Ful. Thou hast oblig'd me everlastingly.
Nay, nay, be covered; thou art my best friend.
Phan. It was but justice to advance your merit
With all the rhetoric I had, for where
In prudence could my lady Mammon place

Herself with more advantage to her fame?
A widow of a thousand pound per annum,
With some few present bags of musty gold,
Old plate, and hungry household-stuff, would serve
The country well enough.
Ful. Excellent Phantasm!
Phan. Where the report of building a free-school,
And now and then an alms-house for old women,
With five teeth and a half among sixteen,
Would make a mighty noise, and the poor hinds
Wonder there's so much money left in nature.
The city is Her only sphere of glory.
Ful. Right! very right!
Phan. Here, my lady Mammon—
Your's now, as things are ordered,—
Ful. Good.
Phan. May have high and noble ways to employ her treasures.
Do things above the vulgar admiration;
Surround the city with a wall of silver,
Transmute dull Leaden-hall to gold, rebuild
The great cathedral of St. Paul's with porphyry,
And clap so bright a spire upon't, shall make
The seaman afar off wonder what new
And never-setting star heaven hath created,
To make the day eternal in this island.
Ful. My own Phantasm!
Phan. There is no end, sir, of her wealth. If you
Have but the patience to spend, you may
Outdo the Roman luxuries.
Ful. I'll give thee my gold chain.
Phan. Oh, no, it may do you better service, sir,
'Bout your own neck hereafter. For all this
Infinite treasure that she brings you, sir,
What jointure do you make her? you are mortal.
Ful. I have thought of that;
I will secure my whole estate upon her,
Beside her own; I have no kindred that

I care for, they are poor; and as my pride,
While I am living, will not look upon them,
At death it will be wisdom to forget them.
Phan. It would endear my lady much, if you
Surprise her with this act, before she think on't;
I would have you do things gallantly.
Ful. You shall
Give the direction to my counsel.
Phan. His name?
Ful. A very honest, able, eminent person,
One master Traverse. See it done yourself.
Phan. My lady will take it well, without all doubt, sir.
Ful. But shall I engage your trouble?
Phan. 'Tis an honour;
I'll give him order to despatch all presently.
He is a very honest man, you say?
Ful. He's right; I know him *intus et in cute.*
Phan. My lady, sir! Leave things to me.

Enter MAMMON.

Ful. My most divine Aurelia!
Mam. Dear master Fulbank,
I have no happiness but in your presence.
When shall the work be perfect?
Ful. I was considering,
It would become the glory of my bride,
To have some state and triumph at our marriage;
I know the city will expect we should
Accept some entertainment, perhaps pageants,
And speeches, to congratulate our nuptial.
Mam. 'Twill please me much.
Phan. There may be prejudice in these delays.
Ful. Oh, sir, the state is all.—What thinks your ladyship?
We will have tilting too, and feats of chivalry
At court, where I'll defend my Aurelia princess,
In the gilt armour that I mustered in,

And the rich saddle of my own perfuming.
I'll have my squires, my plumes, and my devices,
And with my lance encounter the whole *Mirror*
Of Knighthood, and compel the foreign princes
To hang up all the tables of their mistresses,
As trophies to my most victorious Mammon.

Phan. Without some cure, he will be mad immediately. [*Aside.*

Enter ALAMODE, *reading a letter, followed by a Servant.*

Ala. Present my humblest service to Honoria,
Say I am all obedience to her commands;
Were I in heaven, this invitation
Would have the power to draw me thence; I kiss
Her fairest hand. This for your favour.
[*Gives Serv. money.—Exit Serv.*
Master Fulbank!

Ful. Please you to know my lady, sir?

Ala. If I mistake not, the lady Aurelia, widow
To the late high treasurer, sir Omnipotent Mammon. [*Salutes her.*
But are you master of this rich Peru?

Ful. She will please to own me, ha?

Mam. It is but justice.

Ala. A thousand streams of joy flow in your bosoms!
I'll take some fortunate hour to visit you,
And, with an humble lip, print my devotions
On your white hand.

Mam. You'll do me an honour, sir.

Ala. Some high affairs compel this rude departure;
But you have mercy to excuse your servant. [*Exit.*

Ful. What heaps of words some men have got together,
To signify nothing!

Phan. How do you like this gentleman?

Ful. These courtiers are another sort of flesh-flies
That haunt our city dames; but we must wink,
Or lose our charter.
Phan. Bless the Body Politic!

Enter MASLIN *in rich clothes, but fantastic.*

Mas. By your leave, gentlemen.
Ful. What pageant's this?
Mas. Where do you think I have been, madam?
Mam. At the broker's.
Mas. At the exchange, by these silk stockings.—
Master usher—a word to the wise,
If they will fit your rolling-pin, they're paid for;
Perhaps the wages you receive, in your
Relation to my lady, will not find you
Convenient vanities.—Now I'm for you, madam.
Mam. In good time.
Mas. I wanted but your hand,
I could have fitted you with gloves, but here are
Some trifles for the finger; you must wear
This diamond, and this ruby.
Mam. Do you understand
What you do, sir?
Mas. And here's a casting-net of pearl.
Mam. A carkanet? these will deserve—
Mas. Tell not me of desert, I hate it perfectly;
Hang toys and yellow rubbish that paid for them!
How do you like my clothes?
Ful. Sir, I am concern'd to thank you for these favours.
Mas. You!
Prithee away, I have nothing to say to thee.
Ful. We have no other gratitude, sweetheart,
But to invite him to our wedding.
Mas. Wedding!—Phantasm.
Phan. An you had come but half an hour sooner,
This very shape had done't.

Mas. Do not, do not make me mad too soon.
Ful. You have been very bountiful, and we pray
Your noble presence at our festival,
Which we have deferr'd, to be attended with
Some triumph, such as may become the city,
And my dear lady's honour.—Is't not so,
My America? Look how the oyster gapes!
Leave him to chew his country cud.—Come,
madam. [*Exeunt Ful. and Mam.*
Phan. Sir, I confess—
Mas. And be hang'd![1] I am undone, and I could
cry now.
Phan. Sir,
You have been at a great charge to go without her;
Such rings, and carkanet, beside the cost
Of this fine habit!—for your bounty, sir,
Bestow'd on me, the unworthiest of your servants,
I have a gratitude, if you please to accept it.
Mas. What is't? a halter or a knife, to cure me,
Or a comfortable poison?
Phan. 'Tis the first
You nam'd, a most convenient, neatly twisted
Halter, for I do see your inclinations,
And shall commend your fortitude; beside,
'Twill shew a brave contempt upon their scorns;
And who knows how the example, sir, may spread
To cure some other madmen that love widows.
You have my judgment and the cord for nothing;
Lose not the nick of the next beam you come at,
No way like this to be high-constable.
Mas. Here, take my clothes; I will be mad,
and hang
Myself immediately—and yet I will consider,
Till the air be a little warmer; when I have

[1] —— *confess—and be hang'd!*] is a proverbial expression which occurs in Shakspeare, and indeed in most of our old dramatists, who appear to have found some pleasantry in it, when applied as in the text.

Cut Fulbank's throat, 'tis but a hanging afterwards.
'Tis good to be malicious, and wise;
Some notable revenge would be worth all
My cost, and then a fico for the devil! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Honoria's *House.—A table, with a cabinet upon it.*

Enter ALWORTH *and* ALAMODE.

Alw. Please you to have a little patience,
I shall acquaint my lady that you're come, sir.
Ala. Before you go, dear sir,—I know your prudence,
And near employment with my lady, has
Endear'd you to partake some of her counsels;
You shall oblige a very humble servant,
To let me know how she affects,—you reach
My meaning,—by what motive am I sent for?
Alw. My lady keeps the key of her own cabinet;
But if you'll have my judgment on the scheme,
I think my lady will this day determine
Her choice; I incline the rather to this judgment,
Because the colonel is sent for too.
My attendance is expected, sir; your pardon.
Ala. Ha! music!
[*A Song within, in praise of a Courtier.*
I like this well.

Re-enter ALWORTH *with* CONQUEST.

Alw. My lady will appear [sir] presently;
I'll give her knowledge, if you please.
Con. Your favour, sir,
You are learned beyond books; what's your opinion
Of my lady, in relation to things at present?
What do you think of me?

Alw. My thoughts are much
Too narrow to conclude your worth, which left
An object for divine Honoria's wisdom,
Must only take from her a worthy character
And just reward. [*Music.*

A Song within, in praise of a Soldier.

Con. I like this preface.
Ala. My noble colonel, your servant.

Enter HONORIA, *attended.*

Hon. Excuse the trouble that I give you, gentlemen;
You're welcome, and, thus knit into a friendship,
Your persons have more grace and shine upon them.—
Some chairs—pray sit. I see you both preserve
Your fair respects to honour, and I have,
After some pause, and serious dispute
Within myself, collected now at last,
Upon whose person to repose myself,
My fortune, and my fame; and since but one,
(Where many may deserve,) can wear the garland,
The loser must content himself with his fate,
And wait a kinder providence.
Con. 'Tis but justice.
[*She takes a wreath from the cabinet.*
Hon. This wreath of bays, emblem of victory,
Must crown his head to whom I fall a conquest.
Forgive the ceremony.
Con. Oh, 'tis very pleasing.
Ala. I like it well, madam, and commend your fancy.
Hon. You, sir, were bred up in the school of honour,
The court, this may not unbecome your temples;
[*She places the wreath on Alamode's head.*

Wise courtiers are the jewels of a crown,
The columns and the ornaments of state;
Fitted with parts, and piety to act,
They serve the power for justice, not themselves:
Their faith the cabinet, in which is laid
The prince's safety, and the nation's peace,
The oracles, and the mysteries of empire;
Men born above the sordid guilt of avarice,
Free as the mountain air, and calm as mercy.
Born without eyes, when the poor man complains
Against the great oppressor, without hands,
To take the bloody price of man's undoing;
But keeping at each sense a court of guard,
Draws fear from love, and teaches good by example.

Ala. Divine Honoria!

Hon. You must give me leave
To try how it becomes his brow. [*Takes the wreath from Alamode's head and places it on Conquest's.*]—Methinks
With the same grace it dwells upon his head.
Does he not look like mighty Julius now,
When he return'd triumphant from the Gauls,
Or bringing home the wealthy spoils of Egypt,
Pontus, and Africa? Allow him but
The same commands, and men to fight, why may not
His valour equal what is fam'd in story,
Achiev'd by the great souls of Rome and Carthage?
A soldier merits first to be call'd man,
By whom not only courts, but kingdoms flourish,
Unto whose several offices the world
Owes all the great and glorious names of honour.
How would the age grow rusty, and the soul
Of commonwealths corrupt with ease, and surfeits,
Should not the sword call them to exercise,
And sweat out their unmanly luxuries,
By acting things worth envy, even of princes!
The honour of the gown, without his sword,
Will run itself into contempt, and laws

Are not good made, but while the sword secures them.
The court must wear no silk, nor the proud city
Make the sea groan with burden of her wealth,
Did not the active soldier, with expense
Of his dear blood, expose himself abroad,
Their convoy, and security at home.
Con. I am transported.
Hon. Give me the same favour,
To let me look a little on this chaplet,
To which I have annex'd myself a label.
[*Takes off the wreath.*
Methinks the trifle looks as it had lost
Some verdure since I took it from your heads.
The courtier and the soldier both inviting
In such a high degree of merit, hinders
The progress I should make; but, pardon me,
I shall soon quit the labyrinth.
Con. What's the meaning?
Hon. I would you were not two, or that one had
Less of desert when you are both in balance.
Have you no art, gentlemen, to contract
Yourselves into one person?
Ala. 'Tis not possible.
Hon. Think you so? It is worth the experiment.—
Come hither, Alworth.
Alw. Madam.
Hon. Nay, come nearer.—
This is a scholar, gentlemen, and the cloud
He wears remov'd, for he's no more a servant,
May bring him into a civil competition;
[*Places the wreath on his head.*
Methinks it fits him: your opinion?
Con. We are
In a fair way to be ridiculous;
What think you?—Chiaus'd by a scholar!
Ala. Are you in earnest, madam?

Hon. I repent not
The placing of it there. In him do meet
The courtier and the soldier; at least
He's not without the best capacity
Of both your worths, when they have brightest lustre.

Ala. There is no remedy;
Would I had Mammon!

Hon. Gentlemen, stay, and hear the scholar's character.

Con. No, thank you, madam, we have heard too much—
Fortune has given you laurel, and us willow:
May your wreath flourish, sir!

[*Exeunt Con. and Ala.*

Alw. Soul of my muse! what active unknown fire
Already doth thy Delphic wreath inspire!
O' the sudden, how my faculties swell high,
And I am all a powerful prophecy!
Sleep, ye dull Cæsars, Rome will boast in vain
Your glorious triumphs; one is in my brain
Great as all their's, and circled with thy bays,
My thoughts take empire o'er all lands and seas.
Proof against all the planets, and the stroke
Of thunder, I rise up Augustus' oak
Within my guard of laurel, and, made free
From age, look fresh still, as my Daphnean tree:
My fancy's narrow yet, till I create
For thee another world, and, in a state
As free as innocence, shame all poets' wit,
To climb no higher than Elysium yet;
Where the pale lovers meet, and teach the groves
To sigh, and sing bold legends of their loves.
We will have other flights, and taste such things
Are only fit for sainted queens and kings.
All that was earth falls off, my spirit's free,
I have nothing left now, but my soul and thee.

[*Honoria takes off the wreath.*

Hon. What means this ecstacy? this was not meant.
Unless you use my favours with less insolence,
I can repent, and frown them back to nothing.
Have you forgot your distance? Can a smile,
And this green trifle, forfeit your discretion,
Or make me less, than when you were my servant?
I look you should be humble still.
Alw. Good heaven!
What unexpected, most prodigious cloud,
With his black wings, hath in a minute veil'd
The brightest day that ever smiled upon me!
Did not you place it here?
Hon. It is confess'd,
As an encouragement to your virtue, sir,
No conquest of Honoria; yet you triumph,
And make me blush as I had courted you.
Alw. Oh, do not charge my thoughts with such a stain;
This might deserve your anger; and vouchsafe me
The boldness to say, madam, if you punish
My hasty application of your favours,
You gave me the encouragement to be guilty:
It is a tyranny to cherish servants,
And punish their obedience.
Hon. But when flatter'd
By pride, which darks the soul, you challenge
And measure the reward by your own fancy,
You lose the noblest recompense of service,
And merit but the hire of common duties:
'Tis possible that gold may satisfy
My debt to your employment.
Alw. Till this minute
I was not lost; but having heard this, madam,
You must do something, like a miracle,
To save me now.—I dare contemn your gold;
And am compell'd to ask your justice, what
Action, since I had reference to Honour,

Look'd with a mercenary stain upon it?
Gold is a pay for souls of dark complexion.
I serv'd you for yourself, and, since I'm thought
Beneath the merit of your smile, I'll make
Myself above the price of sordid contracts;
For I can with as much ease despise your wealth,
As I can shift the air. I take my leave,
And can pray for you in a wilderness.

Hon. Come back; this minute every cloud is vanish'd
That did present displeasing forms; I find
Thy soul is pure: forgive this trial; thou hast
Deserved me best.

Alw. I dare not understand you now.

Hon. The language is not hard.

Alw. I want a name, to call this blessing by.
Then I may kiss your hand; and may I not,
Madam, approach your lip, and be forgiven?
Now I begin to doubt—

Hon. My faith?

Alw. That I am not awake; or, if I be,
That I am short-liv'd, and must soon dissolve
Under this storm of happiness. Ha! 'tis come,
And I have lost my courage o' the sudden.
Your pardon, madam, something gathers here
That would surprise my heart: I am asham'd on't.
[*Faints.*

Hon. Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Contribute your best help to his support;
Convey him gently to his chamber—
Run for physicians—thy good genius guard thee.

Alw. [*recovering.*]—I am not worth your fears.

Hon. And worth my love.

Alw. That very word should cure me.

Hon. I have been
Too much, I fear, unkind, to both our dangers.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Traverse's *House.— A Table, with bottles and glasses.*

TRAVERSE, *seated at his table, with books;* DASH *attending.*

Trav. Wait at the door; my clients are so numerous
And pressing with their suits, they almost stifle me.
Let me enjoy the air of my own chamber—
I think I have lost some lungs in the last cause,
Let me indulge a little to repair them:
A glass of the Greek wine th' Italian merchant
Presented me, and let the Term go on;
I'll drive the law at leisure, and o'ertake it.
[*Dash fills wine into a glass.*
So, so! this looks sprightly.
Be careful of this treasure, 'tis my blood;
Waste not one drop, upon thy life I charge thee.
[*Dash privately drinks from the bottle.*
Dash. Waste, quotha!
You shall not prove a waste, I'll warrant you.
Trav. So, so! remove.
Dash. Sir, your idolaters, the Writs, are come.

Enter Writs.[1]

Trav. The weather's hot; let no more spirits enter.
Now, like the sovereign bee, methinks I sit
In my prodigious hive, surveying all
My wing'd, industrious people, bringing honey,
And making wax, more precious than a trade

[1] *Enter* Writs.] A cant name, I suppose, for the attorneys clerks, who flocked to his chambers with fees for legal advice and instructions. Here the clerks of Traverse himself seem to be meant.

To both the Indies. My good emissaries,
And faithful spirits of the law, descend
To your infernal shades, until I call you.
[*Exeunt Writs.*

Dash. [*at the door.*]—A gentleman desires to speak with you, sir,
From the lady Mammon.

Trav. Admit him.

Enter PHANTASM.

Dash. What a fine thing this term is!
And what an ungodly time the long vacation!

Phan. Sir, I'll not hold you long, I know you have business.
There have pass'd some overtures of love and marriage
Between your city client, master Fulbank,
And the mistress that I serve, the lady Mammon;
And you should draw a deed to settle on her
His whole estate, if she survived, as jointure—

Trav. I understand you, sir.

Phan. I am glad you do;—this, sir, is his desire,
And to have all despatch'd with expedition.

Trav. Very well.

Phan. But the reason of my coming is,
To desire you, sir, to let all this alone.
There is another thing that will concern
You more materially.

Trav. Your meaning?

Phan. You are not married.

Trav. I enjoy a freedom.

Phan. My lady Mammon has a vast estate,
And is a widow; you do understand?

Trav. Her name is precious to the world.

Phan. The world's an ass: you look like a wise man;
You have a good face, and a handsome person
Under a gown; you have a good estate too;

I am a servant, that have credit with her,
By my relation; and I have no mind,
The city mule, your client [, sir,] should break
His back with burden of his gold: in short,
I wish you well, and if you have the confidence
To make a motion for yourself, this high
And mighty widow may be your's. I am plain.

Trav. Say you so?

Phan. I'll bring her to you, and prepare her too.
Have I been tedious, sir?

Trav. My better angel!

Phan. Legions attend my lady.[2]—Trouble not
Your head why all this kindness from a stranger,
I had a revelation to do thus;
Have a strong faith, and think upon't: your servant!
If within half an hour she visit you,
Think it no dream, and thank me afterwards;
Now leave your wonder, and be wise. [*Exit.*

Trav. Can this be true? 'tis not impossible.
This is a pretty vision. Would I had her!
If she appear, I may believe, and prosper.

Enter MASLIN.

Dash. The tide is coming in.
Master Maslin, the high-constable, a good man,
And full of causes.

Trav. What intrusion's this?

Mas. I have given a sop to Cerberus, your door-keeper.

Trav. Oh, master Maslin, you are become a stranger.

Mas. 'Tis not for want of love to be at law.
Your worship knows I am apt to trouble you,
And the whole county where I live.

Trav. Your business?

[2] Legions *attend my lady!*] Phantasm is punning on the word *angel*, the name of a coin.

Mas. Sir, it is extraordinary, and I desire,
Beside your learned worship's fees, to pay
For expedition.
Trav. You speak reason.
Mas. I do abound in reason. Look you, sir,
[*Shews gold.*
'Tis all of this complexion; here's a piece
For every day till the next Term begin,
And two for every day it lasts.
Trav. Have a care of your health, good sir.
Mas. And you of your spectacles.
Trav. What must I do for this?
Mas. Do? you must undo
A friend of mine.
Trav. A friend?
Mas. We are all friends in law, sir.
Never did man suffer so fast an injury,
And therefore take him to your legal malice.
Trav. Has he kill'd your father?
Mas. Worse, [sir,] worse!
Trav. Made a whore of your sister?
Mas. Worse than that.
Trav. Ravish'd your wife?
Mas. Worse than all that, and yet this comes the nearest;
He has cheated me of my wench; a widow, sir,
That has more money than all your profession
Has got since the dissolution of the abbies.
In short, this is the case: Fulbank, the city gulf,
Has swallowed my lady Aurelia Mammon.
Trav. O, cannibal!
Mas. Devour'd my widow, wife
That should have been; this man I hate, this man
Must be undone, and there's part of the money.
Trav. The lady Aurelia Mammon?
Mas. That very polecat; but I must tell you, sir,
They are not married yet; if you have now
A dainty devil to forbid the banns—

Trav. Although this be a case, more pertinent
To the court ecclesiastical, yet let me
Consult my lawgiver. [*Turns his books.*
Mas. Sir, so I may
Be [but] reveng'd, I stand not much upon't
Who has this Mammon; let the devil take her,
Or your worship take her, 'tis all one to me.
Trav. Hum! I shall stretch a point of law for you.
You shall have your desire; I do expect
Her presence instantly.
Mas. Is that a conjuring book? *Expect her instantly!*
[*Trav.*] Now I'll pronounce you master of your wishes,
For you shall have—
Mas. The widow?
Trav. What is sweeter than the widow;
You, sir, shall have revenge; and, master Maslin,
To vex him more, (do you observe?) I will have the widow
Myself.
Mas. You will! and what shall I have?
Trav. Sir, you shall have revenge, revenge, the joy
Of flesh and blood, life and delight of nature,
The poor man's luxury, and the rich man's bath,
Above all wealth or widows, sir. Master Maslin,
I'll tame his blood, and his estate by law,
While you shall crack your spleen with mirth and laughter,
And wonder at my subtil arts to vex him.
Mas. All this is reason.
Trav. This shall be done by law for the high-constable.

Enter MAMMON.

Mas. The lady's come,—this gentleman
Has studied the black art. [*Aside.*
Trav. Do you withdraw, and leave me opportunity
To wind the widow up.
Mas. Behind the hangings.
[*He conceals himself.*
Trav. Vouchsafe your servant touch your hand; your lip
Is an ambition more becoming princes.
Mam. I am not proud, where fair salutes invite me.
I come to give you a little trouble, sir.
Trav. Madam, command me, to the extent of all
My faculties.
Mas. [*peeping out.*]—His faculties! that will carry her;
She is a glittering fairy, but he'll conjure her.
Stay, if he takes this prize, what shall I have
For all my expenses? that's considerable.
Oh, I shall have revenge, he says; the widow
Were much the better; but we must be ruled
By our learned counsel.
Mam. You have order from
A gentleman of the city, master Fulbank,
To draw up writings, sir—
Trav. A jointure, madam;
But I receiv'd a countermand.
Mam. From whom?
Trav. From providence, that would not suffer such
An excellent lady to be lost, and thrown
Among the city rubbish.
Mam. Do you know master Fulbank, sir?

Trav. As much,
As I do wonder at his impudence,
And saucy ambition, with his mean deserts,
To look at such a blessing. Your fortunes
Are worth your preservation; and a man,
Whose art, and serious knowledge in the world,
May fence it in from a rapine, and that greater
Enemy to an estate, profusion.—
Excuse my plainness, madam.
Mam. 'Tis a truth.
Trav. Can you vouchsafe your smile upon a servant,
To whose faith and care you safely may commit
A treasure of more value than the world?
Yourself? in me behold him, madam, one
That would devote his soul a sacrifice,
To be for ever burning in those beams;
There is no law but in your breast, your lips
Preserve the nation's oracle.—
Mam. This language
Doth taste too much of poetry; take heed, sir.
Trav. If this dislike you, madam, I can court you
In a more legal way, and in the name
Of love and law arrest you, thus. [*Embraces her.*
Mam. Arrest me?
Trav. And hold you fast imprison'd in my arms,
Without or bail or mainprize.
Mam. This does well.
Trav. I can do better yet, and put in such
A declaration, madam, as shall startle
Your merriest blood.
Mam. I may put in my answer.
Trav. Then comes my replication, to which
You may rejoin—*Currat lex!*
Shall we join issue presently?
Mas. He'll have her,
Se defendendo.

Re-enter PHANTASM *behind, with* FULBANK.

Phan. What do you think of this, sir?
Ful. They are very familiar.
Mas. [*peeping out.*]—'Tis he! the very he!
Come, as my heart could wish, to his vexation.
Phan. Is this the honest gentleman you trusted, sir!
Trav. Who attends?

Re-enter Writs.

Ful. My passion stifles me.
Mas. Are you come,
My delicate devils, cut out in wax? Let him not
Approach too near; he can take measure of
His forehead at this distance.
Phan. These were my fears; marriage had made sure work;
I was against your stay for tilts, and triumphs.
Mam. 'Tis master Fulbank.
Ful. [*coming forward.*]—Would any strumpet vex an honest man thus!
Mam. Strumpet! you shall have fuel to this jealousy.
Mas. Excellent pigeons! admirable spiders! Ha, ha, ha!
Ful. I'll be revenged.
Trav. *Currat lex!* [*Exeunt Trav. and Mam.*
Phan. Excuse me, sir, I must follow the law.
[*Exit.—The Writs enclose and dance round Ful.*
Mas. [*coming forward.*]—Joy, master Fulbank,
And a whole bundle of babies; ha, ha, ha!
Your wedding-day was notably deferr'd,
To be attended with more ceremony,
And such an anti-masque of sucking devils.
He looks like the pyed piper in Germany,

That undertook to cure the town of rats;
And now the fry of vermin dance about him.
I am left to chew my country cud, an ass,
A ridden, empty-pated, sordid coxcomb:
You do command in chief o'er cuckolds' sconce,
Or haven, to which all the tups strike sail,
And bow in homage to your sovereign antlers.
Most high and mighty half-moon, prince of beccos![1]
And so I kiss your hoof. [*Exeunt Mas. and Writs.*
Ful. Well!
If there be money and malice in the city,
Expect a black revenge upon you all. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in lady Mammon's *House.*

Enter PHANTASM.

Phan. My nimble lawyer thinks he has got my lady,
And hugs his happiness; my next work shall be
To spoil his practice: mischief is my office.

Enter ALAMODE.

Most noble Alamode.
Ala. My old acquaintance!
Phan. I am proud that you will own me, sir, your creature.
Ala. When is this day of triumph in the city,
For high and mighty Fulbank, and your lady's
So much expected marriage?
Phan. At the Greek calends.
My lady has left the alderman already:
He may now change his heraldry, and give

[1] ——— *prince of* beccos.] i. e. of cuckolds. *Sconce,* which occurs just above, is the old military term for a petty *fort*.

In's coat, an armed beast, at the new bull-ring,
In a field dirt.
Ala. Whither is she gone, prithee?
Phan. To Traverse, sir, who has yet no term for life.
Your hopes, I guess, thrive in the fair Honoria.
Ala. She's a haggard too.
Phan. Possible?
Ala. She has gull'd us learnedly,
And took the scholar; in few months you'll hear
Her brought to bed of philosophy. She's gone,
And I may as soon hope to retrieve thy lady.
Phan. My lady! with your pardon, gentle, sir,
Can you find in yourself any warm thought,
Or meaning to my lady?
Ala. Could I wish
To live, and look at happiness?
Phan. You have been
A noble patron to me.
Ala. What canst thou do?
Phan. Do! I can do the office of a gentleman;
And you shall go your part, and perhaps owner.
Ala. Make me so happy.
Phan. I'll conduct you;
You come i' the opportunity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Traverse's *House.*

Enter TRAVERSE.

Trav. My stars conspire to make me a full happiness.
Since Fame spread my intended marriage
With lady [Aurelia] Mammon, methinks the people
Look on me with another face of fear
And admiration: in my thoughts I see
Myself already in the throne of law,

In which the petty purples wait, dispe[n]sing,
As I incline to frown or smile, the fate
Of trembling mortals.

Enter PHANTASM.

Phan. He is return'd. [*Aside.*
Trav. Where is
Thy lady? thou art, I observe, her favourite,
And must be mine.
Phan. She's in her chamber, sir.
Trav. Come, I will have it so; thou art too humble.
Phan. 'Tis a becoming duty. My ambition
Will be, to observe the wonder of your happiness,
And how you'll rise to greatness and to glory,
By matching with my lady.
Trav. You are not
A stranger to her closet; it will be
An engagement to acquaint me with her temper.
Phan. She is a woman, sir—but you are wise.
Trav. Nay, nay, I must know her nature.
Phan. 'Tis very gentle; she is angel gold,
And you may bend her[4] as you please; she is
A teeming lady too.
Trav. What children?
Phan. All
Provided for; they will not trouble you;
She has a thousand friends.
Trav. Thou art kind; proceed—
Phan. You are a gentleman,
Whose wisdom I may trust, I should not use
This freedom else.
Trav. Thou may'st tell me any thing.
Phan. She loves to be abroad, and to disperse
Her shine upon some persons that adore her,

[4] ——— *she is* angel *gold,*
And you may bend *her,* &c.] Phantasm alludes to the *fineness* of the gold of which this coin was made. It is noticed by others.

That's all her fault; she will not be confin'd, sir;
And how the softness of your nature will
Consent, to keep her under lock and key—
Trav. Umph! if she be so volatile, I must
Hang weight upon her, 'twill be necessary.
Retain thy wisdom, and observe my lady.
Phan. It is my duty, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter a Doctor.

Trav. My noble client!
Doc. I have not leisure to ask how go causes.
Trav. Your's will be heard the first day of the Term.
Doc. I build upon your care.
Trav. You may be confident.
Neglect my doctor! to whose care, and art,
I owe my lungs, and life.
Doc. Oh, you are pleasant;
But I am now engaged, and shall desire
I may be excus'd. You know my lady Honoria?
Trav. She is not sick?
Doc. No; but a gentleman,
Whom she declares most precious to her, is
(I' the height of expectation, and fair hopes
To have been her husband,) desperately fall'n sick;
And, now I think on't, 'tis my wonder you
Made no addresses timely to that lady.
Men that are eminent in law are wont
To be ambitious of Honour.
Trav. Oh, sir,
It is a maxim in our politics,
A judge destroys a mighty practiser;
When they grow rich, and lazy, they are ripe
For honour.
Doc. You have, sir, a swelling fortune.
Trav. I have Mammon, I think, and, for my own part,
Can easily consent to accept of lordship.
Doc. If this man take the toy, and die, she's worth

Your thoughts, my learned in the laws. I wish,
Sir, I could serve you. [*Going.*
Trav. Nay, nay, prithee, doctor.
Doc. The gentleman may suffer.
Trav. If he die,
You and I shall be friends; I'll not engage you
To poison him.
Doc. You have more justice.
Trav. Yet,
I should not break my heart, if he were dead,
And the fair lady mine. I know not, but
This very mention of her, at this nick
Of time, when her delight is taking leave,
Hath a strange operation in my fancy:
You know my constitution; I may want
Your aid, but honourably.
Doc. You shall command it.
Trav. Then
I'll to her instantly, and bear you company.
Doc. You can pretend no visit, being a stranger.
Trav. No, I will go under the notion of
Your friend, and fellow doctor, one o' the college.
Doc. You may do so.
Trav. I need not shift my habit.
Doc. And what then?
Trav. Observe, and see the motions of my lady;
Who knows but I may feel her pulse? I prophesy
Something will follow fortunate. If I thrive,
Thou shalt be king of Cos,[1] my learn'd Hippocrates,
And I will be thy servant.
Doc. 'Tis too early
To court her.
Trav. 'Tis a fault of modesty
In men to think so. Women are no fools;
And howsoe'er they bridle it, 'tis providence
To entertain new comforts. I have heard
A modest gentleman say, that made his love

[1] —— *king of* Cos,] It may be just necessary to observe, that *Cos* was the birth-place of this celebrated physician.

Known to a lady ere her husband's flesh
Was cold i' the crust, I mean new coffin'd up;
But he had a repulse; the answer was,
He came too late; the widow had been promis'd
The day before.

Doc. If you be so resolv'd,
I'll wait upon you, sir.

Trav. The rest to my kind stars. Come, we'll take coach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter MAMMON, ALAMODE, *and* PHANTASM.

Mam. Presume to lock me up! thou hast my jewels;
I'll leave him instantly.

Ala. He fears his tenure,
And would secure your ladyship from starting;
But this doth very well become your prudence,
To quit the house ere he improve his interest,
By some new quirk in law.

Phan. A noble gentleman,
And one that honours you religiously.

Mam. You much oblige me, sir, and I look on you,
Design'd by providence, my preserver; we'll
Into th' country instantly.

Ala. Any whither.—Excellent Phantasm!—
I am your servant, madam, to wait on you
Thorough the world.

Phan. I was born to make you—
A fool, or I am mistaken.— [*Aside.*

Enter DASH.

This is his clerk, and spy upon your person.
Ala. How the rascal squints upon us!
Mam. Tell master Travers,
The bird is flown; commend me to his night-cap,
I shall not see him till the next vacation;
So farewell, penny-a-sheet! [*Exit.*
Ala. And, dost hear? bid him
Provide new locks and keys, and bars and bolts,
And cap the chimney, lest my lady fly
Out at the lover-hole:[5] so commend us to
The precious owl, your master. [*Kicks Dash.*
Phan. One token from me.
[*Kicks him; and exit with Ala.*
Dash. You have trusted me with tokens of remembrance;
I would my master had received them in
His *propria persona*, to have thank'd you!—
Their toes are somewhat harder than my haunches;
But this is nothing to the general damage,
If our great lady Mammon be run from us;
Which I believe, as sure as I am waking,
And have been kick'd, the most convincing argument.
All our hopes come to this! our mighty hopes,
Huge as a mountain, shrunk into a wart!
We are undone, and may go hang ourselves. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Honoria's *House.*

Enter HONORIA.

Hon. I was to blame; my curiosity
Now suffers for the trial of his virtue:

[5] *Out at the* lover-hole.] A narrow aperture in turrets, stair-cases, &c. to let in light; also, as here, the opening in the chimney.

And he, too apprehensive, when I chid
The ambition of his love, made himself past
The cure of my affection.

Enter Doctor, *and* TRAVERSE *as a Doctor.*

Sir, you are welcome.
Doc. Madam, I presum'd
To bring another able doctor with me,
For his consult, in case there may be danger.
Hon. You have very much obliged me.
Trav. She is a very gallant lady,
In spite of all the clouds that dwell upon her.
Hon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Shew these doctors Alworth's chamber.
There is another gentleman within
Of your profession; your cares shall find
A gratitude becoming both myself
And your own worth; and I may tell you, doctor,
If it may give the least addition to
Your cheerfulness, in his you will preserve
My life.
Doc. Madam,
Retain but your own virtues, and be confident.
[*Exeunt Serv. Doct. and Trav.*
Hon. Poor Alworth! there is left no other way
To pay my satisfaction to thy merits,
But with my sorrow for thy sufferings,
And what will be thought pious to thy memory,
If Fate translate thee hence.—Ha! he is return'd.—

Re-enter TRAVERSE.

What think you, sir?
Trav. I wish he could sleep, madam; I am for his sleep,
'Twould be a benefit; truth is, I much fear him;
But 'tis not prudence, (give me boldness, madam,)

To let this sorrow play too much a tyrant
On your fair cheek: this shews him precious to you.
If the stars, envying his converse on earth,
Court him to their bright dwellings, you must be
Arm'd with a noble fortitude, and consent
To let him rise a constellation there,
And not impair yourself; who were not meant
To be snatch'd hence, by over-hasty sorrow,
But live the world's best ornament.
Hon. Did you say
That sleep would much advantage him? What think you
Of some soft murmurs of the lute, or voice?
I have heard the purlings of a spring will make
Our senses glide into a dream: I have a page
Did use to please him much. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Doctor.

Doc. What think you on her?
Trav. I think? I cannot think too much upon her;
But I'll not leave her thus; her very presence
Is able to recover him.
Doc. Let me tell you, sir,
I find no danger in him; be then counsell'd
Not to betray yourself: you find his temper
Not apt for your design, expect a time—
Trav. I love her infinitely. Mammon is a blouze,
A deform'd gypsy; did'st e'er see her, doctor?
She paints abominably; eyed like a tumbler;[1]
Her nose has all the colours of the rainbow;
Her lips are blue, and her teeth straddle, you
May pick them with a bed-staff.

[1] —— *eyed like a* tumbler;] Like the dog (a kind of greyhound) so called; but what are his peculiarities of vision I know not. There is also a species of pigeon so named; perhaps Traverse means to say she was *pigeon-eyed.*

Doc. You describe
An elegant person!
Trav. But Honoria
Has all perfections. Stay; what fees do you think
I have had of you since our acquaintance? there's
A purse of gold [*gives him money.*]—no ceremony,
I am still
In thy arrears, for bringing me to see
This wonder of her sex.
Doc. You are not wild.
Trav. Your cause shall cost you nothing too; that ended,
Quarrel with all the country, your law's paid for.
Serve me but now, I'll be thy slave for ever. [*Exit.*
Doc. I now suspect the lawyer is short-liv'd;
Men of his robe are seldom guilty of
These restitutions; but who can help it?
If I knew any handsome way to serve him,
He has oblig'd me. [*Exit.—Music within.*

A Song.

Re-enter Doctor.

Doc. He'll shame us all;
He's zealously persuading the poor gentleman
To die with all speed, and tells him stories
Of heaven, what a fine place it is, and what
Excellent company the angels are:
What a base prison to a noble soul
The world is; nothing right under the moon,
Or worth a manly thought; and presently
He courts my lady, and falls into such raptures
In her commendation!—the gentleman,
Whose crisis is not desperate, if I
Have any judgment, smiles at his folly.—
They're both here.

Re-enter TRAVERSE *and* HONORIA.

Trav. He's a gentleman, whose condition,
And as he has relation to your favours,
May invite some passion; but you are wiser
Than to condemn yourself to solitude,
And for his absence, to despise mankind.
Be just for your own sake, and, madam, look
Beyond his herse, with pity on the living,
'Mongst which, you cannot want as just admirers,
And some that may be worth your second thoughts.

Hon. What mean you, sir?

Trav. I mean your second choice.

Hon. This language makes your charity suspected.

Doc. You are too violent; leave us awhile.
[*Aside to Trav. who goes out.*

Hon. Your friend is full of counsel.

Doc. You have goodness
To place an innocent sense upon his language;
I know he has much honour to your person,
And 'tis sometimes as necessary, to
Advise the living to preserve their health,
Which their immoderate sorrows would consume,
As cure the languishing patient.

Re-enter TRAVERSE, *hastily.*

Trav. Now, madam,
Your grief is useless to him; he is dead!

Hon. Dead?

Doc. She faints.

Trav. A blessed opportunity!
There is a coach at door will hold us all.
My dearest Esculapian, help, and find
A bounty will deserve it. [*Exeunt with Hon.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street, before Traverse's *House.*

Enter TRAVERSE.

Trav. I have secured the person of Honoria
At my manor in the country, who believes
Her Alworth dead, and must be allow'd some time
For that digestion. I have made known
Myself, and the affection which engag'd me.
But though my lady Mammon have a place
Beneath her in my thoughts, on better counsel,
I think it wisdom to preserve my interest
In her, already mine by her consent,
And the great plea of law, possession.
If I can make the lady Honoria sure,
She shall be my wife, and that my concubine.
Rare! excellent!

Enter DASH.

Dash. Oh, sir, you are welcome home.
Trav. Thou look'st with a warp'd face.
Dash. You can resolve me:
Is there no case wherein a man, without
Impeachment to his credit or his conscience,
May be allow'd to hang himself?
Trav. What's the matter?
Thou art not desperate?
Dash. I know not, but
I find some inclinations to hemp.
You are my master; I may be concern'd
To follow a good example.
Trav. Leave your fooling;
How does my lady Mammon?

Dash. There's the business.
My lady Mammon is, sir—
Trav. What? what is she?
Dash. She is my lady Mammon; yet I lie,
She is not mine; I would she were your worship's!
I know you will be mad, but it must out—
My lady's gone.
Trav. Ha!
Dash. Run quite away, sir,
With a glib gentleman came to visit her,
And the young spirit that did wait upon her.
Without much ceremony, she would have your worship
Provide more locks, and keys, and bars, and bolts.
I tell you, sir, *verbatim;* for a need,
I have it all in pedescript.[1]
Trav. Mammon gone?
Dash. What think you, sir, of a *Ne exeat regnum?*
Trav. Gone! my vexation! no pursuit will reach her;
Give her the start, and she'll outstrip the devil.
These things will turn me wild, but that's no cure;
I must be a man again, and tame this passion:
Her loss may have [a] recompense, if Honoria
Can yet be gain'd; my hopes are full of blossom;
I'll return instantly. Come you along, sir.

Enter Porters, *with bags of money.*

What are these? ha! 'tis money! Whence, I pray,
Comes all this treasure?
1 *Port.* From the city, sir.
Trav. But whither goes it?

[1] *I have it all in* pedescript.] Dash is pleased to be facetious in his misfortunes: he alludes to the marks of the *kickings* received in the last Act.

1 *Port.* Do you not observe
Us march in rank and file? This money goes
To maintain many honest gentlemen
That want it, that will fight, and do fine things
For all our goods; you are a fool, I see,
And do not know the law.

Trav. What law?

1 *Port.* Club law.

Trav. How's that?

1 *Port.* The cannon law; do I speak loud enough?
The gentlemen behind will tell you more.

Enter FULBANK *and* Citizens, *other men waiting with bags of money.*

Trav. I like not this; let us to horse immediately. [*Exit with Dash.*

Ful. 'Tis high time that we tame the insolence
Of this long robe; these princes of the law
Will invade all our liberties and fortunes.

1 *Cit.* Presume to take our lady Mammon from us!

Ful. And, as I hear, she's closely hurried
To a castle in the country, made a prisoner.

2 *Cit.* I should consent the city be still great,
And our names spread, like our ambitions;
But we must prudently[2] consider whom
We trust with our revenge.

Ful. Our mercenaries—
Who finds them buff and iron; and when they
Come lame and halting home, who shall provide them
Good hospitals, and old shirts to make lint of?
When we please, we can scatter all the regiments,
If we but rein our purses.

1 *Cit.* I am clear

[2] *But we* must *prudently consider,* &c.] The old copy, which is in a most woeful state, reads, "But *we not* prudently," &c.

There is no other way to carry on
The work; the sword strikes terror; and who knows,
The body of the law being vast and powerful,
Might (if not timely thus prevented) raise
Considerable strength and opposition:
But thus we stifle all, and having once
Recovered Mammon, we are princes.

Omnes. Princes!

Enter CONQUEST *and* SQUANDERBAG.

Squan. Where shall we dine, colonel? I have lost
My credit at the ordinary; this town,
I think, is only situate to starve in—
What are these?

Con. They have city faces.

Squan. And are a thought too handsome to be serjeants;
They have serious eyes upon us, and move to us.

Con Would you with me, gentlemen?

Ful. Yes, sir, with you. [*Exeunt Ful. and Con.*

2 *Cit.* May I take boldness, sir, to ask your name?

Squan. My name?

2 *Cit.* For no harm, sir; you are a soldier,
And I presume have had commands.

Squan. What then, sir?
Keep off.

2 *Cit.* I come in friendship, and mean all
Civilities to your person.
Do you want money?

Squan. Would you have your pate broke,
For such a foolish question to a gentleman?
I do want money, sir; you will not furnish me.

2 *Cit.* Do not mistake yourself.—Come hither, sirrah.— [*To one of the Porters.*
Will this do you much harm?
[*Gives him a bag of money.*

Squan. Harm! pray be covered. Miracles! do you know
What you have done?
2 *Cit.* An act of justice,
To call it charity, would stain your honour;
I look for no security.
Squan. Not a note under my hand never to pay you?
What must I do for all this, sir? whose throat
Would you have cut now? These fine devils must
Do something.—
2 *Cit.* Buy you new clothes, a better sword;
The leather of your boots are of two families;
You may want linen too; get fresh, and part
With bosom friends.
Squan. I have more stowage.
2 *Cit.* And I'll employ it,—at your service, sir.
[*He gives him another bag.*
Squan. What will become of me?
2 *Cit.* Nay, sir, I must tell you,
You are like to have more of this.
Squan. Has he no cloven foot?
This is the rarest citizen!

Re-enter CONQUEST *and* FULBANK.

2 *Cit.* Do you hear, sir?
We are making of our will, and in the humour
That now predominates, that gentleman
May be the city's heir.
Squan. Were it not pity this should be a dream, now?
Ful. You have commission, and full instructions,
Be sure you do not pinch to spare our purses;
Our money grows, we are feign to weed the silver;
Our men are rank, and rot upon the stalk
For want of cutting; every drum-stick is
A lime-twig; they are mad for innovations.
Pray know my brother, sir.

Con. I am his faithful servant. [*They salute.*
2 *Cit.* One of the birds that keep the capitol;
Our feathers are all at your service, gentlemen:
When you have pluck'd and pick'd us well, you may
Give order for our roasting; we are tame, sir.
Squan. Beshrew me, an understanding fellow.
Ful. We have no more to say; 'tis the public cause,
Bring Mammon home, and we will rout the laws.
1 *Cit.* And so we'll pray for you.
Con. For yourselves, gentlemen; I do conceive
We shall do well enough.—
[*Exeunt Ful. Citizens, and Porters.*
Captain Squanderbag,
What think you of this change? silver comes in
Upon us like a sea.
Squan. An ebb must be expected: I hate naturally
This metal of the moon, 'tis a pale flood;
Would I were in Pactolus' streams, or Tagus'
There were a lasting element.
Con. What do you
Think of these golden images?
[*Shews him his gold.*
Squan. I honour the bright sons of Sol.
Con. Pity these gentlemen should want civil war,
They take such pains, and pay so heartily.
We have much to do o' the sudden.
Squan. This long peace
Hath made us tame i' the world; let them now pay for't.
Con. We are emergent from our shades; let's rise,
With subtile motion: treasure makes men wise.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country.—Maslin's *House.*

Enter PHANTASM, MASLIN, *and* Countrymen.

Phan. She has gull'd the lawyer too.
Mas. Most excellent!
I do adore her wit; and will she visit
The country, ha? come nearer.
Phan. I have repented, sir, my past neglect,
And made this satisfaction by my counsel,
Which has prevail'd, and now she comes to you, sir,
With pure affection to yourself; the lady
Mammon is only your's.
Mas. Did you hear that?
The empress of the world is coming hither
To me, with pure affection to my person;
We are her vassals.
Phan. 'Cause the times are dangerous,
Sir, she comes private; but one gentleman
That knows not her design. I ever thought
You were born to be a great man.
Mas. We'll go forth
To meet her.
Phan. By no means, sir; 'twas her desire
You should be only thus prepar'd: I'll tell her.
[*Exit.*
Mas. 'Tis my happiness.
Shall I be at last a *dominus fac totum?*
There's Latin for you, neighbours; I am inspir'd
With languages, with all things; and you shall,
The poorest copyholder of my tenants,
Be allow'd a concubine.
1 *Coun.* Whew! then we shall
Be Turks, sir.
Mas. Turks! the Turk's a civil gentleman.

2 *Coun.* But no Christian.
Mas. You are a fool; we
Must all come to't if the times hold, and my
Dear Mammon stay with us.
1 *Coun.* Bless me! a Turk?
4 *Coun.* Is that such a matter? Why, you, and I,
And the best on us, are but Turks, if you
Take us one way.
1 *Coun.* I grant, as we are brethren;
And Turks another way, and worse.
Mas. Let me see, how shall I consume my wealth?
1 *Coun.* What think you of building, sir, a church?
Mas. A church! and give it my own name, to save
A consecration?— no, no; I must do
Something to shame the chronicles.—Silence!
I'll build another town in every county;
In midst of that a most magnificent college,
To entertain men of most eminent wit,
To invent new religions.
1 *Coun.* That were excellent!
We want religion extremely.
Mas. Can none of you invent? I think I must
Keep men in pension to project me ways
To spend my gold.
2 *Coun.* Pave all the high-way with it;
'Twould be excellent for travellers.
Mas. I'll pave a street, shall run across the island,
From sea to sea, with pearl; build a bridge
From Dover cliff to Calais.
1 *Coun.* A draw-bridge?
4 *Coun.* This may be done; but I am of opinion
We shall not live to see it.
Mas. 'Twill not be want of money, but of time,
Mere time, to finish it; my lady Mammon,

Believe it, can do all things; for your parts,
But think what you would have, I say no more:
If she smile but upon you, you are made,
And may go sleep, and when you wake, run mad
With telling of your money.—Ha! 'tis she!

Re-enter PHANTASM, *with* MAMMON *and* ALAMODE.

I charge you kneel, and kiss her hand.—
My lady Mammon!
Ala. How's this?
Mas. Welcome to my heart, madam.
Ala. Is my lady in earnest?
Mam. You have done me, sir, a favour; I'm at home,
And disengage your further service; I
Wish you a fair retreat.
Ala. Do you hear, madam?
You will not thus reward me, after all
My travel and attendance?
Mam. 'Tis my meaning;
Nor will it, sir, be safe to lose much time;
These have a natural antipathy
To men of your fine making.
Phan. 'Tis Alamode, the courtier, whom my lady
Has only made her property, to be
Part of her convoy.
Ala. You will not marry him?
Mam. I think I shall not;
I must not be confined while there is air,
And men to change.
Mas. How, master courtier?
Phan. They'll toss him in a blanket.
Mas. As long as you please, madam, he is welcome,
And he shall eat; if you frown, he must vanish;
Or, I have cannibals that will devour him,

With his sword, boots treble-tann'd, and spurs upon them.

Ala. Sure I dream; but, madam,
You will not play the cockatrice thus with me?

Mam. If you will stay, upon your good behaviour,
I may dispense some private favour.

Ala. Good!
Excellent whore! I'll stay to observe her humour.
[*Aside.*

Mas. I'll be your guide, madam.—
On! go before, and bid them ring the bells;
For bonfires, 'twill be time enough at night
To burn up all the villages about us.

Ala. Indeed it shall be your's.—Sir, you are too civil. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same.—Traverse's *House.*

Enter TRAVERSE *and* DASH.

Trav. Entreat my lady hither, and attend her;
I did embrace too much; Mammon is lost.
If my stars prosper my ambition
To Honoria, I forgive their future influence.
[*Discovers treasures and jewels.*
Here is a blaze to melt a frozen soul!

Enter HONORIA.

Hon. What is my gaoler's pleasure with his prisoner?

Trav. That character doth wound your servant, madam;
I am your prisoner, by the fate of love
Condemn'd to everlasting chains; my heart

Consumes at every frown, and I beg now
Not to be happy owner of that beauty,
Since you decree my exile, but to die.
Collect up so much terror in a look,
And from that throne of majesty, your eyes,
Dart forth a flame of wrath so high, it may
Turn me to ashes; I'll submit your sacrifice.
Hon. I have no thought so impious, to destroy
A life that may be happy, if you be not
Your own tormentor.
Trav. Those words have a sound
Of mercy, madam.
Hon. Cruelty and honour
Are inconsistent.
Trav. I taste heaven
Already; a warm stream descends upon
My timorous heart. Oh, pause, let me consider
How much I am behind in worth, to know
What change hath blest it.
Hon. Change!
Trav. Let me but touch
Your white hand [, lady]; were my breath the treasure
Of all the east, no other altar should
Have incense; I am lost to find the sweetness.
[*Salutes, and offers her jewels, &c.*
For every smile I drop a pearl; these diamonds
Are pale, and beg a lustre from your eyes,
Wear them, and be their ornament: I'll rifle
My Indies for more wealth; and when I have
With giving up my soul, purchas'd a kiss
Of bright Honoria, from my dust, at one,
One pitying look upon me, I ascend,
A new creation from your eye.
Hon. What means
This rapture? what would all this passionate noise?
Expound; I am still Honoria.
Trav. Oh, say but mine.

Hon. Sir, shut up your shop,
Your gay temptations will not take.
Trav. Is't possible?
Not all this treasure buy one kiss?
Hon. A thousand,
From those that have a subtile art to sell them.
Why do you trifle with your soul? intents
That carry honour need not bribe with wealth,
To purchase nothing.
Trav. I can love you virtuously.
Hon. By that love be commanded then, to tell me,
How you've dispos'd of Alworth's dust? Why was I
Surpris'd dishonourably, and transported,
Against my own thoughts and consent, to this
Unhappy place? and immured up, like
Some guilty person, not allow'd the freedom
Of air, nor to see heaven at all, but from
The narrow limits of a casement? Can you
Interpret this, affection? it is tyranny,
That must, without a penitence, draw from heaven
A justice, and from me, (by you made miserable,)
A just contempt of all your flatteries.
Trav. There are some men i' the world that would not think
You handsome in that look, and make you tremble.
Hon. You dare not be so impious.
Trav. When my love,
That courts you honourably, is scorn'd, I can
Be angry; had I wanton thoughts about me,
As some may mix with flesh and blood, you are
Within my power.
Hon. That power is circumscribed;
You have confined already this poor weight
Of dust I carry; but if blacker thoughts
Tempt you to force my honour, I can call
Rescue from heaven.

Trav. What needs this bravery? You see I use
No violence, I court you to a bride.
Hon. My vows once gave me up a pledge to Alworth,
And my heart, cut out for his epitaph,
Will not contain one character beside.
Trav. I play myself to death in flames unpitied.
[*Puts up the jewels, &c.*
Resolve, nor look for tedious considerings;
If I may honourably succeed your Alworth,
His soul had not a purer faith to serve you;
If this be slighted— [*A shout within.*

Enter DASH, *hastily.*

Dash. Help, help! we are all undone! O, sir, where is
Your two-handed sword?
Trav. Thou messenger of horror, what's the matter?
Dash. The castle is besieg'd, and the beacons burn blue, sir:
The devil's up in arms, and comes against us
With the whole *posse comitatus!*—they
Will pull the house down; they have broke into
The base court.—Heaven protect my *pia mater!*
I did but peep out of the garret, and
One soldier swore a huge grenado at me.
They cry, *Down with the laws!* and if they have not
Honoria, sound of wind and limb, they'll cut us,
Sir, into labels. Would I had compounded
For any leg, or my left arm! but now,
Now farewell, comely court-hand, and long dashes!
Do you not hear the mandrakes? What do you do, sir?
I'll into the cellar straight, and bar the door,
And if there be no remedy, ere they reach me,
I'll drink, and die a martyr.
Trav. I am blasted! Stay,
There is a close contrivement in this chamber:

Madam, will you retreat, and save your person?—
This way, sirrah.

Dash. Do you think they will not smell us out? I fear
My constitution will not hold.

[*Trav. and Dash conceal themselves.*

[*Soldiers within.*] Down with the laws and *custos rotulorum;*
Fico for Writs and mouse-traps!

Enter CONQUEST, SQANDERBAG, FULBANK, Captain, Soldiers, *and* Marshal.

Mar. Make a guard, soldiers.

Ful. I am come, sir, to see fashions.

Con. You find us drudging, sir, in your affairs.—
Captain, I leave him to your entertainment,—
That face deserves a reverence.

Hon. 'Tis the colonel,
But he looks more compos'd, and carries state.

Con. Madam. [*Takes her aside.*

Ful. And how go things, my military friends,
My gallant men of action? You are now
In sprightly postures, and become yourselves:
What pity 'tis men of your noble soul
Should want employment!

Squan. We must all acknowledge
Your care of us.

Ful. I honour'd your profession,
Since I first handled arms.

Squan. What service, with your favour, have you seen?

Ful. Hot service; I was knock'd down thrice, and lost
My beard at taking of a fort in Finsbury;
And when I had my martial trinkets on,
I thought myself as brave a Macedonian
As the best on them. But where's the lady Mammon?

Con. [*to Hon.*]—Surprised! and ever since a prisoner?
He is not worth my passion; this room
Has in your presence a protection.
I take your word, you will not quit the place
Without your servant's knowledge, madam; but
If the sly enemy of your honour think,
By obscuring his base head, to fly our justice,
When you are safe, I'll fire the house upon him.
Dash. [*within.*] Here, here we are! fire! fire!
Trav. [*within.*] Be silent, villain!
Dash. [*within.*] Yes, and be burnt alive!
I cannot find the door.
Con. From whence that voice?
Dash. [*within.*] 'Tis here, 'tis here! I hate burning, as
I do the devil, and a dry proverb.—Help!
Squan. The lawyer's here.
Trav. [*within.*] Gentlemen, use no violence; I'll come forth,
And meet your fury.
[*Trav. and Dash come from the closet.*
Capt. What are you, sirrah?
Dash. A poor court-hand practiser.
Capt. The choice is given, whether thou wilt be hang'd
At the next tree, or have [thy] ears cut off?
Dash. My ears, my ears, by any means, gentlemen;
Hanging will make a villainous long Dash.
Once cropp'd, and twice a traitor, sweet gentlemen,
Delicate commanders!
Trav. Time has brought
Your turn about. By your respects to honour,
I see your soul is noble; though I cannot
Die at my own choice, I can make a will,
And dispose some legacies, rich jewels, sir,
Plate, gold, and silver. [*Shews jewels, &c.*

Ful. All this I lay claim to;
They were the lady Mammon's; in whose right
I challenge all; I take those to my custody.
Con. How? how? Marshal, take him to your's.
Ful. Me to the marshal? that were pretty; me?
Mar. Come, sir.
Ful. How! I beseech one word; have you forgot me, sir?
Con. Your name is Fulbank.
Ful. Plain Fulbank? It was I
Did in those days bring in the good advance.
Con. You did;—your duty, marshal.
Ful. I have done, sir.
Con. So have not I:—secure his person too;
[*Exeunt some of the Soldiers, with Ful. Trav. and Dash.*
Safe, as your life will answer it.—

Enter ALWORTH *disguised, with a letter.*

Letters? whence? ha?—from Alamode?—[*Reads.*
[*Alworth discovers himself to Honoria; Squanderbag observes them.*
He writes where a party of horse may handsomely
Secure the lady Mammon; give him a reward.—
Make it your province, captain; you will find
Directions in that paper.
Squan. [*whispers.*] Sir, I have observ'd
That gentleman with the black patch uncase
His eye once to my lady; there's some mystery;
I do not like it.
Con. Some spy: when I walk off,
Command him to the guard till further order.—
Madam, I call it my first happiness,
That I am in a capacity to serve you,
And you shall order your own justice.
Hon. What will they do with that young gentleman?

Con. She minds not me.
Hon. Your pardon.
Con. Give me favour to attend you,
With whom my soul desires to be renew'd,
Your faithful honourer.—March on!
[*Exeunt all but Alw. Squan. and Capt.*
Alw. I obey you.
Squan. You will know the cause hereafter, and us better,
When both your eyes are open. [*Pulls off the patch.*
Capt. Thou hast cur'd him. Do you know us, sir?
Alw. I know you all.
Squan. What are we?
Alw. You're all close fires, in want of air kept tame;
But know no bounds, let loose into a flame.
Squan. We'll teach you better morals, sir.—
Come on. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Metropolis.—*A Guard Room.*

Enter SQUANDERBAG *and* Captain.

Capt. His thoughts are all now taken up with courtship
To Honoria.
Squan. You may see, captain,
A handsome piece of flesh and blood may do much,
When there's no other enemy i' the field.
Capt. What will be done with the gentleman was carried
To the guard?

Squan. The stranger with a black eye?
He's fast enough, and will have opportunity
Of place and time, to cool his hot devotions,
If our commander-in-chief march on thus.

Enter Serjeant *and* Soldiers, *with bottles. Squanderbag and Captain retire behind.*

Ser. Are not these pretty hand-grenados, gentlemen?

1 *Sold.* Fire to the fuze, and toss some health about.

2 *Sold.* Come away; to my colonel, honest Squanderbag! [*Drinks.*

Squan. Ha! these are my Scythians.—Mark those fellows, captain;
Cut them in pieces, like so many adders
They'll join again, i' the compass of an acre;
Their limbs will creep together, and march on
To the next rendezvous without a halt.

2 *Ser.* This is Spanish. [*Drinks.*

Ser. Draw home your arrow to the head, my centaur.

1 *Sold.* Mine is French wine.

3 *Sold.* You must take your chance;
The yeoman of the wine-cellar did not
Provide them for our palate.

2 Sold. *Supernaculum!*
See, there lies Spain already; now would I fight—

Ser. Drink, thou mean'st.

2 *Sold.* With any king in Europe.—
Do not spill your ammunition; ah, serjeant,
This was excellent drink.

1 *Sold.* Who wants my colonel?

2 *Sold.* I want it, tope; give me't.

Ser. He'll have't again.

2 *Sold.* The t' other charge, and then we'll over-run Christendom.
Sa, sa!

[*Ser.*] When you have done with Christendom, what shall
Become o' the heathen princes?

2 *Sold.* We'll put the heathen princes in a bag.

Ser. A bottle thou meanest. He's all for drink.

2 *Sold.* And after, roast the great Turk, with his bashaws, like a pudding, in his belly.

Ser. Thou, boy!

1 *Sold.* There he is for eating.

Ser. Dost know what thou hast said now? But What shall be done with the Jews?

2 *Sold.* They are included,
And go upon the score of modern Christians;
There shall not a nation 'scape us.

Squan. These are the men,
The tools, that cut our triumph out o' the quarry.

Capt. They will deserve their pay.

Squan. Oh, pay is necessary, use it now and then,
Like physic, it keeps the soldier in health
And expectation; they must fight for honour
Sometimes.

1 *Sold.* Tobacco, hey!

Ser. Here, boys, a magazine, with pipes attending,
White as my lady's tooth, and shining more
Than forehead of *Dulcinea del Toboso.*

4 *Sold.* A soldier's a brave life.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis cheap; all these things come to us by nature.

[*Squanderbag and Captain come forward.*

Ser. Our colonel!

Squan. I'll cashier him that rises; keep your postures;
We are all soldiers, and can sit and drink with you.
To your arms, gentlemen, again. Ha! this is wine.

Ser. We have the modest gift of drinking, sir,

Without inquiry of the grape or vintage,
Or from what merchant.
Squan. Is not this better than a tedious 'prenticeship,
Bound by indentures to a shop and drudgery,
Watching the rats and customers by owl-light?
Tied to perpetual language of, *What lack ye?*
Which you pronounce, as ye had been taught, like starlings.
If any gudgeon bite, to damn your souls
For less than sixpence in the pound? Oh, base!
Your glittering shoes, long graces, and short meals,
Expecting but the comfortable hour
Of eight o'clock, and the hot pippin-pies,
To make your mouth up? all the day not suffered
To air yourselves, unless your minikin mistress
Command you to attend her to a christ'ning,
To bring home plums, for which [she] may relieve
Your teeth, that water, with her next suppository?
You have some festivals, I confess, but when
They happen, you run wild to the next village,
Conspire a knot, and club your groats a-piece
For cream and prunes, not daring to be drunk;
Nothing of honour done.[1] Now you are gentlemen,
And in a capacity to be all commanders,
If you dare fight.
2 *Sold.* Fight! you know we dare, sir,
And with the devil.
Squan. In hope you will not give him quarter,
There's money; do not purchase earth, nor heaven with it.
I must away; remember the two things.

[1] Shirley has few equals in these lively and graphic descriptions. He has here put together, with some pleasant exaggerations, it must be allowed, the chief occupations, pains, and pleasures of the young citizens of those days, and comprised, in a few lines, what might elsewhere be sought through many volumes.

1 *Sold.* The two D's.
Squan. Drink, and your Duty. So!
Now, as you were.
2 *Sold.* Noble colonel, [*Exeunt Squan. and Capt.*
Let me kiss thy hand; I am thine, body and soul.
3 *Sold.* But will you fight with the devil?
2 *Sold.* Why not?
3 *Sold.* So will not I.
2 *Sold.* Will not you fight with the devil,
And one of our regiment?
3 *Sold.* Not I.
1 *Sold.* Perhaps the devil is his friend.
3 *Sold.* And yet in a good cause—
2 *Sold.* He will not fight with you then; base, I say,
To take advantage of the cause, or person:
Fight upon any cause with any person.
Hark you, serjeant, you do know our duties
Better than we ourselves; what do we fight for?
Silence! the first word of command; let us
Be serious—what, what do we fight for?
Ser. For pay, for pay, my bull[y]-rooks.
2 *Sold.* La ye now!
Can any christian officer say more?
Ser. Hang these intergatories,
And give us t' other charge to the man i' the moon.
2 *Sold.* All! all give fire together. [*They all drink.*
Oh, for a noise of trumpets! [*Drums within.*
1 *Sold.* Here are drums!
Ser. The general is coming this way. To your arms!
Scud, ye metropolites! [*They run out.*

Enter CONQUEST, SQUANDERBAG, Captain, *and* ALAMODE.

Ala. Sir, I congratulate
Your honourable employment.
Con. And I your noble presence here.

Ala. I could not with my rhetoric invite
My lady hither?
Con. I sent you a party—
Ala. Yes, sir,
Your men of rank and file do carry still
The strong persuasions; they prevail'd with her.
I left her to the guard. [*Shout within.*
Con. The reason of that clamour?
Capt. The soldiers, sir, express their joy thus loud,
That lady Mammon is brought in, the guard
Hardly secure her person.
Con. Give her fair access;
On pain of death, be none uncivil to her;
This service will deserve a memory,
And public thanks; all our design did reach
But to gain her.
Ala. The work will be to keep her;
The gipsy has more windings than a serpent,
The moon is not more changing.

Enter lady MAMMON, PHANTASM, *and Guard.*

Con. Is this she?
Phan. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Mam. Forsake me in this
Condition?
Phan. If I could expect a worse
Would fall upon you, madam, I'd not part yet.
Mam. How?
Phan. For I can tell you what will follow instantly,
And it does please my wickedness extremely;
The next pay-day you will he torn in pieces,
Oh, 'twill be excellent sport; ha, ha, ha!
Mam. And canst thou laugh, villain?—Secure him, soldiers.

Phan. They will have work enough about your ladyship.
I am going as nimbly as a spirit, madam,
And, to your greater comfort, know I am one.
Mam. The devil thou art.
Phan. Call'd by another name
Your evil genius, to assure you that
You have been all this while cozen'd, my dear mistress,
And that these colours are fantastic; see,
I vanish into air. [*Vanishes.*
Guard. Presto! Was this your devil, madam?
Mam. Oh, my misfortune!
Con. Madam, your person is most welcome hither.
Mam. I fear your soldiers, sir.
Con. You may be confident
Of safety from them, madam, that fight for you;
We are your guard.—All wait upon my lady,
And let your applications be with reverence;
And see her entertainment's high, and such
As may become my honour, and her person.—
[*Exit Guard with Mam.*
What is there left addition to my happiness?
Mammon and Honoria both within my power!
Ambition, write *non ultra:* fix, fix here,
The two great darlings of mankind are mine,
Both excellent, and yet but one divine.
Wealth is the nerves of war and wit, without which
We are dull, and useless engines. Mammon leads
To conquest, and rewards our blood and watches;
But Honour is the lustre of all triumph,
The glories that we wear are dim without her:
Till she come in, the lamp, our glorious flame,
We grope our way i' the dark, and walk on crutches.
Riches may shine, and, star-like, grace the night,
But Honour is the radiant soul of light. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter ALWORTH.

Alw. I almost could be angry with my fate,
And call that care of my physician
Unkind, that did remove my first distempers;
I should have dropp'd into the shades, and lost
Her memory, that flatters me to ruin.
What's all this murmur? are these thoughts my own?
Or is there some black spirit crept into
My melancholy blood, that would corrupt
That spring, by which my innocence should live?
Hence, I command thee hence, thou dire enchantment,
And let the virtues of Honoria
Resume their throne within my soul, and strike
Religious tremblings thorough every thought,
Lest I repine at providence! She is here.

Enter HONORIA *and* Marshal.

Mar. This warrant must admit you.
Hon. There's for your office, you may withdraw yourself.
Mar. Your servant. [*Exit.*
Hon. Oh, my Alworth!
Alw. This humility
Transcends my hope and merit; I am now
No more a prisoner, since my better part
(Enlarg'd by this your charitable visit,)
Hath freedom to behold my greatest happiness,
Yourself.
Hon. I am so full of joy

To see thee alive, I cannot ask thee how
Thou wert preserv'd.
Alw. Heaven was not willing I
Should die, till I had given you better proof
How much I would deserve your smile upon me.

Re-enter behind Marshal *with* CONQUEST.

Mar. Here you may, undiscover'd, sir, observe them.
Con. You may be gone, and wait at some fit distance. [*Exit Mar.*
Alw. My cure was hasten'd by your thoughts upon me,
And my desires had wings to reach your person,
(For I was soon acquainted how you were
Convey'd,) and next my thoughts to kiss your hands;
I brought my resolutions of revenge
Upon that traitor's head, that ravish'd you
So rudely from my eyes.
Hon. Prithee no more;
But let our hearts renew, and seal a contract,
In spite of present storms; and I am not
Without some hopes to change thy sad condition.
For he, to whose commands thou owest this misery,
Is pleas'd to say he loves me, and I can
Employ his kindness to no better use
Than thy enlargement; if this prove unfortunate,
It shall at least diminish thy affliction,
That I can bear a part, and suffer with thee.
Alw. Better I sink by many deaths, than you
Engage yourself to any unkind fate
For me; I have crept newly from my dust,
And can alone walk cheerfully to silence
And the dark grave. But do you believe, madam,
This man looks on you with a noble flame?
He's now a great man.

Hon. His affection
Has all the shews of honour, and such high
Civilities flow from him.
Alw. Pause a little,
And give me leave to tell you, as these seeds
Of war grow up, I cannot think a person,
(Though many may be honourable,) can
Better deserve——,
Hon. What?
Alw. To be made lord of this
Fair empire.
Hon. Did this language come from Alworth,
That said he lov'd me?
Alw. Yes, with noblest fervour;
My love commands it, madam, and I can,
In my true service to Honoria,
Advise her to call home her noble beams,
That shine to the discredit of her light
On me, that would, upon a worthier object,
Draw up more admiration to her brightness,
And, at the same time, by their influence shew
The beauties of her better choice.
Hon. This language
I understand not yet. Can Alworth, then,
Find in his heart any consent to give up
His interest in Honoria to another?
Alw. Yes, when Honoria is concern'd to meet
A greater happiness than Alworth, I
Can make myself an exile, which is but
The justice of my love to her great merit.
I am a trifle, madam, a thing meant
Beneath your smile, a very walking shadow;
And time will come, when you have shew'd me all
The bounties of your grace, nay, seal'd them mine,
By the most holy character of marriage,
Yet then I must forsake you, when my nerves
Shrink up, when the weak flowings of my blood

Cool in their channel, and tame Nature leaves me
A spoil to death—
Hon. Why do you talk of death,
So far off?
Alw. Though we do not hear him tread,
Yet every minute he approaches, madam;
And give me leave to tell you, without flattering
Myself, I am in danger: first, a prisoner,
A spy they may pretend, but this will vanish.
It is the title of your servant, madam,
Is both my honour and my crime, nor can I
Wave my relation to your favours: this
Known to the man, under whose power we stand,
His angry breath may doom me to the scaffold,
And I must then resign; nor will the act
Be mine, but a constraint, and I then lose
The glory that may now be mine, to engage
Him in your smiles, you in his love.
Hon. When will this dream be over?
Alw. As for me,
It shall be enough at distance to look on you,
With thoughts as innocent as your own; and if,
For the convenience of both our persons,
One earth must not contain us, do not think
That I can wander, where I shall forget
To tell the stranger world your story, madam:
And when I have made all mankind, where I come,
Bow to your name, and taught them to repeat it
In all their dangers and their frights, to cure them,
I will seek out some air that is infectious,
Where no birds dare inhabit, or man build
A cottage to repose his wearied head,
And there I prophesy, by the virtuous charm
Of your blest name, to purge it, and as soon
As the great miracle is spread, to invite
The best of every nation to live there,
And own you tutelar angel.
Hon. Fie! no more.

Alworth now dreams indeed; but he more vainly
Persuades me to forget my vows to him.
Is this a fear to die, or something like it?
For I would give it fain some other name.
Alw. A fear to die? that arrow strikes too deep,
If you but think so, and wounds more than all
The horror my destruction can appear in.
If I can entertain the thoughts of life
Without you, how much easier must it be
To die for your concernment! I have not liv'd
After the rate to fear another world.
We come from nothing into life, a time
We measure with a short breath, and that often
Made tedious too, with our own cares that fill it,
Which, like so many atoms in a sun-beam,
But crowd and jostle one another. All,
From the adored purple to the hair-cloth,
Must centre in a shade, and they that have
Their virtues to wait on them, bravely mock
The rugged storms, that so much fright them here,
When their soul's launch'd by death into a sea
That's ever calm.
Hon. This deserves my attention,
And you, in this small lecture, Alworth, have
Made me in love with death, who, for thy sake,
Can, with my innocence about me, take
More satisfaction to bleed away
My life, than keep it, with the smallest stain
Upon my honour. This, I speak, not to
Court up your drooping thoughts to me; if I
Be fall'n, or have lost my first esteem—
Alw. Oh, pardon; t' other syllable of this
Destroys me.—
What is there can but make me worthy of
Your faith? I am all, ever thine!—The colonel.
Con. [*comes forward.*] — Expect a cloud to darken all your triumphs. [*Exit.*

Hon. His threats move me as little as his love;
Yet, for thy sake, I can be sad.
Alw. And I
But only mourn for you.—

Re-enter CONQUEST *with a pistol, and* TRAVERSE.

He is return'd,
And with him the first poisoner of our peace.
What horror next?
Con. Your happiness is now
Within your reach; kill but that fellow, and
Possess her by my gift; the act once done
By my command, secures thee.
[*Gives Trav. the pistol.*
Hon. He shall make
His passage to thee through my heart.
Trav. I thank you
For your great promise and employment, sir,
But take your tool again.
Con. Did you not love her?
Trav. Yes, infinitely, but scorn your hangman's office:
I have done too much already; but if, madam,
The memory of my base surprise have not
Weigh'd me down past all fathom of your mercy,
I can ask you forgiveness in my heart,
And suffer all his tyranny, to expiate
My black offence to you, and to that gentleman.
Con. Are you so resolute?
Trav. Were I assur'd
There were no punishment to attend this murder
Here, nor hereafter; could she pardon this
Bloody assassination, and Alworth
Forgive me, when his soul is gliding through
The purple stream, and mounting up to fill
Some happy star; would she herself consent
To be the great reward of the black deed,
I should abhor the parricide.

Con. Is't so? expect my next return. [*Exit.*

Alw. Sir, you have shewn a penitence would strike
A marble through, and this return to piety
Hath chang'd our anger into admiration.

Hon. Sir, we have now no thoughts but what are fill'd
With a desire you call us to your friendship;
Live happy, and adorn, by your example
Of justice, the most honoured robe you wear.

Re-enter CONQUEST, *with* ALAMODE, FULBANK, SQUANDERBAG, *and lady* MAMMON.

Con. Nay, you shall witness all my resolution.—
Your hand, dear madam.—Alworth, take from me
Thy own Honoria, it were impious
To keep you a minute longer in your fears;
Your loves deserve my admiration, not
My anger, and I cheerfully resign
All my ambitions; live you happy both,
As I am in this conquest of myself:
I lov'd Honoria well, but justice better.—
But, madam, though you must be Alworth's bride,
Yet give me leave to call you mistress; I
Can be your servant still, and, by your influence
Upon me, steer my actions, and keep
My passions in as much obedience
As any soldier I command:—and, Alworth,
Be you so just to tell the world, that takes
Delight to snarl, and catch at every error
In our profession, I am no enemy
To arts, but can take pleasure to reward
Learning, with all due honour; be yourself
The example.

Alw. You are perfect

In all that's noble, and it were a sin
Not to proclaim it.
Trav. Sir, this act will crown
Your name for ever.
Con. Make your peace with Honoria.
Hon. 'Tis done, and we owe all we can call happy
To your justice, sir.
Con. [*to Mammon.*] Madam, you look upon us through some cloud;
None should be worn this day, and here are some
Did wear the title of your servant.—Fulbank.
Ful. Oh, you are truly noble; I ever honoured
My lady.
Con. Traverse, Alamode.
Squan. Please you to name me in the list; I can
Be as much a servant to this lady as
The best of these.
Con. Stand forth, and plead your merits.
Mam. I excuse them.
Your pardon, sir; I think the best in all
The file unworthy of me.
Con. Plain truth, gentlemen.
Mam. I could give reasons, but I have no humour
To spoil some reputations in public.
Ala. I told you what a gipsy 'twas.
Mam. Some may
Traduce my fame, and charge me with a levity
And frequent change; but I have been less constant,
Because I found no man had wit enough
To manage me, or worth enough to invite
The stay of my affections. I acknowledge
The citizen doth promise fair, but breaks;
Lawyers are cunning, but I love not snares;
The courtier has no care of his own body;
The countryman had no wit but in his acres;

And for you, sir, your name is Squanderbag,
What would you do with Mammon cannot keep her?
Beside, these men had the bad luck to court me
When I was swayed by an evil genius,
Which now has left me. I see already
A nobler path, and till I find a man
Knows how to love, and govern me with temperance,
I lay myself an humble servant at
Honoria's feet.—Your pardon to my past
Neglects, will make me cheerful to attend you.

Con. Nay, since you're come to be my fellow-servant,
If you please, madam, we may approach nearer.
What think you of me? shall I present myself
A servant to your favour?

Mam. Sir, you are pleasant.

Con. I shall be so, if you accept my service;
Though I am a soldier, I can love, and do
All duties may become your worth and honour.

Mam. I blush to say how much I am unworthy;
But I shall meet you honourably.

Con. A match, seal it. [*They salute.*

Ful. He has done't compendiously.—But, sir, you know—

Con. Yes, I know very well what you would say,
But this fair lady's mine, and I'll deserve her:
Wealth has already made you mad; we have been
Out of the sun a great while: I invite
You all my guests to day, and lady Mammon's;
Do me that honour.

Ful. There is no remedy.

Enter MASLIN, *stript.*

Ala. 'Tis well you 'scap'd with loss of Mammon.

Con. What anti-masquer's this?

Mam. 'Tis master Maslin.
Capt. This fellow would not bend, and so they broke him.
Mas. You look like the commander in chief
Of this militia.
Con. What then?
Mas. I have a suit to you.
Con. A suit! methinks you're naked.
Mas. I know not; but on my knees I beg their pardon
That made me so; they plunder'd me so quaintly,
They are the nimblest *hocus pocus's*
That e'er threw dice for hemp.
Con. I am glad they fitted you.
Mas. No, sir, it was the tailor fitted me.
Con. So! and they unfitted you.
Mas. But with what art, how most compendiously
They made me an Adamite, sir—
Con. Let's hear your wonder.
Mas. One ill-look'd fellow did but swear an oath,
And my hat flew up with the very wind of it,
And fell upon a head that stood bare for it,
Full three yards off;
Another did but squint upon my legs,
And my boots vanish'd, with the spurs upon them,
Cloak, doublet, jerkin, all convenient broad cloth,
Three pile of wool, went from me at one motion!
No bars nor buttons could prevail a minute;
They broke into my body with that nimble
Burglary, I was undone ere I could wink;
But when my narrow shirt came o'er my shoulders,
I thought 't had been my skin; at every twitch
I roar'd, and gave myself gone for a rabbit,
For the next officer's supper.
Con. In good time.
Mas. But truth appear'd when I was stripp'd; their charity

Left me my breeches, but the good old gold
Could not have leave to bear them company,
That was defaulk'd miraculously by a myrmidon
That had lost both his hands.
Ala. Lost both his hands!
How could he take your money?
Mas. With his stumps, sir;
He routed both my pockets with his stumps;
Oh, the knack some men have to fetch out money!
Con. He is pleasant; see his wardrobe be restor'd.
Mas. Shall I be warm again?—Oh, madam;—
Squan. Be not too saucy; she is now exalted
Above your sphere.
Ful. Oh, master Maslin, we are all undone.
Mas. So am I; they have not left me a shirt.
Con. All faults, where we have power, this day are pardon'd.
Ala. Happiness crown your loves!
Con. Now to the priest,
Whose work is only wanting to confirm us.—
Alworth, lead on your fairest bride; remember
We are both servants to Honoria.
Alw. To shew I can obey you, sir; come, madam,
The birth of heaven, and the earth's morning star,
Con. Our life of peace, and the true soul of war.
[*Exeunt.*

CHABOT,

ADMIRAL OF FRANCE.

CHABOT.] This Tragedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels in April 1635, and, according to the chronological order in which I have attempted to arrange these dramas, it ought to have occupied a place in a preceding volume; but Chapman seems to have written so large a portion of it, that I then thought it scarcely admissible in a collection of Shirley's works. I have, however, added it in this place, that I might not be accused of omitting any thing which could be justly considered as the production of our poet. The only edition is that of 1639, 4to. which has the following title: "*The Tragedie of Chabot Admirall of France: As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane. Written by George Chapman and James Shirley.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Francis I. *king of* France.
Chabot, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE.
Montmorency, *constable of* France.
Father of Chabot's *wife.*
Asall, *a courtier.*
Allegre, *a follower of* Chabot.
Treasurer.
Chancellor.
General.
Proctor.
Judges.
Secretary.
Ushers.
Officers.
Courtier.
Porter.
Guard.
Attendants, &c.

The Queen.
Wife of Chabot.

SCENE, Paris.

CHABOT,

ADMIRAL OF FRANCE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ASALL *and* ALLEGRE.

Asall. Now Philip Chabot, admiral of France,
The great, and only famous favourite
To Francis, first of that imperial name,
Hath found a fresh competitor in glory,
(Duke Montmorency, constable of France,)
Who drinks as deep as he of the stream royal,
And may in little time convert the strength
To raise his spring, and blow the other's fall.
All. The world would wish it so, that will not patiently
Endure the due rise of a virtuous man.
Asall. If he be virtuous, what is the reason
That men affect him not? Why is he lost
To the general opinion, and become
Rather their hate, than love?
All. I wonder you
Will question it; ask a ground or reason
Of men bred in this vile, degenerate age!
The most men are not good, and it agrees not
With impious natures to allow what's honest;
'Tis an offence enough to be exalted

To regal favours. Great men are not safe
In their own vice, where good men, by the hand
Of kings, are planted to survey their workings.
What man was ever fix'd i' the sphere of honour,
And precious to his sovereign, whose actions,
Nay, very soul, was not expos'd to every
Common and base dissection? and not only
That which in nature hath excuse, and in
Themselves is privileg'd by name of frailty,
But even virtues are made crimes, and doom'd
To the fate of treason.

Asall. A bad age the while.
I ask your pardon, sir; but thinks your judgment,
His love to justice, and corruption's hate,
Are true and hearty?

All. Judge yourself by this
One argument, his hearty truth to all;
For in the heart hath anger his wisest seat;
And 'gainst unjust suits such brave anger fires him,
That when they seek to pass his place and power,
Though mov'd and urg'd by the other minion,
Or by his greatest friends, and even the king
Lead them to his allowance with his hand,
First given in bill, assign'd, even then his spirit,
(In nature calm as any summer's evening,)
Puts up his whole powers, like a winter's sea,
His blood boils over, and his heart even cracks
At the injustice, and he tears the bill,
And would do, were he for't to be torn in pieces.

Asall. 'Tis brave, I swear.

All. Nay, it is worthy your wonder,
That I must tell you further, there's no needle
In a sun-dial, placed upon his steel
In such a tender posture, that doth tremble,
The timely dial being held amiss,
And will shake ever till you hold it right,
More tender than himself in any thing
That he concludes in justice for the state:

For, as a fever held him, he will shake
When he is signing any thing of weight,
Lest human frailty should misguide his justice.
Asall. You have declar'd him a most noble justicer.
All. He truly weighs and feels, sir, what a charge
The subjects' livings are, (being even their lives
Laid on the hand of power,) which abus'd,
Though seen blood flow not from the justice seat,
'Tis in true sense as grievous and horrid.
Asall. It argues nothing less; but since your lord
Is diversely reported for his parts,
What's your true censure of his general worth,
Virtue, and judgment?
All. As of a picture wrought to optic reason,
That to all passers by seems, as they move,
Now woman, now a monster, now a devil,
And, till you stand, and in a right line view it,
You cannot well judge what the main form is;
So men, that view him but in vulgar passes,
Casting but lateral, or partial glances
At what he is, suppose him weak, unjust,
Bloody, and monstrous; but stand free and fast,
And judge him by no more than what you know
Ingenuously, and by the right laid line
Of truth, he truly will all styles deserve
Of wise, just, good: a man, both soul and nerve.
Asall. Sir, I must join in just belief with you;
But what's his rival, the lord high constable?
All. As just, and well inclin'd, when he's himself,
(Not wrought on with the counsels and opinions
Of other men,) and the main difference is,
The admiral is not flexible, nor won
To move one scruple, when he comprehends
The honest track and justness of a cause:
The constable explores not so sincerely
The course he runs, but takes the mind of others,

(By name judicial,) for what his own
Judgment and knowledge should conclude.
Asall. A fault,
In my apprehension: another's knowledge,
Applied to my instruction, cannot equal
My own soul's knowledge, how to inform acts;
The sun's rich radiance, shot through waves most fair,
Is but a shadow to his beams i' the air;
His beams, that in the air we so admire,
Is but a darkness to his flame in fire;
In fire his fervour but as vapour flies,
To what his own pure bosom rarifies:
And the Almighty wisdom, having given
Each man within himself an apter light
To guide his acts, than any light without him,
(Creating nothing not in all things equal,)
It seems a fault in any that depend
On other's knowledge, and exile their own.
All. 'Tis nobly argued and exemplified;
But now I hear my lord, and his young rival
Are to be reconcil'd, and then one light
May serve to guide them both.
Asall. I wish it may; the king being made first mover
To form their reconcilement, and inflame it
With all the sweetness of his praise and honour.
All. See, 'tis dispatch'd, I hope; the king doth grace it.

Loud Music.—Enter Ushers, Secretary, Treasurer, Chancellor, CHABOT *and* MONTMORENCY, *hand in hand, the* King *following, Attendants, &c.*

King. This doth express the noblest fruit of peace.
Chan. Which, when the great begin, the humble end

In joyful imitation, all combining
A gordian beyond the Phrigian knot,
Past wit to lose it, or the sword; be still so.
Treas. 'Tis certain, sir; by concord least things grow
Most great, and flourishing like trees, that wrap
Their forehead in the skies, may these do so!
King. You hear, my lord, all that is spoke contends
To celebrate, with pious vote, the atonement
So lately, and so nobly made between you.
Chab. Which, for itself, sir, [I] resolve to keep
Pure and inviolable, needing none
To encourage or confirm it, but my own
Love and allegiance to your sacred counsel.
King. 'Tis good, and pleases, like my dearest health.
Stand you firm on that sweet simplicity?
Mont. Past all earth[ly] policy that would infringe it.
King. 'Tis well, and answers all the doubts suspected.—

Enter an Attendant, who whispers Chabot, and exit.

And what moves this close message, Philip?
Chab. My wife's father, sir, is closely come to court.
King. Is he come to the court, whose aversation
So much affects him, that he shuns and flies it?
What's the strange reason that he will not rise
Above the middle region he was born in?
Chab. He saith, sir, 'tis because the extreme of height
Makes a man less seem to the imperfect eye
Than he is truly, his acts envied more;
And though he nothing cares for seeming, so

His being just stand firm 'twixt heaven and him,
Yet, since in his soul's jealousy, he fears
That he himself advanced, would undervalue
Men placed beneath him, and their business with him,
Since height of place oft dazzles height of judgment,
He takes his top-sail down in such rough storms,
And apts his sails to airs more temperate.

King. A most wise soul he has. How long shall kings
Raise men that are not wise till they be high!
You have our leave; but tell him, Philip, we
Would have him nearer.

Mont. Your desires attend you.

Enter an Attendant.

King. We know from whence you come; say to the queen;
We were coming to her. 'Tis a day of love,
And she seals all perfection.

[*Exeunt King and Att.*

Treas. My lord,
We must beseech your stay.

Mont. My stay?

Chan. Our counsels
Have led you thus far to your reconcilement,
And must remember you, to observe the end
At which, in plain, I told you then we aim'd at:
You know we all urg'd the atonement, rather
To enforce the broader difference between you,
Than to conclude your friendship, which wise men
Know to be fashionable, and privileg'd policy,
And will succeed betwixt you and the admiral,
As sure as fate, if you please to get sign'd
A suit now to the king, with all our hands,
Which will so much increase his precise justice,

That, weighing not circumstances of politic state,
He will instantly oppose it, and complain,
And urge in passion, what the king will sooner
Punish than yield to, and so render you,
In the king's frown on him, the only darling,
And 'mediate power of France.
Mont. My good lord chancellor,
Shall I, so late aton'd, and by the king's
Hearty and earnest motion, fall in pieces?
Chan. 'Tis he, not you, that break.
Treas. Have not you patience
To let him burn himself in the king's flame?
Chan. Come, be not, sir, infected with a spice
Of that too servile equity, that renders
Men free born slaves, and rid with bits like horses,
When you must know, my lord, that even in nature
A man is *animal politicum*,
So that when he informs his actions simply,
He does in both 'gainst policy and nature,
And therefore our soul's motion is affirm'd
To be, like heavenly Nature's, circular,
And circles being call'd ambitious lines,
We must, like them, become ambitious ever,
And endless in our circumventions;
No tough hides limiting our cheveril minds.
Treas. 'Tis learnedly, and past all answer, argued;
You are great, and must grow greater still, and greater,
And not be like a dull and standing lake,
That settles, putrifies, and chokes with mud;
But, like a river gushing from the head,
That winds through the under-vales, what checks o'erflowing,
Gets strength still of his course,
Till with the ocean meeting, even with him
In sway and title, his brave billows move.
Mont. You speak a rare affection, and high souls;

But give me leave, great lords, still my just thanks
Remember'd to your counsels and direction,
I, seeking this way to confirm myself,
I undermine the columns that support
My hopeful, glorious fortune, and at once
Provoke the tempest, though did drown my envy.
With what assurance shall the king expect
My faith to him, that break it for another?
He has engag'd our peace, and my revenge
Forfeits my trust with him, whose narrow sight
Will penetrate through all our mists, could we
Veil our design with clouds blacker than night;
But grant this danger over, with what justice,
Or satisfaction to the inward judge,
Shall I be guilty of this good man's ruin?
Though I may still the murmuring tongues without me,
Loud conscience has a voice to shudder greatness.

Sec. A name to fright, and terrify young statists.
There is necessity, my lord, that you
Must lose your light, if you eclipse not him;
Two stars so lucid cannot shine at once
In such a firmament, and better you
Extinguish his fires, than be made his fuel,
And in your ashes give his flame a trophy.

Chan. My lord, the league that you have vow'd of friendship,
In a true understanding not confines you,
But makes you boundless; turn not edge at such
A liberty, but look to your own fortune;
Secure your honour: a precisian
In state is a ridiculous miracle;
Friendship is but a visor, beneath which
A wise man laughs to see whole families
Ruin'd, upon whose miserable pile
He mounts to glory. Sir, you must resolve
To use any advantage.

Mont. Misery

Of rising statesmen! I must on, I see,
That, 'gainst the politic and privileg'd fashion,
All justice tastes but affectation. [*Exit.*
Chan. Why so; we shall do good on him i' the end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Same.

Enter Father *and* CHABOT.

Chab. You are most welcome.
Fath. I wish your lordship's safety;
Which, whilst I pray for, I must not forget
To urge again the ways to fix you where
No danger has access to threaten you.
Chab. Still your old argument; I owe your love for't.
Fath. But, fortified with new and pregnant reasons,
That you should leave the court.
Chab. I dare not, sir.
Fath. You dare be undone then.
Chab. I should be ungrateful
To such a master, as no subject boasted,
To leave his service when they exact
My chiefest duty and attendance, sir.
Fath. Would thou wert less degraded from thy titles,
And swelling offices! that will, i' the end,
Ingulf thee past a rescue: I had not come
So far to trouble you at this time, but that
I do not like the loud tongues o' the world,
That say, the king has ta'en another favourite,
The constable, a gay man, and a great,
With a huge train of faction too, the queen,
Chancellor, treasurer, secretary, and

An army of state warriors, whose discipline
Is sure, and subtile to confusion.
I hope the rumour's false, thou art so calm.
Chab. Report has not abus'd you, sir.
Fath. It has not!
And you are pleas'd: then you do mean to mix
With unjust courses, the great constable
And you combining, that no suit may pass
One of the grapples of your either's rape.
I, that abhorr'd, must I now entertain
A thought, that your so straight and simple custom
To render justice, and the common good,
Should now be patch'd with policy, and wrested
From the ingenuous step you took,
And hang
Upon the shoulders of your enemy,
To bear you out in what you shame to act?
Chab. Sir, we both are reconciled.
Fath. It follows, then, that both the acts must bear
Like reconcilement; and if he will now
Malign and malice you for crossing him,
Or any of his faction in their suits,
Being now atou'd, you must be one in all,
One in corruption; and 'twixt you two millstones,
New pick'd, and put together, must the grain
Of good men's needful means to live, be ground
Into your choking superfluities:
You both too rich, they ruin'd.
Chab. I conceive, sir,
We both may be enrich'd, and raise our fortunes
Even with our places in our sovereign's favour:
Though past the height of others, yet within
The rules of law and justice, and approve
Our actions white and innocent.
Fath. I doubt it,
While enforc'd shew, perhaps, which will, I fear,
Prove in true substance but a miller's whiteness,
More sticking in your clothes than conscience.

Chab. Your censure herein tastes some passion, sir;
And I beseech you nourish better thoughts,
Than to imagine that the king's mere grace
Sustains such prejudice by those it honours;
That of necessity we must pervert it
With passionate enemies, and ambitious boundless
Avarice, and every license incident
To fortunate greatness, and that all abuse it
For the most impious avarice of some.

Fath. As if the total sum of favourites' frailties
Affected not the full rule of their kings
In their own partially disposed ambitions,
And that kings do no hazard infinitely
In their free realties of rights and honours,
Where they leave much for favourites' powers to order.

Chab. But we have such a master of our king,
In the imperial art, that no power flies
Out of his favour, but his policy ties
A criance to it, to contain it still;
And for the reconcilement of us, sir,
Never were two in favour, that were more
One in all love of justice, and true honour,
Though in the act and prosecution
Perhaps we differ. Howsoever, yet
One beam us both creating, what should let
That both our souls should both one mettle bear,
And that one stamp, one word, one character?

Fath. I could almost be won to be a courtier;
There's something more in's composition
Than ever yet was favourite's.—

Enter a Courtier.

What's he?

Cour. I bring your lordship a sign'd bill, to have
The addition of your honour'd hand; the council
Have all before subscribed, and full prepar'd it.

Chab. It seems then they have weigh'd the importance of it,
And know the grant is just.
Cour. No doubt, my lord;
Or else they take therein the constable's word,
It being his suit, and his power having wrought
The king already to appose his hand.
Chab. I do not like his working of the king;
For if it be a suit made known to him,
And fit to pass, he wrought himself to it:
However, my hand goes to no such grant,
But first I'll know, and censure it myself.
Cour. Até,[1] if thou be'st goddess of contention,
That Jove took by the hair, and hurl'd from heaven,
Assume in earth thy empire, and this bill
Thy firebrand, make to turn his love, thus tempted,
Into a hate as horrid as thy furies. [*Aside.*
Chab. Does this bear title of his lordship's suit?
Cour. It does, my lord, and therefore he beseech'd
The rather your dispatch.
Chab. No, thought the rather;
But now the rather all power's against it,
The suit being most unjust, and he pretending
In all his actions justice, on the sudden,
After his so late vow not to violate it,
Is strange and vile; and if the king himself
Should own and urge it, I would stay and cross it,
For 'tis within the free power of my office,
And I should strain his kingdom if I pass'd it.
I see their poor attempts, and giddy malice.
Is this the reconcilement that so lately
He vow'd in sacred witness of the king?
Assuring me he never more would offer
To pass a suit unjust, which I well know
This is, above all, and have often been urg'd
To give it passage.—Be you, sir, the judge.

[1] Cour. *Até,*] The old copy has, *A he.*

Fath. I will not meddle
With any thing of state, you knew long since.
Chab. Yet you may hear it, sir.
Fath. You will not urge
My opinion then? Go to.
Chab. An honest merchant,
Presuming on our league of France with Spain,
Brought into Spain a wealthy ship, to vent
Her fit commodities to serve the country,
Which, in the place of suffering their sale,
Were seiz'd, to recompense a Spanish ship,
Priz'd by a Frenchman ere the league was made:
No suits, no letters of our king's could gain
Our merchant's first right in it; but his letters,
Unreverently received, the king's self scandal,
Beside the league's breach, and the foul injustice
Done to our honest merchant, who endured all,
'Till some small time since, authoriz'd by our council,
Though not in open court, he made a ship out,
And took a Spaniard; brings all home, and sues
To gain his full-prov'd loss, full recompense
Of his just prize: his prize is stay'd and seiz'd,
Yet for the king's disposure; and the Spaniard
Makes suit to be restor'd her, which this bill
Would fain get granted, feigning, as they hop'd,
With my allowance, and way given to make
Our countryman's in Spain their absolute prize.
Fath. 'Twere absolute injustice.
Chab. Should I pass it?
Fath. Pass life and state before.
Chab. If this would seem
His lordship's suit, his love to me, and justice,
Including plots upon me, while my simpleness
Is seriously vow'd to reconcilement;
Love him, good vulgars, and abhor me still,
For if I court your flattery with my crimes,
Heaven's love before me fly, till in my tomb

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I stick, pursuing it; and for this bill,
Thus say 'twas shiver'd; bless us equal heaven!
[*Tears the bill, and exit.*

Fath. This could I cherish now, above his loss.—
You may report as much, the bill discharg'd, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King, Queen, *and* Secretary, *with the torn bill.*

King. Is it e'en so!
Queen. Good heaven, how tame you are!
Do kings of France reward foul traitors thus?
King. No traitor; you're too loud: Chabot's no traitor;
He has the passions of a man about him,
And multiplicity of cares may make
Wise men forget themselves. Come, be you patient.
Queen. Can you be so, and see yourself thus torn?
King. Ourself?
Queen. There is some left, if you dare own
Your royal character: is not this your name?
King. 'Tis Francis, I confess.
Queen. Be but a name,
If this stain live upon't, affronted by
Your subject. Shall the sacred name of king,
A word to make your nation bow and tremble,
Be thus profan'd? Are laws establish'd
To punish the defacers of your image,
But dully set by the rude hand of others

Upon your coin, and shall the character
That doth include the blessing of all France,
Your name, thus written by your royal hand,
Design'd for justice, and your kingdom's honour,
Not call up equal anger to reward it?
Your counsellors of state contemn'd and slighted,
As in this brain more circumscrib'd all wisdom,
And policy of empire, and your power
Subordinate and subject to his passion.
King. Come, it concerns you not.
Queen. Is this the consequence
Of an atonement made so lately between
The hopeful Montmorency and his lordship,
Urge[d] by yourself with such a precious sanction?
Come, he that dares do this, wants not a heart,
But opportunity—
King. To do what?
Queen. To tear your crown off.
King. Come, your language doth taste more
Of rage and womanish flame, than solid reason,
Against the admiral. What commands of your's,
Not to your expectation obey'd
By him, is ground of your so keen displeasure?
Queen. Commands of mine? he is too great and powerful
To stoop to my employment, a Colossus,
And can stride from one province to another
By the assistance of those offices
You have most confidently impos'd upon him.
'Tis he, not you, take up the people's eyes
And admiration, while his princely wife—
King. Nay, then I reach the spring of your distaste;
He has a wife—

Enter Chancellor *and* Treasurer, *and whisper with the King.*

Queen. Whom for her pride I love not,
And I but in her husband's ruin
Can triumph o'er her greatness. [*Aside.*
King. Well, well; I'll think on't. [*Exit.*
Chan. He begins to incline.—
Madam, you are the soul of our great work.
Queen. I'll follow, and employ my powers upon him.
Treas. We are confident you will prevail at last,
And for the pious work oblige the king to you.
Chan. And us your humblest creatures.
Queen. Press no further. [*Exit.*
Chan. Let's seek out my lord constable.
Treas. And inflame him,—
Chan. To expostulate with Chabot; something may
Arise from thence, to pull more weight upon him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Same.

Enter Father *and* ALLEGRE.

Fath. How sorts the business? how took the king
The tearing of his bill?
All. Exceeding well,
And seem'd to smile at all their grim complaints
'Gainst all that outrage to his highness' hand,
And said, in plain, he sign'd it but to try
My lord's firm justice.
Fath. What a sweet king 'tis!

All. But how his rival, the lord constable,
Is labour'd by the chancellor, and others, to retort
His wrong with ten parts more upon my lord,
Is monstrous.

Fath. Need he their spurs?

All. Ay, sir, for he's afraid
To bear himself too boldly in his braves
Upon the king, being newly enter'd minion,
Since 'tis but patience sometime they think;
Because the favour spending in two streams,
One must run low at length, till when he dare
Take fire in such flame as his faction wishes,
But with wise fear contains himself, and so,
Like a green faggot, in his kindling smokes;
And where the chancellor, his chief Cyclops, finds
The fire within him apt to take, he blows,
And then the faggot flames, as never more
The bellows needed, till the too soft greenness
Of his state habit shews his sap still flows
Above the solid timber, with which, then
His blaze shrinks head, he cools, and smokes again.

Fath. Good man, he would be, would the bad not spoil him.

All. True, sir: but they still ply him with their arts;
And, as I heard, have wrought him personally
To question my lord with all the bitterness
The galls of all their faction can pour in;
And such an expectation hangs upon't,
Though all the court, as 'twere with child, and long'd
To make a mirror of my lord's clear blood,
And therein see the full ebb of his flood,
And therefore, if you please to counsel him,
You shall perform a father's part.

Fath. Nay, since
He's gone so far, I would not have him fear,
But dare them; and yet I'll not meddle in't.—

Enter CHABOT.

He's here; if he have wit to like his cause,
His spirit will not be asham'd to die in't. [*Exit.*

All. My lord, retire, you're waylaid in your walks;
Your friends are all fallen from you; all your servants,
Suborn'd by all advantage, to report
Each word you whisper out, and to serve you
With hat and knee, while other have their hearts.

Chab. Much profit may my foes make of such servants!
I love no enemy I have so well,
To take so ill a bargain from his hands.

All. Their other odds yet shun, all being combin'd,
And lodg'd in ambush, arriv'd to do you mischief
By any means, past fear of law or sovereign.

Chab. I walk no desart, yet go arm'd with that
That would give wildest beasts instincts to rescue,
Rather than offer any force to hurt me.
My innocence is, which is a conquering justice,
As wears a shield, that both defends and fights.

All. One against all the world.

Chab. The more the odds,
The less the conquest; or, if all the world
Be thought an army fit to employ against one,
That one is argued fit to fight 'gainst all:
If I fall under them, this breast shall bear
Their heap digested in my sepulchre.
Death is the life of good men: let them come.

Enter MONTMORENCY, Chancellor, Treasurer, *and* Secretary.

Mont. I thought, my lord, our reconcilement perfect.

You have express'd what sea of gall flow'd in you,
In tearing of the bill I sent to allow.
Chab. Dare you confess the sending of that bill?
Mont. Dare? why not?
Chab. Because it brake your oath
Made in our reconcilement, and betrays
The honour, and the chief life of the king,
Which is his justice.
Mont. Betrays?
Chab. No less, and that I'll prove to him.
Omnes. You cannot.
Treas. I would not wish you offer at an action
So most impossibly, and much against
The judgment and favour of the king.
Chab. His judgment, nor his favour, I respect,
So I preserve his justice.
Chan. 'Tis not justice,
Which I'll prove by law, and absolute learning.
Chab. All your great law and learning are but words,
When I plead plainly, naked truth and deeds,
Which, though you seek to fray with state and glory,
I'll shoot a shaft at all your globe of light;
If lightning split it, yet 'twas high and right. [*Exit.*
Mont. Brave resolution, so his acts be just!
He cares for gain not honour.
Chan. How came he then
By all his infinite honour and his gain?
Treas. Well said, my lord.
Sec. Answer but only that.
Mont. By doing justice still in all his actions.
Sec. But if this action prove unjust, will you
Say all his other may be so as well,
And think your own course fitter far than his?
Mont. I will. [*Exit.*
Chan. He cools, we must not leave him; we have no
Such engine to remove the admiral. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in the Same.

Enter King *and* CHABOT.

King. I prithee, Philip, be not so severe
To him I favour; 'tis an argument
That may serve one day to avail yourself;
Nor does it square with your so gentle nature,
To give such fires of envy to your blood;
For howsoever, out of love to justice,
Your jealousy of that doth so incense you,
Yet they that censure it will say 'tis envy.
Chab. I serve not you for them, but for yourself;
And that good in your rule, that justice does you,
And care not this what others say, so you
Please but to do me right for what you know.
King. You will not do yourself right. Why should I
Exceed you to yourself?
Chab. Myself am nothing,
Compar'd to what I seek; 'tis justice only,
The fount and flood both of your strength and kingdoms.
King. But who knows not, that extreme justice is
(By all rul'd laws) the extreme of injury,
And must to you be so; the persons that
Your passionate heat calls into question
Are great and many, and may wrong in you
Your rights of kind, and dignities of fortune;
And I advanc'd you not to heap on you
Honours and fortunes, that, by strong hand now
Held up, and over you, when heaven takes off
That powerful hand, should thunder on your head,
And after you crush your surviving seeds.

Chab. Sir, your regards to both are great and sacred;
But, if the innocence and right that rais'd me
And means for mine, can find no friend hereafter
Of him that ever lives, and ever seconds
All kings just bounties with defence, and refuge
In just men's races, let my fabric ruin,
My stock want sap, my branches by the root
Be torn to death, and swept with whirlwinds out.
King. For my love, no relenting?
Chab. No my liege,
'Tis for your love and right that I stand out.
King. Be better yet advis'd.
Chab. I cannot, sir;
Should any oracle become my counsel,
For that I stand not out, thus of set will,
Or pride of any singular conceit,
My enemies, and the world may clearly know,
I taste no sweets to drown in others' gall;
And to affect in that which makes me loath'd,
To leave myself and mine expos'd to all
The dangers you propos'd, my purchas'd honours,
And all my fortunes in an instant lost,
That money, cares, and pains, and years have gather'd,
How mad were I to rave thus in my wounds!
Unless my known health felt in these forc'd issues
Were sound and fit, and that I did not know
By most true proofs, that, to become sincere,
With all men's hates, doth far exceed their loves,
To be, as they are, mixtures of corruption?
And that those envies that I see pursue me,
Of all true actions are the natural consequents,
Which being my object, and my resolute choice,
Not for my good, but your's, I will have justice.
King. You will have justice? Is your will so strong,
Now against mine, your power being so weak,

Before my favour gave them both their forces?
Of all that ever shar'd in my free graces,
You, Philip Chabot, a mean gentleman,
Have not I rais'd you to a supremest lord,
And given you greater dignities than any?
Chab. You have so.
King. Well said; and to spur your dulness
With the particulars to which I rais'd you,
Have not I made you first a knight of the order,
Then admiral of France, then count Byzanges,
Lord, and lieutenant-general of all
My country, and command of Burgundy;
Lieutenant-general likewise of my son,
Dauphin and heir, and of all Normandy,
And of my chiefly honour'd privy council,
And cannot all these powers weigh down your will?
Chab. No, sir; they were not given me to that end;
But to uphold my will, my will being just.
King. And who shall judge that justice, you or I?
Chab. I, sir, in this case; your royal thoughts are fitly
Exempt from every curious search of one,
You have the general charge with care of all.
King. And do not generals include particulars?
May not I judge of any thing compris'd
In your particular, as well as you?
Chab. Far be the misery from you, that you may!
My cares, pains, broken sleep, therein made more
Than your's, should make me see more, and my forces
Render of better judgment.
King. Well, sir, grant
Your force in this, my odds in benefits,
Paid for your pains, put in the other scale,
And any equal holder of the balance

Will shew my merits hoist up your's to air,
In rule of any doubt or deed betwixt us.
Chab. You merit not of me for benefits,
More than myself of you for services.
King. Is't possible?
Chab. 'Tis true.
King. Stand you on that?
Chab. Ay, to the death, and will approve to all men.
King. I am deceiv'd; but I shall find good judges,
That will find difference.
Chab. Find them, being good.
King. Still so? What, if conferring
My bounties, and your services to sound them,
We fall foul on some licenses of your's?
Nay, give me therein some advantage of you.
Chab. They cannot.
King. Not in sifting their severe discharges
Of all your offices?
Chab. The more you sift,
The more you shall refine me.
King. What if I
Grant out against you a commission,
Join'd with an extraordinary process,
To arrest, and put you in law's hands for trial?
Chab. Not with law's uttermost.
King. I'll throw the dice.
Chab. And I'll endure the chance,
The dice being square.
Repos'd in dreadless confidence and conscience,
That all your most extremes shall never reach,
Or to my life, my goods, or honour's breach.
King. Was ever heard so fine a confidence?
Must it not prove presumption? and can that
'Scape bracks and errors in your search of law?
I prithee weigh yet, with more soul than danger,
And some less passion.

Chab. Witness, heaven, I cannot,
Were I dissolv'd, and nothing else but soul.
King. Beshrew my blood, but his resolves amaze me. [*Aside.*
Was ever such a justice in a subject,
Of so much office left to his own swing,
That left to law thus, and his sovereign's wrath,
Could stand clear, 'spite of both! Let reason rule it,
Before it come at law: a man so rare
In one thing, cannot in the rest be vulgar;
And who sees you not in the broad highway,
The common dust up in your own eyes beating,
In quest of riches, honours, offices,
As heartily in shew as most believe,
And he that can use actions with the vulgar,
Must needs embrace the same effects, and cannot inform him
Whatsoever he pretends, use them with such
Free equity, as fits one just and real,
Even in the eyes of men, nor stand at all parts
So truly circular, so sound, and solid,
But have his swellings out, his cracks and crannies,
And therefore in this reason, before law
Take you to her, lest you affect and flatter
Yourself with mad opinions.
Chab. I were mad
Directly, sir, if I were yet to know
Not the sure danger, but the certain ruin
Of men shot into law from kings' bent brow.
There being no dream from the most muddy brain
Upon the foulest fancy, that can forge
More horror in the shadows of mere fame,
Than can some lawyer in a man expos'd
To his interpretation by the king.
But these grave toys I shall despise in death;
And while I live, will lay them open so,
(My innocence laid by them,) that, like foils,
They shall stick of my merits ten times more,

And make your bounties nothing; for who gives
And hits i' the teeth, himself pays with the glory
For which he gave, as being his end of giving,
Not to crown merits, or do any good,
And so no thanks is due but to his glory.

King. 'Tis brave, I swear.

Chab. No, sir, 'tis plain and rude,
But true and spotless; and where you object
My hearty and gross vulgar love of riches,
Titles, and honours, I did never seek them
For any love to them, but to that justice
You ought to use in their due gift to merits,
To shew you royal, and most open-handed,
Not using for hands, talons, pincers, grapples;
In whose gripes, and upon whose gor'd point,
Deserts hang sprawling out their virtuous limbs.

King. Better and better!

Chab. This your glory is;
My deserts wrought upon no wretched matter,
But shew'd your royal palms as free and moist,
As Ida, all enchas'd with silver springs,
And yet my merit still their equal sings.

King. Sing till thou sigh thy soul out; hence, and leave us.

Chab My person shall, my love and faith shall never.

King. Perish thy love and faith, and thee for ever! [*Exit Chab.*
Who's there?—

Enter ASALL.

Let one go for the chancellor.

Asall. He's here in court, sir.

King. Haste, and send him hither.—
[*Exit Asall.*
This is an insolence I never met with.

Can one so high as his degrees ascend,
Climb all so free, and without stain?—

Enter Chancellor.

My lord
Chancellor, I send for you about a service
Of equal price to me, as if again
My ransom came to me from Pavian thraldom,
And more, as if from forth a subject's fetters,
The worst of servitudes, my life were rescued.

Chan. You fright me with a prologue of much trouble.

King. Methinks it might be. Tell me, out of all
Your famous learning, was there ever subject
Rais'd by his sovereign's free hand from the dust,
Up to a height above air's upper region,
That might compare with him in any merit
That so advanc'd him, and not shew in that
Gross over-weening worthy cause to think
There might be other over-sights excepted,
Of capital nature, in his sifted greatness?

Chan. And past question, sir, for one absurd thing granted,
A thousand follow.

King. You must then employ
Your most exact and curious art, to explore
A man in place of greatest trust and charge,
Whom I suspect to have abus'd them all,
And in whom you may give such proud veins vent,
As will bewray their boiling blood, corrupted
Both 'gainst my crown and life.

Chan. And may my life
Be curs'd in every act,
If I explore him not to every fibre.[1]

King. It is my admiral.

Chan. Oh, my good liege,
You tempt, not charge me, with such search of him.

[1] *fibre.*] The old copy "finer." D.

King. Doubt not my heartiest meaning: all the troubles
That ever mov'd in a distracted king,
Put in just fear of his assaulted life,
Are not above my sufferings for Chabot.
Chan. Then I am glad, and proud that I can cure you,
For he's a man that I am studied in,
And all his offices, and if you please
To give authority—
King. You shall not want it.
Chan. If I discharge you not of that disease
About your neck grown, by your strange trust in him,
With full discovery of the foulest treasons—
King. But I must have all prov'd with that free justice.
Chan. Beseech your majesty, do not question it.
King. About it instantly, and take me wholly
Upon yourself.
Chan. How much you grace your servant!
King. Let it be fiery quick.
Chan. It shall have wings,
And every feather shew the flight of kings. [*Exe.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Gallery.

Enter Chancellor *attended, the* Proctor-general *whispering in his ear, two* Judges *following; they pass.—Enter* CHABOT, *in his gown, guarded, followed by his* Father *and* Wife *on each side of* ALLEGRE.

Chab. And have they put my faithful servant to the rack?
Heaven arm the honest man!

Fath. Allegre feels the malice of the chancellor.
Chab. Many upon the torture have confess'd
Things against truth, and yet his pain sits nearer
Than all my other fears.—Come, don't weep.
Wife. My lord, I do not grieve out of a thought,
Or poor suspicion, they with all their malice
Can stain your honour; but it troubles me,
The king should grant this license to your enemies,
As he were willing to hear Chabot guilty.
Chab. No more; the king is just; and by exposing me
To this trial, means to render me
More happy to his subjects and himself;
His sacred will be obey'd: take thy own spirit,
And let no thought infringe thy peace for me;
I go to have my honours all confirm'd.
Farewell; thy lip: [*kisses her.*]—my cause has so much innocence,
It shall not need thy prayer.—I leave her your's,
Till my return. Oh, let me be a son
Still in your thoughts.—Now, gentlemen, set forward. [*Exeunt all but Fath. and Wife.*
Fath. See, you that trust in greatness, what sustains you;
These hazards you must look for, you that thrust
Your heads into a cloud, where lie in ambush
The soldiers of state, in privy arms
Of yellow fire, jealous, and mad at all
That shoot their foreheads up into their forges,
And pry into their gloomy cabinets;
You, like vain citizens, that must go see
Those ever-burning furnaces, wherein
Your brittle glasses of estate are blown,
Who knows not you are all but puff, and bubble
Of breath, and fume forg'd, your vile brittle natures
Cause of your dearness? were you tough and lasting,

You would be cheap, and not worth half your face.—
Now, daughter; planet-struck?
Wife. I am considering
What form I shall put on, as best agreeing
With my lord's fortune.
Fath. Habit do you mean,
Of mind, or body?
Wife. Both would be apparell'd.
Fath. In neither you have reason yet to mourn.
Wife. I'll not accuse my heart of so much weakness;
'Twere a confession 'gainst my lord.—The queen.

Enter Queen, MONTMORENCY, Treasurer, *and* Secretary.

She has express'd 'gainst me some displeasure.
Fath. Let's this way through the gallery.
Queen. 'Tis she.
Do you, my lord, say I would speak with her.—
And has Allegre, one of chiefest trust with him,
Suffered the rack? The chancellor is violent:
And what's confess'd?
Treas. Nothing; he contemn'd all
That could with any cruell'st pain explore him,
As if his mind had robb'd his nerves of sense,
And through them diffus'd fiery spirits above
All flesh and blood; for, as his limbs were stretch'd,
His contempts too extended.
Queen. A strange fortitude!
Treas. But we shall lose the arraignment.
Queen. The success
Will soon arrive.
Treas. You'll not appear, my lord, then?
Mont. I desire
Your lordship would excuse me.

Treas. We are your servants.

[*Exeunt Treas. and Sec.—Chabot's Wife approaches the Queen, and kneels.*

Mont. She attends you, madam.

Queen. This humbleness proceeds not from your heart.

Why, you are a queen yourself in your own thoughts,
The admiral's wife of France cannot be less.
You have not state enough; you should not move
Without a train of friends and servants.

Wife. There is some mystery
Within your language, madam. I would hope
You have more charity than to imagine
My present condition worth your triumph,
In which I am not so lost, but I have
Some friends and servants with proportion
To my lord's fortune; but none within the list
Of those that obey me, can be more ready
To express their duties, than my heart to serve
Your just commands.

Queen. Then pride will ebb, I see;
There is no constant flood of state and greatness;
The prodigy is ceasing when your lord
Comes to the balance. He whose blazing fires
Shot wonders through the kingdom, will discover
What flying and corrupted matter fed him.

Wife. My lord?

Queen. Your high and mighty justicer,
The man of conscience, the oracle
Of state, whose honourable titles
Would crack an elephant's back, is now turn'd mortal,
Must pass examination, and the test
Of law; have all his offices ripp'd up,
And his corrupt soul laid open to the subjects:
His bribes, oppressions, and close sins, that made
So many groan and curse him, now shall find
Their just reward, and all that love their country,

Bless heaven and the king's justice, for removing
Such a devouring monster.
Fath. Sir, your pardon.—
Madam, you are the queen, she is my daughter,
And he that you have character'd so monstrous,
My son-in-law, now gone to be arraign'd.
The king is just, and a good man; but 't does not
Add to the graces of your royal person,
To tread upon a lady thus dejected
By her own grief. Her lord's not yet found guilty,
Much less condemn'd, though you have pleas'd to
execute him.
Queen. What saucy fellow's this?
Fath. I must confess
I am a man out of this element,
No courtier; yet I am a gentleman,
That dare speak honest truth to the queen's ear,
(A duty every subject will not pay you,)
And justify it to all the world. There's nothing
Doth more eclipse the honours of our soul,
Than an ill-grounded, and ill-follow'd passion,
Let fly with noise and license against those
Whose hearts before are bleeding.
Mont. Brave old man!
Fath. 'Cause you are a queen, to trample o'er a
woman,
Whose tongue and faculties are all tied up!
Strike out a lion's teeth, and pare his claws,
And then a dwarf may pluck him by the beard.
'Tis a gay victory!
Queen. Did you hear, my lord?
Fath. I have done.
Wife. And it concerns me to begin.
I have not made this pause through servile fear,
Or guilty apprehension of your rage,
But with just wonder of the heats and wildness
Has prepossess'd your nature 'gainst our innocence.
You are my queen; unto that title bows

The humblest knee in France; my heart, made lower
With my obedience, and prostrate duty,
Nor have I powers created for my use,
When just commands of you expect their service;
But were you queen of all the world, or something
To be thought greater, betwixt heaven and us,
That I could reach you with my eyes and voice,
I would shoot both up in defence of my
Abused honour, and stand all your lightning.

Queen. So brave!

Wife. So just, and boldly innocent,
I cannot fear, arm'd with a noble conscience,
The tempest of your frown, were it more frightful
Than every fury made a woman's anger,
Prepar'd to kill with death's most horrid ceremony;
Yet with what freedom of my soul I can
Forgive your accusation of my pride!

Queen. Forgive! What insolence is like this language!
Can any action of our's be capable
Of thy forgiveness? Dust, how I despise thee!
Can we sin to be object of thy mercy?

Wife. Yes, and have done't already, and no stain
To your greatness, madam; 'tis my charity
I can remit. When sovereign princes dare
Do injury to those that live beneath them,
They turn worth pity and their prayers, and 'tis
In the free power of those whom they oppress
To pardon them; each soul has a prerogative,
And privilege royal, that was sign'd by heaven.
But though i' the knowledge of my disposition,
Stranger to pride, and what you charge me with,
I can forgive the injustice done to me,
And striking at my person; I have no
Commission from my lord to clear you for
The wrongs you have done him, and still he pardon

The wounding of his loyalty, with which life
Can hold no balance. I must take just boldness
To say—

Fath. No more. Now I must tell you, daughter,
Lest you forget yourself, she is the queen,
And it becomes not you to vie with her,
Passion for passion: if your lord stand fast
To the full search of law, heaven will revenge him,
And give him up precious to good men's loves.
If you attempt by these unruly ways
To vindicate his justice, I'm against you,
Dear as I wish your husband's life and fame:
Subjects[2] are bound to suffer, not contest
With princes, since their will and acts must be
Accounted one day to a judge supreme.

Wife. I have done. If the devotion to my lord,
Or piety to his innocence, have led me
Beyond the awful limits to be observ'd
By one so much beneath your sacred person,
I thus low crave your royal pardon, madam.
[*Kneels.*
I know you will remember in your goodness,
My life-blood is concern'd while his least vein
Shall run black and polluted, my heart fed
With what keeps him alive, nor can there be
A greater wound than that which strikes the life
Of our good name, so much above the bleeding
Of this rude pile we carry, as the soul
Hath excellence above this earth-born frailty.
My lord, by the king's will, is led already
To a severe arraignment, and to judges
Will make no tender search into his track
Of life and state. Stay but a little while,
And France shall echo to his shame or innocence.
This suit I beg with tears; I shall have sorrow
Enough to hear him censur'd foul and monstrous,
Should you forbear to antidate my sufferings.

[2] *Subjects*] The old copy *Suffer*. D.

Queen. Your conscience comes about, and you incline
To fear he may be worth the law's condemning.
Wife. [*rising.*] I sooner will suspect the stars may lose
Their way, and crystal heaven return to chaos;
Truth sits not on her square more firm than he:
Yet, let me tell you, madam, were his life
And action so foul as you have character'd,
And the bad world expects, though, as a wife,
'Twere duty I should weep myself to death,
To know him fall'n from virtue, yet so much
I, a frail woman, love my king and country,
I should condemn him too, and think all honours,
The price of his lost faith, more fatal to me,
Than Cleopatra's asps warm in my bosom,
And as much boast their killing.
Queen. This declares
Another soul than was deliver'd me.
My anger melts, and I begin to pity her.
How much a prince's ear may be abus'd!— [*Aside.*
Enjoy your happy confidence; at more leisure
You may hear from us.
Wife. Heaven preserve the queen,
And may her heart be charitable!
Fath. You bless and honour your unworthy servant.
[*Exeunt Wife and Fath.*
Queen. My lord, did you observe this?
Mont. Yes, great madam,
And read a noble spirit, which becomes
The wife of Chabot! Their great tie of marriage
Is not more strong upon them than their virtues.
Queen. That your opinion? I thought your judgment
Against the admiral. Do you think him honest?
Mont. Religiously; a true, most zealous patriot,
And worth all royal favour.
Queen. You amaze me.

Can you be just yourself then, and advance
Your powers against him?
Mont. Such a will be far
From Montmorency. Pioneers of state
Have left no art to gain me to their faction,
And 'tis my misery to be plac'd in such
A sphere, where I am whirl'd by violence
Of a fierce raging motion, and not what
My own will would incline me. I shall make
This appear, madam, if you please to second
My free speech with the king.
Queen. Good heaven protect all!
Haste to the king; Justice her swift wing needs;
'Tis high time to be good, when virtue bleeds.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Court of Justice.

Enter, on one side, Officers before the Chancellor, Judges, *the* Proctor-general, *whispering with the Chancellor; they take their places: then enter* Treasurer *and* Secretary, *who take their places prepared on one side of the court.—On the other side, enter captain of the Guard,* CHABOT *following, who is placed at the bar.*

Chan. Good master Proctor-general, begin.
Proc. It is not unknown to you, my very good lords the judges, and indeed to all the world, for I will make short work, since your honourable ears need not to be enlarged, I speak by a figure, with prolix enumeration, how infinitely the king hath favoured this ill-favoured traitor; and yet I may worthily too insist, and prove, that no grace hath been so large and voluminous as this, that he hath appointed such upright judges at this time, and the chief of this triumvirie, our chancellor,

by name Poyet, which deriveth from the Greek his etymology from Poyein, which is, to make, to create, to invent matter that was never extant in nature; from whence also is the name and dignity of Poeta, which I will not insist upon in this place, although I am confident his lordship wanteth no faculty in making of verses. But what addition, I say, is it to the honour of this delinquent, that he hath such a judge? a man so learned, so full of equity, so noble, so notable in the progress of his life, so innocent, in the manage of his office so incorrupt, in the passages of state so wise, in affection to his country so religious, in all his services to the king so fortunate and exploring, as envy itself cannot accuse, or malice vitiate, whom all lips will open to commend, but those of Philip; and in their hearts will erect altars, and statues, columns, and obelisks, pillars and pyramids, to the perpetuity of his name and memory? What shall I say? but conclude for his so great and sacred service, both to our king and kingdom, and for their everlasting benefit, there may everlastingly be left here one of his loins, one of his loins ever remain, I say, and stay upon this bench, to be the example of all justice, even while the north and south star shall continue.

Chan. You express your oratory, master Proctor; I pray come presently to the matter.

Proc. Thus, with your lordships pardon, I proceed; and the first thing I shall glance at will be worth your lordships reflection, his ingratitude; and to whom? to no less person than a king; and to what king? his own, and our general sovereign, *proh Deum atque hominum fidem;* a king, and such a king, the health, life, and soul of us all, whose very mention draws this salt water from my eyes; for he, indeed, is our eye, who wakes and watches for us when we sleep, and who will not sleep for him? I mean not sleep, which the philo-

sophers call a natural cessation of the common, and, consequently, of all the exterior senses, caused first and immediately by a detention of spirits, which can have no communication, since the way is obstructed by which these spirits should commerce, by vapours ascending from the stomach to the head, by which evaporation the roots of the nerves are filled, through which the animal[3] spirits to be poured into the dwellings of the external senses;—but sleep, I take for death, which all know to be *ultima linea:* who will not sleep eternally for such a king as we enjoy? If, therefore, in general, as he is king of us all, all sharing and dividing the benefits of this our sovereign, none should be so ungrateful as once to murmur against him, what shall be said of the ingratitude more monstrous in this Chabot? for our Francis hath lov'd, not in general, and in the crowd with other subjects, but particularly, this Philip; advanc'd him to the supreme dignity of a statesman, lodged him in his very heart, yet, *monstrum horrendum,* even to this Francis hath Philip been ungrateful. Brutus, the loved son, hath stabbed Cæsar with a bodkin. Oh, what brute may be compared to him! and in what particulars may this crime be exemplified? he hath, as we say, chopp'd logic with the king; nay, to the very teeth of his sovereign, advanced his own gnat-like merits, and justified with Luciferous pride, that his services have deserved more than all the bounty of our munificent king hath paid him.

Chan. Observe that, my lords.

Proc. Nay, he hath gone further, and most traiterously hath committed outrage and impiety to the king's own hand and royal character, which, presented to him in a bill from the whole council, he most violently did tear in pieces, and will do

[3] *animal*] Old copy *annuall.* D.

the very body and person of our king, if your justice make no timely prevention, and strike out the serpentine teeth of this high, and more than horrible monster.

Treas. This was enforced home.

Proc. In the next place, I will relate to your honours his most cruel exactions upon the subject, the old vantcouriers of rebellions. In the year 1536 and 37, this oppressor, and this extortioner, under pretext of his due taxation, being admiral, imposed upon certain fishermen, (observe, I beseech you, the circumstance of their persons, *fishermen*,) who, poor Johns, were embarked upon the coast of Normandy, and fishing there for herrings, (which some say is the king of fishes,) he imposed, I say, twenty sous, and upon every boat six livres. Oh, intolerable exaction! enough not only to alienate the hearts of these miserable people from their king, which, *ipso facto*, is high treason, but an occasion of a greater inconvenience, for want of due provision of fish among the subjects; for by this might ensue a necessity of mortal sins, by breaking the religious fast upon vigils, embers, and other days commanded by sacred authority, besides the miserable rut that would follow, and perhaps contagion, when feasting and flesh should be licensed for every carnal appetite. I could urge many more particulars of his dangerous, insatiate, and boundless avarice; but the improvement of his estate in so few years, from a private gentleman's fortune to a great duke's revenues, might save our sovereign therein an orator, to enforce and prove faulty, even to giantism, against heaven.

1 *Judge.* This is but a noise of words.

Proc. To the foul outrages so violent, let us add his commissions granted out of his own presumed authority, his majesty neither informed[4] or

[4] *informed*] The old copy *infround*. D.

respected; his disloyalties, infidelities, contempts, oppressions, extortions, with innumerable abuses, offences, and forfeits, both to his majesty's most royal person, crown, and dignity; yet, notwithstanding all these injustices, this unmatchable, unjust delinquent affecteth to be thought inculpable, and incomparable just; but alas, my most learned lords, none knows better than yourselves, how easy the sincerity of justice is pretended, how hard it is to be performed, and how common it is for him that hath least colour of title to it, to be thought the very substance and soul of it; he that was never true scholar in the least degree, longs as a woman with child, to be great with scholar; she that was never with child longs, *omnibus viis et modis*, to be got with child, and will wear a cushion to seem with child; and he that was never just, will fly in the king's face to be counted just, though for all he be nothing, but just a traitor.

Sec. The admiral smiles.

Judge. Answer yourself, my lord.

Chab. I shall, and briefly:

The furious eloquence of my accuser hath
Branch'd my offences heinous to the king,
And then his subject, a most vast indictment,
That to the king I have justified my merit
And services; which conscience of that truth,
That gave my actions life, when they are question'd,
I ought to urge again, and do without
The least part of injustice. For the bill,
A foul, and most unjust one, and preferr'd
'Gainst the king's honour, and his subject's privilege,
And with a policy to betray my office
And faith to both, I do confess I tore it,
It being press'd immodestly, but without
A thought of disobedience to his name,
To whose mention I bow, with humble reverence,
And dare appeal to the king's knowledge of me,

How far I am in soul from such a rebel.
For the rest, my lord, and you, my honour'd judges,
Since all this mountain, all this time in labour,
With more than mortal fury 'gainst my life,
Hath brought forth nought but some ridiculous vermin,
I will not wrong my right and innocence
With any serious plea in my reply,
To frustrate breath, and fight with terrible shadows,
That have been forg'd and forc'd against my state,
But leave all, with my life, to your free censures,
Only beseeching all your learned judgments
Equal and pious conscience to weigh.

Proc. And how this great and mighty fortune hath exalted him to pride is apparent, not only in his braves and bearings to the king, the fountain of all this increase, but in his contempt and scorn of the subject, his vast expenses in buildings, his private bounties, above royal, to soldiers and scholars, that he may be the general and patron, and protector of arms and arts; the number of domestic attendants, an army of grasshoppers and gay butterflies, able to devour the spring; his glorious wardrobes, his stable of horses, that are prick'd with provender, and will enforce us to weed up our vineyards, to sow oats for supply of their provision; his caroches shining with gold, and more bright than the chariot of the sun, wearing out the pavements; nay, he is of late so transcendantly proud, that men must be his mules, and carry him up and down as it were in a procession for men to gaze at him, till their chines crack with the weight of his insupportable pride; and who knows but this may prove a fashion? But who groans for this, [but] the subject, who murmur, and are ready to begin a rebellion, but the tumultuous sailors and water-rats, who run up and down the city, like an overbearing tempest, cursing the admiral, who in

duty ought to undo himself for the general satisfaction of his countrymen?

Chab. The variety, and wonder now presented
To your most noble notice, and the world's,
That all my life and actions, and offices,
Explor'd with all the hundred eyes of law,
Lighted with lightning, shot out of the wrath
Of an incensed and commanding king,
And blown with foes, with far more bitter winds,
Than winter from his eastern cave exhales,
Yet nothing found, but what you all have heard,
And then consider, if a peer of state
Should be expos'd to such a wild arraignment
For poor complaints, his fame, faith, life, and honours,
Rack'd for no more.

Chan. No more? Good heaven, what say
My learned assistants?

1 *Judge.* My lord, the crimes urg'd here for us to censure
As capital, and worth this high arraignment,
To me seem strange, because they do not fall
In force of law, to arraign a peer of state;
For all that law can take into her power
To sentence, is the exaction of the fishermen.

2 *Judge.* Here is no majesty violated: I consent to what my
Brother has express'd.

Chan. Break then in wonder,
My frighted words out of their forming powers,
That you no more collect, from all these forfeits
That master proctor-general hath opened,
With so apparent and impulsive learning,
Against the rage and madness of the offender,
And violate majesty, (my learned assistants,)
When majesty's affronted and defied,
It being compar'd with! and in such an onset
As leap'd into his throat, his life affrighting!

Be justified in all insolence all subjects,
If this be so considered, and insult
Upon your privileg'd malice! Is not majesty
Poison'd in this wonder! and no felony set
Where royalty is robb'd, and [violate]!
Fie, how it fights with law, and grates upon
Her brain and soul, and all the powers of reason!—
Reporter of the process, shew the schedule.

Not. Here, my good lord.

1 *Judge.* No altering it in us.

2 *Judge.* Far be it from us, sir.

Chan. Here's silken justice!
It might be altered; mend your sentences.

Both. Not we, my lord.

Chan. Not you? The king shall know
You slight a duty to his will and safety.
Give me your pen; it must be capital.

1 *Judge.* Make what you please, my lord; our doom shall stand.

Chan. Thus I subscribe: now, at your perils, follow.

Both. Perils, my lord? threats in the king's free justice?

Treas. I am amaz'd they can be so remiss.

Sec. Merciful men, pitiful judges, certain.

1 *Judge.* Subscribe; it matters nothing, being constrain'd.
On this side, and on this side, this capital *I*,
Both which together put, import plain *Vi;*
And witness we are forced.

2 *Judge.* Enough;
It will acquit us, when we make it known,
Our names are forced.

Chan. If traitorous pride
Upon the royal person of a king
Were sentenc'd unfeloniously before,
I'll burn my books, and be a judge no more.

Both. Here are our hands subscrib'd.

Chan. Why so; it joys me,
You have reform'd your justice and your judgment.
Now have you done like judges and learned lawyers;
The king shall thank, and honour you for this.—
Notary, read.

Not. *We, by his sacred majesty appointed*
Judges, upon due trial, and examination
Of Philip Chabot, admiral of France,
Declare him guilty of high treasons, &c.

Chan. Now, captain of the guard, secure his person,
Till the king signify
His pleasure for his death. This day is happy
To France, thus rescued from the vile devourer.
[*A shout within.*
Hark! how the votes applaud their blest deliverance!
You that so late did right and conscience boast,
Heaven's mercy now implore, the king's is lost.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King, Queen, *and* Montmorency.

King. You raise my thoughts to wonder, that you, madam,
And you, my lord, unite your force to plead
I' the admiral's behalf: this is not that
Language you did express, when the torn bill
Was late pretended to us; it was then
Defiance to our high prerogative,
The act of him whose proud heart would rebel,

Add, arm'd with faction, too soon attempt
To tear my crown off.
Queen. I was ignorant
Then of his worth, and heard but the report
Of his accusers and his enemies,
Who never mention in his character
Shadows of any virtue in those men
They would depress: like crows, and carrion birds,[5]
They fly o'er flowery meads, clear springs, fair gardens,
And stoop at carcasses. For your own honour,
Pity poor Chabot.
King. Poor, and a colossus!
What could so lately straddle o'er a province!
Can he be fallen so low and miserable,
To want my pity, who breaks forth like day,
Takes up all people's eyes and admiration?
It cannot be. He hath a princely wife too.
Queen. I interpose not often, sir, or press you
With unbecoming importunity,
To serve the profitable ends of others.
Conscience, and duty to yourself, enforce
My present mediation; you have given
The health of your own state away, unless
Wisdom in time recover him.
King. If he prove
No adulterate gold, trial confirms his value.
Queen. Although it hold in metal, gracious sir,
Such fiery examination, and the furnace

[5] *like crows and carrion birds*, &c.] Here Shirley had certainly an eye to the following lines in Peele's *David and Bethsabe*:

"Like as the fatal raven, that in his voice
Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths,
Flies by the fair Arabian spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens, and delightsome parks,
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclaims,
And yet doth stoop with hungry violence
Upon a piece of hateful carrion."

See Peele's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 28. ed. 1829. D.

May waste a heart that's faithful, and together
With that you call the *feces*, something of
The precious substance may be hazarded.
King. Why, you are the chief engine rais'd against him,
And in the world's creed labour most to sink him,
That in his fall and absence, every beam
May shine on you, and only gild your fortune.
Your difference is the ground of his arraignment;
Nor were we unsolicited by you,
To have your bill confirm'd; from that, that spring,
Came all these mighty and impetuous waves,
With which he now must wrestle; if the strength
Of his own innocence can break the storm,
Truth will not lose her servant, her wings cover him.
He must obey his fate.
Mont. I would not have
It lie upon my fame, that I should be
Mentioned in story his unjust supplanter,
For your whole kingdom. I have been abused,
And made believe my suit was just and necessary.
My walks have not been safe, my closet prayers,
But some plot has pursued me, by some great ones
Against your noble admiral: they have frighted
My fancy into my dreams with their close whispers,
How to uncement your affections,
And render him the fable, and the scorn
Of France.
Queen. Brave Montmorency!
King. Are you serious?
Mont. Have I a soul, or gratitude, to acknowledge
Myself your creature, dignified and honour'd
By your high favours? with an equal truth
I must declare the justice of your admiral,
(In what my thoughts are conscious,) and will rather
Give up my claim to birth, title, and offices,
Be thrown from your warm smile, the top and crown

Of subjects' happiness, than be brib'd with all
Their glories to the guilt of Chabot's ruin.
King. Come, come; you overact this passion,
And if it be not policy, it tastes
Too green, and wants some counsel to mature it;
His fall prepares your triumph.
Mont. It confirms
My shame alive, and, buried, will corrupt
My very dust, make our house-genius groan
And fright the honest marble from my ashes.
His fall prepare my triumph! turn me first
A naked exile to the world.
King. No more;
Take heed you banish not yourself; be wise,
And let not too much zeal devour your reason.

Enter ASALL.

Asall. Your admiral
Is condemn'd, sir.
King. Ha! strange! No matter;
Leave us. [*exit Asall.*]—A great man, I see, may be
As soon despatched, as a common subject.
Queen. No mercy then for Chabot.

Enter Wife *and* Father.

Wife. From whence came
That sound of Chabot? Then we are all undone.
Oh, do not hear the queen, she is no friend
To my poor lord, but made against his life,
Which hath too many enemies already!
Mont. Poor soul! she thinks the queen is still against him,
Who employeth all her powers to preserve him.
Fath. Say you so, my lord?—Daughter, the queen's our friend.
Wife. Why do you mock my sorrow? can you flatter

Your own grief so? Be just, and hear me, sir,
And do not sacrifice a subject's blood
To appease a wrathful queen. Let mercy shine
Upon your brow, and heaven will pay it back
Upon your soul: be deaf to all her prayers.
King. Poor heart, she knows not what she has desir'd.
Wife. I beg my Chabot's life; my sorrows yet
Have not destroy'd my reason.
King. He is in the power of my laws, not mine.
Wife. Then you have no power,
And are but the empty shadow of a king.
To whom is it resign'd? Where shall I beg
The forfeit life of one condemn'd by law's
Too partial doom?
King. You hear he is condemn'd, then?
Fath. My son is condemn'd, sir.
King. You know for what too?
Fath. What the judges please to call it;
But they have given't a name, treason, they say.
Queen. I must not be denied.
King. I must deny you.
Wife. Be blest for ever for't.
Queen. Grant then to her.
King. Chabot, condemn'd by law?
Fath. But you have power
To change the rigour; in your breast there is
A chancellor above it. I ne'er had
A suit before; but my knees join with her's
To implore your royal mercy to her lord,
And take his cause to your examination;
It cannot wrong your judges, if they have
Been steer'd by conscience.
Mont. It will fame your justice.
King. I cannot be prescrib'd; you kneel in vain.
You labour to betray me with your tears
To a treason above his, 'gainst my own laws.
Look to the lady.

Re-enter ASALL.

Asall. Sir, the chancellor.
King. Admit him.—Leave us all.
[*Exeunt all but King.*

Enter Chancellor.

How now, my lord?
You have lost no time; and how thrive the proceedings?
Chan. 'Twas fit, my gracious sovereign, time should leave
His motion, made in all affairs beside,
And spend his wings only in speed of this.
King. You have shew'd diligence; and what's become
Of our most curious justicer, the admiral?
Chan. Condemn'd, sir, utterly, and all hands set
To his conviction.
King. And for faults most foul?
Chan. More than most impious: but the applausive issue,
Struck by the concourse of your ravish'd subjects
For joy of your free justice, if there were
No other cause to assure the sentence just,
Were proof convincing.
King. Now then he sees clearly
That men perceive how vain his justice was,
And scorn him for the foolish net he wore
To hide his nakedness. Is't not a wonder,
That men's ambitions should so blind their reason,
To affect shapes of honesty, and take pride
Rather in seeming, than in being just?
Chan. Seeming has better fortune to attend it,
Than being sound at heart, and virtuous.
King. Profess all! nothing do, like those that live

By looking to the lamps of holy temples,
Who still are busy taking off their snuffs,
But for their profit sake will add no oil!
So these will check and sentence every fame,
The blaze of riotous blood doth cast in others,
And in themselves leave the fume most offensive.
But he to do this, more deceives my judgment
Than all the rest, whose nature I have sounded.

Chan. I know, sir, and have prov'd it.

King. Well, my lord,
To omit circumstance, I highly thank you
For this late service you have done me here,
Which is so great and meritorious,
That with my ablest power I scarce can quit you.

Chan. Your sole acceptance, (my dread sovereign,)
I more rejoice in, than in all the fortunes
That ever chanc'd me. But when may it please
Your highness to order the execution?
The haste thus far hath spar'd no pinions.

King. No, my lord, your care
Hath therein much deserv'd.

Chan. But where proportion
Is kept to th' end in things, at start so happy,
That end set on the crown.

King. I'll speed it therefore.

Chan. Your thoughts direct it; they are wing'd.
[*Exit.*

King. I joy
This boldness is condemn'd, that I may pardon,
And therein get some ground in his opinion,
By so much bounty as saves his life;
And, methinks, that weigh'd more, should sway the balance
'Twixt me and him, held by his own free justice;
For I could never find him obstinate
In any mind he held, when once he saw
Th' error with which he laboured; and since now

He needs must feel it, I admit no doubt
But that his alteration will beget
Another sense of things 'twixt him and me.—
Who's there?

Re-enter ASALL.

Go to the captain of my guard, and will him
To attend his condemn'd prisoner to me instantly.
Asall. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Treasurer *and* Secretary.

King. My lords, you were spectators of our admiral.
Treas. And hearers too of his most just conviction,
In which we witness'd over-weight enough
In your great bounties, and, as they there were weigh'd,
With all the feathers of his boasted merits.
King. Has felt a scorching trial; and the test
(That holds fire's utmost force,) we must give metals
That will not with the hammer, and the melting,
Confess their truth; and this same sense of feeling,
(Being ground to all the senses,) hath one key
More than the rest to let in through them all,
The mind's true apprehension, that thence takes
Her first convey'd intelligence. I long
To see this man of confidence again.
How think you, lords, will Chabot look on me,
Now spoil'd of the integrity he boasted?
Sec. It were too much honour to vouchsafe your sight.
Treas. No doubt, my liege, but he that hath offended
In such a height against your crown and person,
Will want no impudence to look upon you.

Re-enter ASALL, *with* Captain *and* CHABOT.

Capt. Sir, I had charge given me by this gentleman,
To bring your condemn'd prisoner to your presence.
King. You have done well; and tell the queen, and our
Lord constable, we desire their presence; bid
Our admiral's lady, and her father too,
Attend us here: they are but new withdrawn.
Asall. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*
Treas. Do you observe this confidence?
He stands as all his trial were a dream.
Sec. He'll find the horror waking. The king's troubled:
Now for a thunder-clap. The queen and constable.

Re-enter Queen, MONTMORENCY, Wife, *and* Father.

Treas. I do not like their mixture.
King. My lord admiral,
You made it your desire to have this trial,
That late hath pass'd upon you;
And now you feel how vain is too much faith
And flattery of yourself, as if your breast
Were proof 'gainst all invasion; 'tis so slight
You see it lets in death; what's past, hath been
To satisfy your insolence; there remains
That now we serve our own free pleasure; therefore,
By that most absolute power, with which all right
Puts in my hands, these issues, turns, and changes,
I here, in ear of all these, pardon all
Your faults and forfeits, whatsoever censur'd,
Again advancing, and establishing

Your person in all fulness of that state
That ever you enjoy'd before th' attainder.
Treas. Wonderful! pardon'd!
Wife. Heaven preserve the king!—
Queen. Who for this will deserve all time to honour him.
Mont. And live kings' best example.
Fath. Son, you're pardon'd;
Be sure you look hereafter well about you.
Chab. Vouchsafe, great sir, to assure me what you said;
You nam'd my pardon.
King. And again declare it,
For all crimes past, of what nature soever.
Chab. You cannot pardon me, sir.
King. How's that, Philip?
Chab. It is a word carries too much relation
To an offence, of which I am not guilty!
And I must still be bold, where truth still arms,
In spite of all those frowns that would deject me,
To say, I need no pardon.
King. Ha! how's this?
Fath. He's mad with over joy, and answers nonsense.
King. Why, tell me, Chabot, are not you condemn'd?
Chab. Yes, and that justifies me much the more;
For whatsoever false report hath brought you,
I was condemn'd for nothing that could reach
To prejudice my life, my goods, or honour,
As first in firmness of my conscience
I confidently told you; not, alas!
Presuming on your slender thread of favour,
Or pride of fortunate and courtly boldness,
But what my faith and justice bade me trust to,
For none of all your learned assistant judges,
With all the malice, of my crimes could urge
Or felony or hurt of sacred power.

King. Do any hear this but myself?—My lords,
This man still justifies his innocence.
What prodigies are these? Have not our laws
Pass'd on his actions? have not equal judges
Certified his arraignment, and him guilty
Of capital treason? and yet do I hear
Chabot accuse all these, and quit himself?
Treas. It does appear distraction, sir.
King. Did we
Seem so indulgent to propose our free
And royal pardon, without suit or prayer,
To meet with his contempt?
Sec. Unheard of impudence!
Chab. I were malicious to myself, and desperate,
To force untruths upon my soul, and when
'Tis clear, to confess a shame to exercise
Your pardon, sir. Were I so foul and monstrous
As I am given to you, you would commit
A sin next mine, by wronging your own mercy,
To let me draw out impious breath: it will
Release your wonder, if you give command
To see your process; and if it prove other
Than I presume to inform, tear me in pieces.
King. Go for the process, and the chancellor,
With the assistant judges. [*exit Asall.*]—I thank heaven,
That with all these enforcements of distraction,
My reason stays so clear to hear, and answer,
And to direct a message. This inversion
Of all the loyalties, and true deserts
That I believ'd I govern'd with till now
In my choice lawyers and chief counsellors,
Is able to shake all my frame of reason.
Chab. I am much griev'd.
King. No more; I do incline
To think I am abus'd, my laws betray'd
And wrested to the purpose of my judges.
This confidence in Chabot turns my judgment:

This was too wild a way to make his merits
Stoop, and acknowledge my superior bounties,
That it doth raise, and fix them past my art,
To shadow all the shame and forfeit's mine.

Re-enter ASALL, *with* Chancellor *and* Judges.

Asall. The chancellor and judges, sir.
Treas. I like not
This passion in the king: the queen and constable
Are of that side.
King. My lord, you dare appear then?
Chan. Dare, sir? I hope—
King. Well done; hope still, and tell me,
Is not this man condemn'd?
Chan. Strange question, sir!
The process will declare it, sign'd with all
These my assistant brothers' reverend hands,
To his conviction in a public trial.
King. You said for foul and monstrous facts
prov'd by him?
Chan. The very words are there, sir.
King. But the deeds
I look for, sir; name me but one that's monstrous.
Chan. His foul comparisons, and affronts of you,
To me seem'd monstrous.
King. I told you them, sir;
Nor were they any that your so vast knowledge,
Being a man studied in him, could produce
And prove as clear as heaven: you warranted
To make appear such treasons in the admiral,
As never all law's volumes yet had sentenc'd,
And France should look on, having 'scap'd, with wonder.
What in this nature hath been clearly prov'd
In his arraignment?
1 *Judge.* Nothing, that we heard,
In slenderest touch urg'd by your advocate.

King. Dare you affirm this too?
2 *Judge.* Most confidently.
King. No base corruptions charg'd upon him?
1 *Judge.* None, sir.
Treas. This argues Chabot has corrupted him.
Sec. I do not like this.
1 *Judge.* The sum of all
Was urg'd to prove your admiral corrupt,
Was an exaction of his officers,
Of twenty sous taken from the fishermen,
For every boat that fish'd the Norman coast.
King. And was this all
The mountains and the marvels promis'd me,
To be in clear proof made against the life
Of our so hated admiral?
Judges. All, sir,
Upon our lives and consciences.
Chan. I am blasted.
King. How durst you then subscribe to his conviction.
1 *Judge.* For threats by my lord chancellor on the bench,
Affirming that your majesty would have it
Made capital treason, or account us traitors.
2 *Judge.* Yet, sir, we did put to our names with this
Interposition of a note in secret
In these two letters *V* and *I*, to shew
We were enforc'd to what we did, which then
In law is nothing.
Fath. How do you feel, your lordship?
Did you not find some stuffing in your head?
Your brain should have been purg'd.
Chan. I fall to pieces.
Would they had rotted on the bench!
King. And so you sav'd the peace of that high court,
Which otherwise his impious rage had broken;

But thus am I by his malicious arts
A party render'd, and most tyrannous spur
To all the open course of his base envies,
A forcer of my judges, and a thirst
Of my nobility's blood, and all by one
I trusted, to make clear my love of justice.
Chan. I beseech your majesty, let all my zeal
To serve your virtues, with a sacred value
Made of your royal state, to which each least
But shade of violence in any subject,
Doth provoke certain death—
King. Death on thy name
And memory for ever! One command
Our advocate attend us presently.
Asall. He waits here.
King. But single death shall not excuse; thy skin,
Torn o'er thine ears, and what else can be inflicted,
If thy life, with the same severity
Dissected, cannot stand so many fires.
Sec. } Be merciful, great sir. [*They kneel.*
Treas. }
King. Yet more amaze!
Is there a knee in all the world beside,
That any human conscience can let bow
For him? You're traitors all that pity him.
Treas. This is no time to move.
King. Yet 'twas my fault
To trust this wretch, whom I knew fierce and proud,
With forms of tongue and learning. What a prisoner
Is pride of the whole flood of man! for, as
A human seed is said to be a mixture
And fair contemperature extracted from
All our best faculties,-so the seed of all
Man's sensual frailty may be said to abide,
And have their confluence in only pride;

It stupifies man's reason so, and dulls
True sense of any thing, but what may fall
In his own glory, quenches all the spirits
That light a man to honour and true goodness.
Asall. Your advocate.

Enter Advocate.

King. Come hither.
Adv. My most gracious sovereign.
Chab. Madam, you infinitely oblige our duty.
Queen. I was too long ignorant of your worth, my lord,
And this sweet lady's virtue.
Wife. Both your servants.
Chab. I never had a fear of the king's justice,
And yet I know not what creeps o'er my heart,
And leaves an ice beneath it.—My lord chancellor,
You have my forgiveness; but implore heaven's pardon,
For wrongs to equal justice; you shall want
No charity of mine to mediate
To the king for you.
Chan. Horror of my soul
Confounds my gratitude.
Mont. To me now most welcome.
Adv. It was my allegiance, sir, I did enforce,
But by directions of your chancellor;
It was my office to advance your cause
'Gainst all the world, which, when I leave to execute,
Flay me, and turn me out a most raw advocate.
King. You see my chancellor.
Adv. He has an ill look with him.
King. It shall be your province now, on our behalf,
To urge what can in justice be against him;

His riot on our laws, and corrupt actions
Will give you scope and field enough.
Adv. And I
Will play my law prize; never fear it, sir.
He shall be guilty of what you please. I am studied
In him, sir; I will squeeze his villainies,
And urge his acts so home into his bowels,
The force of it shall make him hang himself,
And save the laws a labour.
King. Judges, for all
The poisonous outrage that this viper spilt
On all my royal freedom and my empire,
As making all but servants to his malice,
I will have you revise the late arraignment;
And for those worthy reasons that already
Affect you for my admiral's acquittal,
Employ your justice on this chancellor. Away with him!—
Arrest him, captain of my guard, to answer
All that due course of law against him can
Charge both his acts and life.
Capt. I do arrest thee,
Poyet, lord chancellor, in his highness' name,
To answer all that equal course of law
Can charge thy acts and life with.
Chan. I obey.
King. How false a heart corruption has! how base,
Without true worth, are all these earth-bred glories!—
Oh, blessed justice! by which all things stand,
That stills the thunder, and makes lightning sink
'Twixt earth and heaven amaz'd, and cannot strike,
Being prov'd so now in wonder of this man,
The object of men's hate, and heaven's bright love;
And, as in cloudy days, we see the sun
Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,
All those left dark, and slighted in his way,

And on the wretched plight of some poor shed,
Pours all the glories of his golden head:
So heavenly virtue, on this envied lord
Points all his graces, that I may distinguish
Him better from the world.

Treas. You do him right.

King. But away, judges! and pursue the arraignment
Of this polluted chancellor with that swiftness
His fury wing'd against my admiral;
And be you all, that sate on him, compurgators
Of me against this false judge.

Judges. We are so.

King. Be you two join'd in the commission,
And nothing urg'd but justly, of me learning
This one more lesson out of the events
Of these affairs now past: that whatsoever
Charge or commission judges have from us,
They ever make their aim ingenuous justice,
Not partial for reward, or swelling favour,
To which, if your king steer you, spare to obey;
For when his troubled blood is clear and calm,
He will repent that he pursued his rage,
Before his pious law, and hold that judge
Unworthy of his place, that lets his censure
Float in the waves of an imagin'd favour;
This shipwrecks in the haven, and but wounds
Their consciences that soothe the soon-ebb'd humours
Of their incensed king.

Mont. } Royal and sacred.
Treas. }

King. Come, Philip, shine thy honour now forever,
For this short temporal eclipse it suffer'd
By th' interpos'd desire I had to try thee,
Nor let the thought of what is past afflict thee,
For my unkindness; live still circled here,
The bright intelligence of our royal sphere. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Queen, MONTMORENCY, *and* Father.

Queen. The admiral sick?
Fath. With danger at the heart;
I came to tell the king.
Mont. He never had
More reason in his soul, to entertain
All the delights of health.
Fath. I fear, my lord,
Some apprehension of the king's unkindness,
By giving up his person and his offices
To the law's gripe and search, is ground of his
Sad change; the greatest souls are thus oft wounded;
If he vouchsafe his presence, it may quicken
His fast decaying spirits, and prevent
The hasty ebb of life.
Queen. The king is now
Fraught with the joy of his fresh preservation;
The news so violent let into his ear,
May have some dangerous effect in him;
I would not counsel, sir, to that.
Fath. With greater reason
I may suspect they'll spread, my lord, and, as
A river, lift his curl'd and impetuous waves
Over the banks, by confluence of streams
That fill and swell their[6] channel; for by this time
He has the addition of Allegre's suffering,
His honest servant, whom I met, though feeble
And worn with torture, going to congratulate
His master's safety.

[6] *their*] Old copy "*her.*" D.

Queen. It seems he much
Affected that Allegre.
Mont. There will be
But a sad interview and dialogue.
Queen. Does he keep his bed?
Fath. In that alone
He shews a fortitude; he will move and walk,
He says, while his own strength or others can
Support him, wishing he might stand and look
His destiny in the face at the last summons,
Not sluggishly exhale his soul in bed
With indulgence, and nice flattery of his limbs.
Queen. Can he in this shew spirit, and want force
To wrestle with a thought?
Fath. Oh, madam, madam!
We may have proof against the sword, and tyranny
Of boisterous war that threatens us; but when
Kings frown, a cannon mounted in each eye,
Shoot death to apprehension ere their fire
And force approach us.

Enter King.

Mont. Here's the king.
Queen. No words
To interrupt his quiet.
Fath. I'll begone then.
King. Our admiral's father! call him back.
Queen. I will not stay to hear them. [*Exit.*
Mont. Sir, be prudent,
And do not, for your son, fright the king's health.
[*Exit.*
King. What, have they left us?—How does my admiral?
Fath. I am forbid to tell you, sir.
King. By whom?
Fath. The queen, and my lord constable.

King. Are there
Remaining seeds of faction? Have they souls
Not yet convinc'd i' the truth of Chabot's honour,
Clear as the crystal heaven, and 'bove the reach
Of imitation?
Fath. 'Tis their care of you,
And no thought prejudicial to my son.
King. Their care of me?
How can the knowledge of my admiral's state
Concern their fears of me? I see their envy
Of Chabot's happiness, whose joy to be
Render'd so pure and genuine to the world
Doth grate upon their conscience, and affright them.
But let them vex, and bid my Chabot still
Exalt his heart, and triumph; he shall have
The access of our's; the kingdom shall put on
Such joys for him, as she would boast to celebrate
Her own escape from ruin.
Fath. He is not in state to hear my sad news,
I perceive. [*Aside.*
King. That countenance is not right, it does not answer
What I expect;
Say, how is my admiral?
The truth, upon thy life.
Fath. To secure his, I would you had.
King. Ha? who durst oppose him?
Fath. One that hath power enough hath practised on him,
And made his great heart stoop.
King. I will revenge it
With crushing that rebellious power to nothing.
Name him.
Fath. He was his friend.
King. A friend to malice; his own black imposthume

Burn his blood up! What mischief hath engender'd
New storms?
Fath. 'Tis the old tempest.
King. Did not we
Appease all horrors that look'd wild upon him?
Fath. You dress'd his wounds, I must confess, but made
No cure; they bleed afresh. Pardon me, sir;
Although your conscience have clos'd too soon,
He is in danger, and doth want new surgery;
Though he be right in fame, and your opinion,
He thinks you were unkind.
King. Alas, poor Chabot!
Doth that afflict him?
Fath. So much, though he strive
With most resolv'd and adamantine nerves,
As ever human fire in flesh and blood,
Forg'd for example, to bear all; so killing
The arrows that you shot were, (still your pardon,)
No centaur's blood could rankle so.
King. If this
Be all, I'll cure him; kings retain
More balsam in their soul, than hurt in anger.
Fath. Far short, sir; with one breath they uncreate;
And kings, with only words, more wounds can make,
Than all their kingdom made in balm can heal;
'Tis dangerous to play too wild a descant
On numerous virtue, though it become princes
To assure their adventures made in every thing:
Goodness, confin'd within poor flesh and blood,
Hath but a queasy, and still sickly state;
A musical hand should only play on her,
Fluent as air, yet every touch command.
King. No more.
Commend us to the admiral, and say,
The king will visit him, and bring [him] health.

Fath. I will not doubt that blessing, and shall move
Nimbly with this command. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Court of Justice.

Enter Officers before, Treasurer, Secretary, *and* Judges, *Petitioners following, the* Advocate *also, with many papers in his hand; they take their places: the* Chancellor, *with a guard, is then brought in and placed at the bar.*

Treas. Did you believe the chancellor had been
So foul?

Sec. He's lost to the people; what contempts
They throw upon him! but we must be wise.

1 *Judge.* Were there no other guilt, his malice shew'd
Upon the admiral, in o'erbearing justice,
Would well deserve a sentence.

Treas. And a deep one.

2 *Judge.* If't please your lordships to remember, that
Was specially commended by the king,
As being most blemish to his royal person,
And the free justice of his state.

Treas. Already
He has confess'd upon his examinations
Enough for censure; yet, to obey form—
Master advocate, if you please—

Adv. I am ready for your lordships. It hath been said, and will be said again, and may truly be justified, *omnia ex lite fieri.* It was the position of philosophers, and now proved by a more philosophical sect, the lawyers, that, *omnia ex lite fiant,*

we are all made by law, made, I say, and worthily, if we be just; if we be unjust, marr'd; though in marring some, there is necessity of making others, for if one fall by the law, ten to one but another is exalted by the execution of the law, since the corruption of one must conclude the generation of another, though not always in the same profession; the corruption of an apothecary may be the generation of a doctor of physic; the corruption of a citizen may beget a courtier, and a courtier may very well beget an alderman; the corruption of an alderman may be the generation of a country justice, whose corrupt ignorance easily may beget a tumult; a tumult may beget a captain, and the corruption of a captain may beget a gentleman-usher, and a gentleman-usher may beget a lord, whose wit may beget a poet, and a poet may get a thousand pounds a year; but nothing without corruption.

Treas. Good master advocate, be pleased to leave all digressions, and speak of the chancellor.

Adv. Your lordship doth very seasonably premonish; and I shall not need to leave my subject, corruption, while I discourse of him, who is the very fen and stygian abyss of it: five thousand and odd hundred foul and impious corruptions, for I will be brief, have been found by several examinations, and by oaths, proved against this odious and polluted chancellor; a man of so tainted and contagious a life, that it is a miracle any man enjoyeth his nostrils that hath lived within the scent of his offices. He was born with teeth in his head, by an affidavit of his midwife, to note his devouring, and hath one toe on his left foot crooked, and in the form of an eagle's talon, to foretel his rapacity. What shall I say? branded, marked, and designed in his birth for shame and obloquy, which appeareth further, by a mole under his right ear, with only

three witch's hairs in't; strange and ominious predictions of nature!

Treas. You have acquainted yourself but very lately with this intelligence, for, as I remember, your tongue was guilty of no such character when he sat judge upon the admiral: a pious, incorrupt man, a faithful and fortunate servant to his king; and one of the greatest honours that ever the admiral received was, that he had so noble and just a judge: this must imply a strange volubility in your tongue or conscience. I speak not to discountenance any evidence for the king, but to put you in mind, master advocate, that you had then a better opinion of my lord chancellor.

Adv. Your lordship hath most aptly interposed, and with a word I shall easily satisfy all your judgments. He was then a judge, and in *cathedra*, in which he could not err; it may be your lordships' cases: out of the chair and seat of justice he hath his frailties, is loosed, and exposed to the conditions of other human natures; so every judge, your lordships are not ignorant, hath a kind of privilege while he is in his state, office, and being; and although he may, *quoad se*, internally and privately be guilty of bribery of justice, yet, *quoad nos*, and in public, he is an upright and innocent judge. We are to take no notice, nay, we deserved to suffer, if we should detect or stain him; for in that we disparage the office, which is the king's, and may be our own; but once removed from his place by just dishonour of the king, he is no more a judge, but a common person, whom the law takes hold on, and we are then to forget what he hath been, and without partiality to strip and lay him open to the world, a counterfeit and corrupt judge: as, for example, he may, and ought to flourish in his greatness, and break any man's neck with as much facility as a jest; but the case being

altered, and he down, every subject shall be heard; a wolf may be apparelled in a lamb's skin; and if every man should be afraid to speak truth, nay, and more than truth, if the good of the subject, which are clients, sometime require it, there would be no remove of officers; if no remove, no motions; if no motion in court, no heat, and, by consequence, but cold terms. Take away this moving, this removing of judges, the law may bury itself in buckram, and the kingdom suffer for want of a due execution; and now, I hope, your lordships are satisfied.

Treas. Most learnedly concluded to acquit yourself.

1 *Judge.* Master advocate, please you to urge, for satisfaction
Of the world, and clearing the king's honour, how Unjustly he proceeded against the admiral.

Adv. I shall obey your lordship.—So vast, so infinite hath been the impudence of this chancellor, not only toward the subject, but even the sacred person of the king, that I tremble, as with a palsy, to remember it. This man, or rather this monster, having power and commission trusted for the examination of the lord admiral, a man perfect in all honour and justice, indeed, the very ornament and second flower of France; for the flower-de-lis is sacred, and above all flowers, and indeed the best flower in our garden; having used all ways to circumvent his innocence, by suborning and promising rewards to his betrayers, by compelling others by the cruelty of tortures, as, namely, monsieur Allegre, a most honest and faithful servant to his lord, tearing and extending his sinews upon the rack, to force a confession to his purpose; and finding nothing prevail upon the invincible virtue of the admiral,—

Sec. How he would flatter him!

Adv. Yet most maliciously proceeded to arraign him: to be short; against all colour of justice, condemned him of high treasons. Oh, think what the life of man is, that can never be recompensed! but the life of a just man, a man that is the vigour and glory of our life and nation, to be torn to death, and sacrificed beyond the malice of common persecution! What tiger of Hyrcanian breed could have been so cruel? But this is not all: he was not guilty only of murder,—guilty, I may say, *in foro conscientiæ*, though our good admiral was miraculously preserved, but unto this he added a most prodigious and fearful rape, a rape even upon justice itself, the very soul of our state; for the rest of the judges upon the bench, venerable images of Astræa,[7] he most tyrannously compelled to set their hands to his most unjust sentence. Did ever story remember the like outrage and injustice? what forfeit, what penalty can be enough to satisfy this transcendant offence? and yet, my good lords, this is but venial to the sacrilege which now follows, and by him committed: not content with this sentence, not satisfied with horrid violence upon the sacred tribunal, but he proceeds and blasphemes the very name and honour of the king himself,—observe that,—making him the author and impulsive cause of all these rapines, justifying that he moved only by his special command to the death, nay, the murder of his most faithful subject, translating all his own black and damnable guilt[8] upon the king. Here's a traitor to his country! first, he conspires the death of one whom the king loves, and whom every subject ought to honour, and then makes it no conscience to proclaim it the king's act, and, by

[7] *Astræa,*] The old copy reads, *Austria!*

[8] *upon the king. Here's a traitor* &c.] The old copy "upon the Kings heires, a traytor" &c. D.

consequence, declares him a murderer of his own, and of his best subjects.

[*Within.*] An advocate! an advocate! Tear him in pieces!

Tear the chancellor in pieces!

Treas. The people have deep sense of the chancellor's injustice.

Sec. We must be careful to prevent their mutiny.

1 *Judge.* It will become our wisdoms to secure The court, and prisoner.

Treas. Captain of the guard.

2 *Judge.* What can you say for yourself, lord chancellor?

Chan. Again, I confess all, and humbly fly to The royal mercy of the king.

Treas. And this submission is the way to purchase it.

Chan. Hear me, great judges: if you have not lost, For my sake, all your charities, I beseech you, Let the king know my heart is full of penitence, Calm his high-going sea, or in that tempest I ruin to eternity. Oh, my lords, Consider your own places, and the helms You sit at; while with all your providence You steer, look forth, and see devouring quicksands! My ambition now is punish'd, and my pride Of state and greatness falling into nothing. I, that had never time, through vast employments To think of heaven, feel his revengeful wrath Boiling my blood, and scorching up my entrails. There's doomsday in my conscience,[9] black and horrid For my abuse of justice; but no stings Prick[1] with that terror, as the wounds I made Upon the pious admiral. Some good man

[9] *There's doomsday in my conscience,*] The old copy "There doomesday is my conscience." D.

[1] *Prick*] The old copy "*Prickt.*" D.

Bear my repentance thither; he is merciful,
And may incline the king to stay his lightning,
Which threatens my confusion. That my free
Resign of title, office, and what else
My pride look'd at, would buy my poor life's safety!
For ever banish me the court, and let
Me waste my life far off, in some [mean] village,

Adv. How! Did your lordships note his request to you? he would direct your sentence, to punish him with confining him to live in the country; like the mouse in the fable, that having offended to deserve death, begg'd he might be banished into a Parmesan. I hope your lordships will be more just to the nature of his offences.

Sec. I could have wish'd him fall on softer ground,
For his good parts.

Treas. My lord, this is your sentence: *For your high misdemeanours against his majesty's judges, for your unjust sentence of the most equal lord admiral, for many and foul corruptions and abuse of your office, and that infinite stain of the king's person and honour, we, in his majesty's name, deprive you of your estate of chancellor, and declare you incapable of any judicial office; and besides, condemn you in the sum of two hundred thousand crowns: whereof, one hundred thousand to the king, and one hundred thousand to the lord admiral; and what remaineth of your estate, to go to the restitution of those you have injured; and to suffer perpetual imprisonment in the castle.*—So, take him to your custody.—Your lordships have been merciful in his sentence. [*Exit.*

[*Chan.*] They have spar'd my life, then? that some cure may bring;
I['ll] spend it in my prayers for the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Chabot's *House.*

Enter Wife *and* CHABOT, *in his gown and cap.*

Chab. Allegre! I am glad he hath so much strength;
I prithee let me see him.
Wife. It will but
Enlarge a passion.—My lord, he'll come
Another time, and tender you his service.
Chab. Nay, then—
Wife. Although I like it not, I must obey. [*Exit.*

Enter ALLEGRE, *supported.*

Chab. Welcome my injur'd servant! what a misery
Have they made on thee!
All. Though some change appear
Upon my body, whose severe affliction
Hath brought it thus to be sustained by others,
My heart[2] is still the same in faith to you,
Not broken with their rage.
Chab. Alas, poor man!
Were all my joys essential, and so mighty
As the affected world believes I taste,
This object were enough to unsweeten all.
Though in thy absence I had suffering,
And felt within me a strong sympathy,
While for my sake their cruelty did vex,
And fright thy nerves with horror of thy sense,
Yet in this spectacle I apprehend
More grief, than all my imagination

[2] *heart*] The old copy "hurt." D.

Could let before into me. Did'st not curse me
Upon the torture?
All. Good, my lord, let not
The thought of what I suffer'd dwell upon
Your memory; they could not punish more
Than what my duty did oblige to bear
For you, and justice: but there's something in
Your looks, presents more fear than all the malice
Of my tormentors could affect my soul with:
That paleness, and the other forms you wear,
Would well become a guilty admiral, and one
Lost to his hopes and honour, not the man,
Upon whose life the fury of injustice,
Arm'd with fierce lightning, and the power of thunder,
Can make no breach. I was not rack'd till now:
There's more death in that falling eye, than all
Rage ever yet brought forth. What accident, sir, can blast,
Can be so black and fatal, to distract
The calm, the triumph, that should sit upon
Your noble brow? misfortune could have no
Time to conspire with fate, since you were rescued
By the great arm of providence; nor can
Those garlands, that now grow about your forehead,
With all the poison of the world be blasted.
Chab. Allegre, thou dost bear thy wounds upon thee
In wide and spacious characters; but in
The volume of my sadness, thou dost want
An eye to read; an open force hath torn
Thy manly sinews, which some time may cure;
The engine is not seen that wounds thy master,
Past all the remedy of art or time,
The flatteries of court, of fame, or honours:
Thus in the summer a tall flourishing tree,
Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leaves
And blooming pride upon her, makes a shew

Of spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossom ;
But not the sun, with all his amorous smiles,
The dews of morning, or the tears of night,
Can root her fibres in the earth again,
Or make her bosom kind, to growth and bearing,
But the tree withers; and those very beams,
That once were natural warmth to her soft verdure,
Dry up her sap, and shoot a fever through
The bark and rind, till she becomes a burthen
To that which gave her life: so Chabot, Chabot.

All. Wonder in apprehension! I must
Suspect your health indeed.

Chab. No, no, thou shalt not
Be troubled; I but stirr'd thee with a moral,
That's empty, contains nothing. I am well;
See, I can walk; poor man! thou hast not strength
yet. [*Exit.*

All. What accident is ground of this distraction?

Re-enter CHABOT.

Chab. Thou hast not heard yet what's become
o' the chancellor?

All. Not yet, my lord.

Chab. Poor gentleman! when I think
Upon the king, I've balm enough to cure
A thousands wounds, have I not, Allegre?
Was ever bounteous mercy read in story
Like his upon my life, condemn'd for sacrifice
By law, and snatch'd out of the flame unlook'd
for,
And unpetition'd? But his justice then,
That would not spare whom his own love made
great,
But give me up to the most cruel test
Of judges, for some boldness in defence
Of my own merits, and my honest faith to him,
Was rare, past example.

Enter Father.

Fath. Sir, the king
Is coming hither.
All. It will
Become my duty, sir, to leave you now.
Chab. Stay, by all means, Allegre, 't shall concern you;
I'm infinitely honour'd in his presence.

Enter King, Queen, MONTMORENCY, *and* Wife.

King. Madam, be comforted; I'll be his physician.
Wife. Pray heaven you may!
King. No ceremonial knees.
Give me thy heart, my dear, my honest Chabot;
And yet in vain I challenge that; 'tis here
Already in my own, and shall be cherish'd
With care of my best life; [no] violence
Shall ravish it from my possession;
Not those distempers that infirm my blood
And spirits shall betray it to a fear.
When time and nature join to dispossess
My body of a cold and languishing breath,
No stroke in all my arteries, but silence
In every faculty, yet dissect me then,
And in my heart the world shall read thee living,
And by the virtue of thy name writ there,
That part of me shall never putrify,
When I am lost in all my other dust.
Chab. You too much honour your poor servant, sir;
My heart despairs so rich a monument;
But when it dies—
King. I will not hear a sound
Of any thing that trencheth[3] upon death;

[3] *trencheth*] The old copy "trenched" D.

He speaks the funeral of my crown that prophesies
So unkind a fate. We'll live and die together;
And by that duty which hath taught you hitherto
All loyal and just services, I charge thee
Preserve thy heart for me and thy reward,
Which now shall crown thy merits.
Chab. I have found
A glorious harvest in your favour, sir;
And by this overflow of royal grace,
All my deserts are shadows, and fly from me.
I have not in the wealth of my desires
Enough to pay you now; yet you encourage me
To make one suit.
King. So soon as nam'd, possess it.
Chab. You would be pleas'd take notice of this gentleman,
A secretary of mine.
Mont. Monsieur Allegre;
He that was rack'd, sir, for your admiral.
Chab. His limbs want strength to tender their full duty;
An honest man, that suffers for my sake.
King. He shall be dear to us.—For what has pass'd, sir,
By the injustice of our chancellor's power,
We'll study to recompense; i' the mean time, that office
You exercis'd for Chabot, we translate
To our self; you shall be our secretary.
All. This is
An honour above my weak desert, and shall
Oblige the service of my life to satisfy it.
Chab. You are gracious, and in this act have put
All our complaints to silence.—You, Allegre,

Enter Treasurer *and* Secretary.

Cherish your health and feeble limbs, which cannot,

Without much prejudice, be thus employ'd:
All my best wishes with thee.
All. All my prayers
Are duties to your lordship. [*Exit.*
King. 'Tis too little.
Can forfeit of his place, wealth, and a lasting
Imprisonment, purge his offences to
Our honest admiral? had our person been
Exempted from his malice, he did persecute
The life of Chabot with an equal wrath;
You should have pour'd death on his treacherous head.
I revoke all your sentences, and make
Him that was wrong'd full master of his destiny.—
Be thou his judge.
Chab. Oh, far be such injustice!
I know his doom is heavy; and I beg,
Where mercy may be let into his sentence,
For my sake, you would soften it. I have
Glory enough to be set right in your's,
And my dear country's thought, and by an act
With such apparent notice to the world.
King. Express it in some joy then.
Chab. I will strive
To shew that pious gratitude to you, but—
King. But what?
Chab. My frame hath lately, sir, been ta'en apieces,
And but now put together; the least force
Of mirth will shake, and unjoint all my reason.
Your patience, royal sir.
King. I'll have no patience,
If thou forget the courage of a man.
Chab. My strength would flatter me. [*Swoons.*
King. Physicians!
Now I begin to fear his apprehension.
Why, how is Chabot's spirit fall'n!

Queen. 'Twere best
He were convey'd to his bed.
Wife. How soon turn'd widow!
Chab. Who would not wish to live to serve your goodness?
Stand from me, you betray me with your fears;
The plummets may fall off that hang upon
My heart; they were but thoughts at first: or if
They weigh me down to death, let not my eyes
Close with another object than the king;
Let him be last I look on.
King. I would not have him lost for my whole kingdom.
Mont. He may recover, sir.
King. I see it fall;
For justice being the prop of every kingdom,
And mine broke, violating him that was
The knot and contract of it all in him;
It [is] already falling in my ear.
Pompey could hear it thunder, when the senate
And capitol were deaf; so heaven's loud chiding.
I'll have another sentence for my chancellor,
Unless my Chabot live.
In a prince,
What a swift executioner is a frown!
Especially of great and noble souls.—
How is it with my Philip?
Chab. I must beg
One other boon.
King. Upon condition
My Chabot will collect his scatter'd spirits,
And be himself again; he shall divide
My kingdom with me.
Fath. Sweet king!
Chab. I observe
A fierce and killing wrath engender'd in you.
For my sake, as you wish me strength to serve you,
Forgive your chancellor; let not the story

Of Philip Chabot, read hereafter, draw
A tear from any family. I beseech
Your royal mercy on his life, and free
Remission of all seizure upon his state;
I have no comfort else.

King. Endeavour
But thine own health, and pronounce general pardon
To all through France.

Chab. Sir, I must kneel to thank you,
It is not seal'd else; your blest hand; live happy.
May all you trust have no less faith than Chabot!
Oh! [*Dies.*

Wife. His heart is broken.

Fath. And kneeling, sir,
As his ambition were, in death to shew
The truth of his obedience.

Mont. I fear'd this issue.

Treas. He's past hope.

King. He has a victory in's death; this world
Deserv'd him not How soon he was translated
To glorious eternity! 'Tis too late
To fright the air with words, my tears embalm him.

Wife. What can become of me?

King.[4] I'll be your husband, madam, and with care
Supply your children's father; to your father
I'll be a son; in what our love or power
Can serve his friends, Chabot shall ne'er be wanting.
The greatest loss is mine, past scale or recompense.
We will proceed no further 'gainst the chancellor.
To the charity of our admiral he owes
His life, which, ever banish'd to a prison,
Shall not beget in us, or in the subject
New fears of his injustice; for his fortunes,
Great and acquir'd corruptly, 'tis our will

[4] *King.*] The old copy gives this speech to the *Queen*. D.

They make just restitution for all wrongs,
That shall within a year be prov'd against him.—
O, Chabot, that shall boast as many monuments
As there be hearts in France, which, as they grow,
Shall with more love enshrine thee! Kings, they say,
Die not, or starve succession: Oh, why
Should that stand firm, and kings themselves despair,
To find their subject still in the next heir! [*Exeunt.*

THE ARCADIA,

A PASTORAL.

THE ARCADIA.] This piece is nothing more than Sidney's Arcadia in a dramatic form; it embraces all the leading incidents of that formidable romance, with the exception of the capture of the princesses by Cecropia. The title of the old copy is, "*A Pastorall called the Arcadia. Acted by her Majesties Servants at the Phœnix in Drury Lane. Written by James Shirley, Gent.* 1640," 4to. D.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Basilius, *king of* Arcadia.
Euarchus, *king of* Macedon.
Pyrocles, *son of* Euarchus, *disguised as the amazon* Zelmane.
Musidorus, *nephew of* Euarchus, *disguised as the shepherd* Dorus.
Philanax, *a nobleman appointed regent during the retirement of king* Basilius.
Calander, Simpathus, } *lords.*
Calodoulus, *servant to* Musidorus.
Dametas, *a shepherd, guardian to* Pamela.
Captain of Rebels.
First Rebel.
Second Rebel.
Third Rebel.
Fourth Rebel.
Thumb, *a miller.*
Shepherds, Masquers, Cupid, Messengers, Guards.

Gynecia, *wife to* Basilius.
Pamela, Philoclea, } *her daughters.*
Miso, *wife to* Dametas.
Mopsa, *her daughter.*

SCENE, Arcadia

THE ARCADIA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment[1] *in the Royal Lodge.*

Enter BASILIUS, PHILANAX, *and* CALANDER.

Philan. Sir, yet be gracious, and hear them pray,
That beg not for their own, but for your safety,
And honour of your state, which eclipse
In your long dark, and melancholy life.
We want you at the helm:
Our duties bind us tell you, 'tis unnatural
To bury yourself alive; the people call
For their own King to govern; they'll forget
To pray for you, if you continue thus
A stranger to'em.

Calan. Or, if not for them,

[1] *An apartment, &c.*] The scenes are not marked in the old copy. "He [Basilius] brake vp his Court, and retired himselfe, his wife and children into a certain forrest hereby, which he calleth his desert; wherein (besides a house appointed for stables, and lodgings for certaine persons of meane calling, who do all houshold seruices) he hath builded two fine *lodges:* in the one of them himselfe remaines with his yonger daughter Philoclea . . . . . Pamela he hath placed in the other lodge: but how thinke you accompanied? truly with none other but one Dametas, the most arrant doltish clowne, that I thinke euer was without the priuiledge of a bable, with his wife Miso, and daughter Mopsa." Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. i. p. 10, ed. 1613. D.

Which every good king makes his care, as being
A steward to provide them all earthly blessings,
Yet for the other part of you, our mistress,
That sleeps within your bosom, and not made
For such a conversation, return
And warm your throne[2] again, about which all
Your servants like so many pictures gaze
At one another, but want motion, and take up
Room i' th' chambers of your court, like arras.
Philan. Have a compassion to [y]our daughters, sir;
Kill not your hopes in their restraint.
Calan. What cage
Can please the birds created for sky freedom?
Philan. How can you see your eldest child, Pamela,
Spend her best part of time with such a rude,
And ignorant hind, as the unbred Dametas?
A Lady of a high and active soul.
Bas. No more.
Philan. Our duties bid[3] us tell you this.
Bas. Hast thou forgotten, Philanax, or made
A better gloss upon the Oracle?
Should we remain in Court, and let our daughters
Be in the sight of the admiring world?
Read that paper, and be not partial, Philanax.
Philan. [*reads.*] *Thy eldest Care shall from thy careful face*
By princely mean be stolen, and yet not lost;
The younger shall with nature's bliss embrace
An uncouth[4] *love, which nature hateth most;*
Both these themselves unto two such shall wed,
That at a bier, as at a bar shall plead,
While thee a living man they have made dead;

[2] *throne*] The old copy "thoughts." D.
[3] *bid*] The old copy "bids." D.
[4] *uncouth*] The old copy "uncoch:" this oracle is taken from the romance, p. 207. ed. 1613. D.

In thine own seat a foreign state shall sit;
And ere that all these blows thy head shall hit,
Thou with thy wife adultery shalt commit.

Bas. Canst blame me now? I should rejoice to see
My daughters happy mothers, but since their
Fate must be ripen'd with my blood, their pride
Rooted in my grave, and that untimely, 'tis
Wisdom to keep'em virgins: I'm resolv'd.

Enter GYNECIA, PHILOCLEA, *and* PYROCLES.

Calan. Your queen and ladies.

Bas. Vanish all discontent. Madam, this place
Is empty of all royal entertainment [*To Pyrocles.*
Your worth may challenge; but since fate allows not
A courtly life, which best may answer your
High birth [and] spirit, let your virtue guide you
To accept of what we tender.

Pyr. This, my Lord,
Exceeds all merit here; it was the bliss
I aim'd at, to be acquainted with your goodness:
I am your humble servant.

Bas. Such a title
Would rather become me; call me so, Lady,
And stile me above Kings, while I write yours.

Philan. If your grace
Could call him from this life, you'd melt the hearts
Of your subjects into prayers for you.

Gyn. I thank your care, but he's inexorable.

Calan. Alas, dear princess, can you brook these groves?
Has not a palace something more of pleasure?

Philoc. This shall be so to me while 'tis my father's.

Calan. I ha[ve] not seen a goodlier person: how
Came she admitted? she is gracious with the king.

Philoc. She has a charm to win from all the world.

Philan. I have read the Amazons described so.

Pyr. Good, my Lord,—

Bas. These lips had he that robb'd the dragon of
The golden apples but once seen, he would
Ha[ve] wish'd to ha[ve] gather'd fruit here, and esteem'd
The gain of one sweet kiss reward sufficient
For all his twelve hard labours.

Pyr. Sir, your grace
Is pleasantly dispos'd to make my person
The subject of your mirth.

Bas. And had those creatures,
Book-blinded men, that dream of other worlds,
Tell of Elysian blessings, know[n] the joys,
Are in your love, they would have lost themselves,
As I have done in speculation.

Pyr. You make me blush to hear you.

Bas. There's no action
Dares so affright your blood, to talk; why, Lady
There be those men and women, great and good,
Have found no shame in telling of their loves,
Nay, in the acting.

Pyr. Give me leave to tell you,
You are not modest, if I understand you:
A king give breath to such foul thoughts!
Your every action should be a star
To guide your subjects; if you lose your piety,
What wickedness have they not licence for?
If the devotion of your service be
To such a friend as Lust, (as what name else
Can it deserve,) let those whose hearts are lost
In sin be tempted to dishonour; I
Abhor the thought. Pardon me, royal sir,
I hope these are but trials; if I thought
There had been such a levity in men
Thus to provoke you—

Bas. Smooth thy brow again,
Or I shall need no other punishment;
There's death too much in that.—Philoclea.
Pyr. That name sounds all my comfort, and I must
Despair to tell her so; I was to blame
To be so peremptory; would I were again
To shape my answer!
Bas. Noble lady.
Pyr. Sir.
Bas. That smile has put me out; oh look thus ever!
I was studying a new compliment to beg
Thy excuse.
Pyr. If you brought no offence, there needs none, sir;
I must suppose your love is noble, chaste.
Bas. You will find that hereafter: Oh Zelmane,
Would thou couldst tell the meaning of my sighs!
Pyr. You can express them.
Bas. Not I.
Pyr. Choose another to speak them for you;
And yet I want an orator to tell you
What I would say, howe'er I seem.
Bas. Dost bless me.
Pyr. There's something wants a tongue; but for your passions
I should not think they would carry so much discord
To a[5] virgin ear, delivered by a woman;
There is a way to meet a gentle audience,
At least not harsh disdain: did your fair daughter,
Philoclea, the volume of all sweetness,
Plead half your suit, although it border'd on
Something not altogether just, her tongue
Might perchance guide it; but I am confident,
Your ends are noble.
Bas. There's a lightning yet

[5] *a*] Old copy "any." D.

Of comfort: happiest lady, I will study
How to be worthy of this grace.
Gyn. You are expected at the pastorals.
Philan. We take our leaves, my lord, again beseeching
Your pardon for our boldness to reduce[6] you
To your own sphere of greatness.
Bas. Do you continue
Faithful to your employments, and deserve
Of us and of your country. Come, Zelmane,
There are some sports which you must grace.
[*Exeunt Philanax and Calander.*
Pyr. I wait
A servant to your commands.
Gyn. Come, sweet Zelmane.
Pyr. Come, sweetest of thy sex. [*To Philoclea.*
Philoc. 'Tis pity, nature
Made thee not a man; this compliment
Would then become you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Pamela's Lodge.

Enter PAMELA *and* MOPSA.

Pam. Mopsa, you are too coy in my opinion,
Though I confess your beauty may deserve
As much as any: Dorus, though he be
Your father's servant, he's a handsome shepherd,
And not to be despis'd.
Mop. Despis'd! cannot a virgin love a young man, I pray, but she must despise him?
Pam. You should then with some smiles encourage him.
Mop. Smoiles! let me alone to smoile, and something else, when we are alone: if I thought he did not love me, I know what I know.

[6] *reduce*] i. e. bring back. D.

Pam. Alas,
Poor man, he cannot sleep for you he says!

Mop. Nay, and I were abed with him, he should not sleep so long as his eyes were open; I'd watch him for that. But do you think my father would let us couple in matrimony, as they say? He has never a son but I, and I am his only daughter.

Pam. Make no scruple of that; if you can find in your heart to love him, in the name of Cupid go together. For aught I perceive, your father holds a good opinion of him; marry I know not how your mother is inclin'd.

Mop. Whoop, my mother's a scold.

Pam. Here's your sweet heart;

Enter MUSIDORUS.

Look you make much of him. Poor gentleman,
How love is able to transport! who could
Expect so rich a guest in that poor dwelling!
Oh, howe'er the winds compel him, or the stream
Into whose troubled waves he has launch'd forth,
This way he steers his love! yet I seem ignorant.

Mus. My dearest Mopsa.

Mop. Dear! I never cost you any thing.

Mus. I know not
At what expence of fortunes, were I able,
I should be willing to make purchase of you,
But I'm sure you have already cost my heart:
And yet I find yours made of marble,
Which neither pity nor my prayers can soften.
Sweet madam, plead for me; one gracious word
From you would make me happy; let one beam
Shoot from your eye, and it will strike a spring
Into that frozen piece of earth, and make it
A bower for love to sport in; 'tis in you
To unarm[7] her noble heart: there's too much steel,
And gentle love in vain attempts to fasten
The softer blows.

[7] *unarm*] Qy "warm." D.

Pam. Mopsa, take heed; your shepherd can speak well;
And if he be honest Menalcus' brother
And heir, I know no reason why you should
Think scorn of him.

Mop. But for all his quaint speeches, I'll keep my honesty close enough, I warrant you.

Mus. Why should you be so cruel? nature made
Your face the only object of man's wonder.

Mop. Does my face look like a flapjack?

Mus. Is't possible there can be a soul so hard,
So unrelenting dwell in that fair body?
If you knew,
The truth of my affection and with what
Religion it looks upon your virtues,
'Twould teach your eye compassion. Gracious princess,
Let the distressed Dorus gain this mercy
From you, that with the blessedness of your
White hand reaching to Mopsa this poor toy,
Which late I found, my love may cherish hope
At last to be accepted.

Mop. Oh fine! What's that, madam?

Pam. You must yet be a little coy to receive it.

Mop. I wo'not have it, and he would give it me.

Pam. A rich jewel, the figure of a crabfish.

Mus. The true emblem
Of my love's pace, which looks another way
To that it moves. She cannot but distinguish
Whither I would direct my heart: her eyes
Are fix'd upon't, and my poor soul could here
Star-gaze for ever.

Pam. By force not choice—All his desire is, Mopsa,
To win your grace by my presenting it.

Mop. I'll take it for your sake; I wo'not thank him.

Mus. She has no apprehension ; with what
A calm and careless temper does she give it!

Enter DAMETAS.

Dame. Madam Pamela, O are you there, 'tis well.

Pam. What's the matter?

Dame. I'm out of breath ; let me walk myself a little.

Pam. What haste does tire you?

Dame. Tire me! I am no woman, keep your tires to yourself; nor am I Pericles prince of Tyre.

Pam. I do believe it; heaven make you an honest subject, for a wise one, I despair to see you.

Dame. Am I the subject of your talk? But I give you leave to use your tongue, you're a woman. Dorus, what make you idling here? is the field dunged as I gave directions, and the calf with the white face brought home to execution?

Mus. I was careful in my duty.

Pam. Believe me, governor, there is much hope of your servant.

Dame. Ay, *governor* becomes you,—I like it well when you carry an M under your girdle,[8] *governor*[9]—He will do pretty well in time, when I have taught him the manners of the cart; he begins whistle in tune already, and can curry favour with the horses. But, now I remember myself, I forgot what I came hither for: O, d'ye hear? 'tis the king your father's pleasure and mine, that you make haste to the lodge.

[8] *when you carry an M under your girdle,*] i. e. when you address me respectfully and call me master. So in *Eastward Ho* by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston;

" QUICK. Must Goulding sit upon us?

CON. You might *carry an M under your girdle* to Mr. Deputies worship." Sig. G. ed. 1605. D.

[9] *governor*] The old copy " our govern." D.

Pam. I'll attend.

Dame. There will be gambols, to please my lady Salamander.

Pam. Zelmane you would say.

Dame. I care not what you say; but if you mean to hear the dances and see the fine songs you must make haste. Dorus, you shall have leave to shake your heels; look you be mannerly, and shew a clean calf. Mopsa, what's that you ha' got there?

Mop. A fine thing our man Dorus ga'me; he says 'tis a fish.

Dame. 'Tis a cod's head, is't not? much![1] How came you by this?

Mus. Following the plough, I found it.

Dame. Would all my acres were sown with such! Umph, dares[2] he throw his stones at thee already? Well, set forward. If thou diest before me, Dorus, I'll make some body mine heir; if I outlive thee, I wo'not say what legacy I mean to bestow upon thee. Continue thy duty, Dorus, and follow me with a reverence. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Grove, near the Royal Lodge.

Enter Basilius, Gynecia, Pyrocles, Pamela, Philoclea, Mopsa *and* Musidorus.

Bas. Lady,[3] our revels want[4] the state and glory
With which the court delights might charm your senses:

[1] *much! How came you by this?*] The old copy "much came how you by this." *Much!* is an exclamation of contempt—"there's much of a fine thing here!" D.

[2] *dares*] The old copy "dores," meant perhaps for rustic dialect. D.

[3] *Lady*] The old copy "Ladies; but the king's speech is addressed to Pyrocles alone. D.

[4] *want*] The old copy "wants." D.

Our scene is natural, but interpret fairly,
'Twas meant a cure for time's sick feathers, and
Your mirth.

Gyn. Virtue will prompt you to
Accept what was intended for your service:
Yet 'tis within my wishes to salute you
With other testimony of your welcome.

Pyr. I kiss your white hand.

Gyn. Every touch
Conveys a fierce[r] spirit through my blood:
I shall betray my suffering, and through my eyes
Let out my heart. Philoclea, sit.

Philoc. Wilt please you rest yourself?

Pyr. Dwell here for ever;
I am now but one degree from heaven.

Philoc. Since you
Imagine you are so near, it is no sin,
I hope, to entreat you stay with us a little;
I would not wish[5] to make you blest with too
Hasty a remove.

Pyr. You are all goodness: Oh, that I durst but give
Some liberty to my imprison'd thoughts!

Gyn. Philoclea, you hinder the fair stranger.

Pyr. Pardon me, that am her trouble rather.

Bas. She should want
Virtue to call you so; but they begin:

Enter DAMETAS.

Dametas is the steward for this day's mirth,
I see, and means to bring in the first course.

Dame. Cupid is blind, some say, but there are lies
Abroad, for Cupid never wanted eyes:
He is a deity with bow and arrow,
And he can pierce with it the very marrow,
And never hurt the bones. Is't not a wonder,
That flaming ice should cut man's heart in sunder?

[5] *not wish*] The old copy "wish tho." D.

Enter Cupid, Musidorus, Mopsa, Miso, *and Shepherds.*

Behold the dandiprat[6] *that liv'd at court,*
But is come hither to make country sport;
A woody god, but yet a very colt
Among the maids who feel his furious bolt.
Now, Cupid, speak thyself, or, while they play,
Sing if you please; I ha'not more to say.
Cupid. *Tell me tidings of my mother,*
Shepherds, and be Cupid's brother.
Down from heaven we came together:
With swan's speed came she not hither?
But what lady have I spi'd?
Just so was my mother ey'd;
Such her smiles wherein I dwelt;
In those lips have I been felt;
Those the pillows of her breast,
Which gave Cupid so much rest:
'Tis she, 'tis she! Make holiday,
Shepherds, carroll, dance, and play.
'Tis Venus, it can be no other;
Cupid now has found his mother.
Gyn. This was your poetry, Zelmane:[7]
You are beholding to him; he would make
You a mother,[8] I see.
Bas. Gynecia.

[6] *dandiprat*] Did Shirley recollect here that Stanyhurst, in *The First Fovre Bookes of Virgil's Æneis*, 1583, had rendered "Ille [scil. Cupido] ubi complexu Æneæ colloque pependit," &c. thus? (I. 719.)

"On father Æneas his neck the *dandiprat* hangeth."
Sig. C. D.

[7] *This was your poetry, Zelmane,*] I suppose her majesty means "the verses referred to you, Zelmane." Perhaps, however, it should be pointed thus;

"This was your poetry!—Zelmane,
You" &c.

i. e. there was fine poetry!—Zelmane, you," &c. D.

[8] *a mother*] The old copy "another." D.

Gyn. I am silent—Philoclea is too near—[*aside.*
I am not well o'the sudden; break off your mirth.
Bas. What ails Gynecia?
Gyn. My heart is sick.
Pyr. Forbid it heaven!
Bas. Retire. Come, my Zelmane.
Pyr. I attend.
Bas. Look to your charge, Dametas.
[*Exeunt Basilius, Gynecia, and Philoclea.*
Pam. I have a precious time. Will you pace it, governor?
Dame. Trot, amble, or gallop; I'll run in your hand, lady.
[*Exeunt Dametas, Pamela, and Miso.*
Mop. Come, Dorus.
Mus. Your humble servant.
[*Exeunt Musidorus and Mopsa.*
Pyr. Thou art cruel
To an innocent bosom, love; there is no way
Within thy power to save me. O, Philoclea,
Where shall I cool my heart? O, if there be
One shaft can kill, good Cupid, aim at me! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Pamela's Lodge.

Enter GYNECIA *and* MISO.

Mi. I warrant you, madam, they shall have good luck if they whisper together in my hearing.
Gyn. Where is Zelmane?
Mi. In some of the arbours; she took a lute abroad with her: but I left Philoclea with her father.

Gyn. Prithee, be careful, and watch them well, good Miso.

Mi. They sha'not scape me; I'll watch their waters narrowly, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Gyn. I see through his disguise; 'tis so, and love
Hath put this shape on him for Philoclea.
In what a miserable flame I burn!
Zelmane, thou hast stolen my virtue from me;
I ha[ve] not power to think a harmless thought.
Hah, Music!
From whence breathes that sound? It is Zelmane.

Pyrocles sings within, accompanying himself on the lute; and then enters.

Pyr. What miserable accident brought her!

Gyn. Zelmane,

Pyr. Madam, I hope you'll pardon
The trespass of a rude hand and voice; I meant not
This for your curious ear.

Gyn. 'Twas harmony.

Pyr. It was no light air, I'm sure.

Gyn. Indeed it carried some thing, methought,
Of sorrow's descant; I heard love in't too.
Who is so happy to deserve a memory
But in your sigh? Come, who's your servant?

Pyr. I have no servant.

Gyn. Nay then I see you can
Dissemble; my husband—

Pyr. Madam, I hope—

Gyn. Nay I'm so far from jealousy, I should not
Be angry to see you both a bed together.

Pyr. How, Madam?

Gyn. Why I can love you too; come thou shalt be
My bedfellow.

Pyr. I am not worthy.

Gyn. Believe me, I could take as much delight
In thy embraces as my husband's. Why

Are we so nice to one another? I
Am a woman, are not you so too?
Why should we not be bold then? I have a mind
To call thee mistress; yes, and I'll disguise
Myself in some quaint shape to court thy love.
Pyr. Disguise!
Gyn. Nay do not blush: thou shalt be a man.
Pyr. Your discourse appears
Strange to me, Madam.
Gyn. As you would to me;
And yet you may as easily perceive
Gynecia's mind, as I distinguish you
Through all your clouds. Cupid doth dictate rarely
To those that come to school to him, instruct
With handsome shadows to deceive the eye,
But cannot change the[9] substance; I have a sense
Can look beyond the superficial bark:
Come, you're transparent.
Pyr. Madam, what d'ye mean?
Gyn. What means Zelmane to be ignorant
When a queen pleads for love? my heart will not
Allow more circumstance; do not question
How you became reveal'd, but pity her
Whose bosom is tormented with those fires,
Thy smiles, the only greater flame, can quench.
Pyr. Pray heaven, you have your perfect senses!
Gyn. Then I must be plainer; and be witness, love,
I am compell'd, be witness, modesty,
I now must blush for thee more than myself.
A man, and be so cruel to a lady!
Zelmane, either give consent I shall
Be welcome to thee, or I vow by heaven
To tell Basilius what thou art. I have
Patience to let him court thee as a woman;
But when he sees his love abuse[d], his privacy
And daughters so dishonour'd, hadst thou a thousand

[9] *the*] The old copy "my." D.

Lives, they were all forfeited by this
So desperate intrusion, think upon't.
A woman I have lost thee—whither will
The tempest of my fate inforce my tongue?
Yet be thou kind, Zelmane: if thou tak'st
A glory in my suffering, Philoclea—
Does that name startle you?—Philoclea,
My rival now—

Pyr. Your rival!

Gyn. Come, I am familiar with every thought—
Your dear saint shall repent it; for this hand
Shall take again the unlucky life I gave her:
Spurn[1] not Gynecia's fury.

Pyr. I am lost,
In the same minute I am found. I prithee,
Do not forsake me, heart; I never had
More use of thee. Great queen, can you forgive?

Gyn. And ask thy pardon; but, believe me, 'twas
Your strangeness did compel me to this language.

Pyr. I never thought that pity of another
Could be a reason to betray myself;
But you have throughly charm'd me, and I must
Deliver up my thoughts. The truth is, madam,
I am a man, and, if you dare believe me,
A prince. I must confess beside, Gynecia,
Since I came hither I have had some sprinkling of
I know not what affection to Philoclea;
For how could I imagine such a blessedness
From you? but if you mock not—

Gyn. Joys reward your pity!
Oh pardon the o'er-charged Gynecia,
Whose error may be yet made more excuseable
By the immortal name of love!

Pyr. This grace
Is worth more than Zelmane, and yet I
Have nothing but myself to give you for it,
A small but free gift; bestow me as you please.

[1] *Spurn*] The old copy "Turne." D.

Gyn. My soul
Is narrow to receive this wide blessing.
Pyr. But we must be wise:
It were not safe to be observ'd. Stand I
Discover'd to none else?
Gyn. To none.
Pyr. Then know
I want no apprehension of what
True lovers would desire; but your honour is
My own. If shortly, to secure 'em both,
You let me study an opportunity,
I'll bring your wishes home, and bless my stars
That pointed me the glorious fate—We are
Already interrupted.

Enter BASILIUS *and* PHILOCLEA.

Bas. Do this, my dear Philoclea; I[2] leave
My cares to thee; I'll call Gynecia
Away, and leave you both together. How
Fareth the best Zelmane?
Pyr. Still your servant.
Bas. Gynecia.
Pyr. I cannot rule my eyes; they will betray
My cunning to Gynecia, if she go not
Hence quickly.
Philoc. How is it with my virtuous Amazon?
Gyn. Philoclea.
Bas. Let her alone; they have some business, sweet.
Gyn. What business can they have together?
Bas. Why art thou troubled? thou wouldst be jealous
Of me, I see, were I in private with her.
Come, let 'em alone awhile.
Gyn. Stay you and spare not; I would employ Philoclea.

[2] *I*] The old copy "and." D.

Bas. You shall obey me now; I prithee, walk.
Exeunt Basilius and Gynecia.
Philoc. My father, sweet Zelmane, to whose command
I owe my life—
Pyr. First let me give my life
Up to these lips, and take a new one from
This kiss. Oh dear Philoclea, contain
All other breath: I know thy father's mind
Already, and must now beseech thy patience
To a short story, which I must deliver
Or die before thee. If it be within
My destiny to be condemn'd by you,
At least know whom you sentence: I am—
Philoc. What? I fear not well.
Pyr. Cannot your eyes discover me? have I a shroud
To hide me from Philoclea? did the kiss
I gave thee last convey no secret to thee?
There was a spirit in my lip assur'd me,
To save the tedious trouble of my language:
I heard it whisper something, did it not?
I would be fain undone.
Philoc. Good heaven, forbid!
Pyr. You wo'not understand me yet, Philoclea:
Then I'll undo myself; I am not what
I seem, Zelmane, but—
Philoc. What?
Pyr. A thing not worth the name, if you frown on me,
A man.
Philoc. A man! good heaven!
Pyr. I have told you all the worst.
If it be no offence to name a prince,
Whose memory your own breath oft hath sweeten'd,
I dare be call'd Pyrocles of Macedon,
Transform'd by loving your fair self to this

Feminine shape: if now I have not sinn'd
Above forgiveness, [3]O Philoclea!—
Philoc. Come not too near; I charge you; I would chide,
But dare not: would you had not told me this!
Indeed you were to blame; I must not hear you
Excuse yourself. [*Going.*
Pyr. She must not leave me thus:—
But she returns.
Philoc. I have lost myself already,
And love is but a blind guide to direct
My virgin steps; I fain would reply something,
But feel a trembling in my voice. Zelmane,—

Enter BASILIUS.

My father! what account shall I give him?
I have said nothing he commanded.
Bas. She smiles.
Pyr. My lord, I see you can use the advantage,
And I did arm you 'gainst myself; I did not
Think when I advis'd you make Philoclea
Your advocate, she could so much have won
Upon me, but my counsel has betray'd me.
Pray, think me not immodest, if my words
Do fall too rudely from me; your fair daughter,
Whose tongue would lay a charm upon the gods,
Hath gain'd all this.
Bas. The gods reward her for it!
Philoc. Was this his plot?
Bas. A thousand blessings overtake my child!
But not a word, not a word, Philoclea,
To thy mother.
Philoc. I have learnt my duty, sir.
Pyr. Beshrew your haste.

[3] *O Philoclea*—] The old copy makes these words the beginning of the next speech. D.

Bas. Remove, convey thyself away, dear girl,
I'll follow.
Philoc. My heart is full, and though my tongue denies
Him farewell, he may read it in my eye [s]. [*Exit.*
Bas. I knew thou couldst not choose at last but give
My heart an audience; I am not myself
With the imagination!
Pyr. Of what?
Bas. Of any thing.
Come, I allow thee modest; it is not
Fit we should say our pleasures, sweet, but act them.
Pyr. You are too violent, my lord; I shall
Repent my freedom, if you give no limit
To your desires; if you do love your servant,
Husband your flame that it may last.
Bas. It shall;
Pardon me, dear Zelmane. I have a stock
Of blood, though you may think it cold, is high
And active as the veins of promising youth;
I wear this snow but a [s] disguise.
Pyr. Poor winter!
Bas. My hairs are black at root, and shall grow up
Fair as the ebony, and curl themselves
Into a thousand pretty caves, for love
Itself to sit, that best delights in darkness.
Pyr. This will be strange.
Bas. 'Tis you that work these miracles
Upon Basilius: as I came hither,
I felt a score of years drop off, which hung
Upon my locks.
Pyr. A score of hairs, you mean: 'tis moulting time.
Contain yourself awhile, you have a jealous
Queen; and yet it goes against my conscience
To wrong so sweet a lady; pray, my lord,
Think better on't.

Bas. This does inflame me more:
Be not so cruel to remember her;
Thou must preserve my life.
Pyr. Well, I ha [ve] thought a way
Shall perfect all without suspicion.
There is a cave hard by, which nature made
Intending well to lovers: thither will I,
With licence of your grace, pretending
To exercise a few days some devotions.
We Amazons have obligation to;
At some convenient hour—
Bas. May I come to thee?
Pyr. I'll give you notice in some evening.
Bas. Zelmane, now thou dost ravish me.
Pyr. You may with ease secure all at the lodge.
Bas. Most excellent.
Pyr. Imagine,[4] sir, the rest, but do not come
Till I desire you.
Bas. Be not tedious then;
I will prepare all this.
Pyr. I hope, you do not
Conclude me impudent, that I incline
To do this for you: by my hopes of a blest
Eternity, nor love nor lust e'er tempted
My thoughts to yield thus much to any man.
Be careful of my honour.
Bas. Oh divine
Zelmane, keep my soul! [*Exit.*
Pyr. Philoclea, mine!

Enter MUSIDORUS.

Mus. Oh my dear Pyrocles!
Pyr. How is't, dear cousin?
Mus. Never till now could you salute me happy;
The gods have been propitious.
Pyr. Will she know thee yet?

[4] *Imagine*] The old copy "I imagin." D.

Mus. There's nothing wants to make me perfect blest,
But to hear thee pronounce thy love as fortunate.
The envious clouds which interpose themselves,
Like a dark curtain o'er Pamela's face,
Are drawn away, and I enjoy her smile.
She does believe my proofs, sweetly excusing
Her long neglect, and promiseth as much
As I dare ask: she'll trust me with her person;
I want but opportunity to deceive
Our waking dragons;—and in good time, Dametas.

Enter DAMETAS.

Away, you shall know all my fate hereafter.

Pyr. I joy in thy success; pray thou for mine. [*Exit.*

Dame. Where is this rascal Dorus?

Mus Whether were I best to tell the king on't first, or seek out Dametas? He'll never be able to spend it; there may be gold enough to purchase half Arcadia.

Dame. Umph, what's that?

Mus. I'll seek him out at all adventures.—Oh sir, pray is this gold?—and this, and this?

Dame. Hah, gold? yes, very good gold: where hadst it?

Mus. You shall hear more hereafter.

Dame. Dorus, honest Dorus, put on thy hat: where, where hadst it?

Mus. Did you never hear of one Aristomenes?

Dame. He was banished Arcadia.

Mus. Was he rich?

Dame. Infinite rich, so rich—

Mus. 'Tis so; belike he there had all his treasure.

Dame. What treasure? where is't, honest Dorus, tell me?

Mus. You are my master, and may be my father—

Dame. My son Dorus, Mopsa is thine; and she were made of as pure gold as this, thou shouldst touch her, and melt her.

Mus. Well, I see it was ordained to make you rich: in duty I'll discover it, and yet—

Dame, Out with it, good Dorus.

Mus. Well, sitting beneath an oak that shall be nameless, I chanced to turn up some turf with my mole spade.

Dame. With thy mole spade,—what then?

Mus. I saw a yellow brightness peeping out o' th' ground, which when I came to examine, I proved this metal; ay, this was the first; you're sure 'tis gold? you shall pardon me for the rest, but if these will do you any pleasure, or twenty more—

Dame. Nay, good honest Dorus, proceed.

Mus. Why, the truth is, I suspect where a great treasure has been long buried: these, it seems, were scattered when the rest went to the pit-hole.

Dame. But where is this place, good Dorus? thou hast no more about thee?

Mus. No; but if you please to furnish me with tools, I'll try the bottom. I digged till I came to a stone, whose inscription promised something worth a man's labour.

Dame. Did it sound?

Mus. Melodiously, a golden tune.

Dame. Where, where? thou mayest tell me, thou knowest I am secret.

Mus. For Mopsa's sake I will reveal 't. You know
The oak where you first met me?

Dame. Hah, very well.

Mus. On the right side of that same spreading tree,
Lies all this riches.

Dame. As thou'rt honest?

Mus. As I hope to be dear Mopsa's husband.
I'll get strong tools, and bring you better proof.
Dame. Stay, Dorus, stay; let me see.
As I intend to be your father, Dorus,
And so in Mopsa's name make you my heir
Of all my wealth, good Dorus,—I am yet,
Till things and things be done, your master, Dorus:
Beside, that ground is mine, the oak is mine,
Where under lies this treasure; I am Lord
Lord of the soil, my Dorus, of the soil.
I am content to be a ground for you
To build your[5] hopes on, Dorus, but my ground
No man shall dig or build on but myself.
Of such as this be there another mine,[6]
Of coin or uncoin metal, it is mine;
All may be yours another day, my Dorus.
Mus. I know my duty, sir, and cannot think
The gods had e'er allotted my free mind
To serve you but for some strange end.
Dame. In this thou shewest it: keep all close, not a word Dorus. I take no leave. Be careful, my good Dorus, of my young madam, 'tis a charge I turn over to thee; overlook her well.
Mus. I mean to do it doubly.
Dame. How, ha' you a double meaning?
Mus. I mean, with double care.
Dame. Honest Dorus; 'tis the last service I shall put thee to.
Mus. I hope so too.
Dame. Now to the oak, my golden land mark.
Mus. Load a horse with tools, sir.
Dame. Mattocks and shovels.
Mus. Hooks, and ladders.
Dame. Spade [s], and pickaxes.

[5] *your*] The old copy "to." D.
[6] *Of such as this be there another mine;*] This is all I can make of the old copy, which has
"On such as this, be there a myne." D.

Mus. Ropes and daggers. You'll have no help?

Dame. No, no, a man's own toil
Sweeter the profit makes in his own soil. [*Exit.*

Mus. Go thy ways for the lord a' th' soil!
There's one block out a' th' way; the golden fly

Enter Miso.

Has caught this trout. My jealous mistress! I
Hope she o'erheard not.

Mi. Oh that my ears had been long enough to have heard some of their precious knavery!

Mus. It were but charity to tell her on't; little does my mistress think what a flesh-fly my master is.

Mi. What says the knave?

Mus. Though she be a little stricken in years, she is handsome enough for as good a man as Dametas; and he to run neighing a' this fashion after a blowse, and then put me to make excuse for him! 'tis not right.

Mi. Oh fidious rascal! I thought there was some roguery. Dorus, as thou comest of a woman, tell me.

Mus. What, forsooth?

Mi. Oh naughty man, to use an honest woman the wrong way thus! Have I been married so many years, and carried myself like his lawful wife uprising and down lying, as they say, so even and jump with his desires, to be thus handled? But I'll be revenged; it shall fall heavy upon his head for this, I warrant him: nay, I did always suspect him for a colt.

Mus. What mean you, forsooth?

Mi. Come, I overheard somewhat to my grief, and therefore leave your bogling and your trim-tram tricks; you must not flap me o' th' mouth with fleering and with flams, whilst he—

Mus. Claps up another betwixt the—aha, mistress, mistress! but you say you overheard, and

therefore if you know whither he is gone, you may come two hours hence time enough to prevent the blow.

Mi. If thou lookest to have my daughter with, —mark what I say—

Mus. With father's mark, and mother's mark, and every mark about her.

Mi. If you conceal any thing in this case, thou knowest no case of her; nay, though thy teeth water out the liquor of thy life, thou shouldst not get a bit, the worst bit of her.

Mus. Be more charitable.

Mi. Or if thou chance to get her 'gainst my will, I'll teach her a trick of the mother, shall make thee curse her and all the brood she came on.

Mus. What is Charita to me? I know you heard him name her.

Mi. Charita!

Mus. I will discharge my conscience; and yet if you overheard us without my telling, you know where he appointed to meet her this evening at Mantinea, at her father's, in Oudemian[7] street—

Mi. Oudemian street!

Mus. I do not betray him: now, if you provide so happily to take 'em at it, mistress, at it—

Mi. Ay, at it; how I itch to be at it!

Mus. Saddle your mare.

Mi. They shall not 'scape with half an eye betwixt them. [*Exit.*

Mus. I have given her the bells, and she will fly to the devil.

Enter PAMELA *and* MOPSA.

Here comes the other: I ha' given her phy-

[7] *Oudemian.*] The old copy "Ondemion."—"In the house of Charitas uncle, in the *Oudemian* street. But neither was the name of Charita remembred, *nor any such street knowne.*" Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. iv, p. 393 ed. 1613. The latter part of the quotation sufficiently shews the etymology of the word. D.

sick already, fit for her constitution, and now it works.

Pam. How comes it, Mopsa, that you are so taken,
So lifted up with high conceit?

Mop. Who, I?

Pam. Yes, Mopsa, you: d'ye think I cannot judge,
By outward gestures and your looks, what joy
Doth inwardly possess you?

Mop. Who, me?

Pam. Yes, you again; and it were not over-boldness
To request some knowledge of the cause.

Mop. Rest you content, you are a princess born; I might have been so to. Somebody may be a queen before you: make what you can of that.

Pam. Oh fate, how's this!

Mop. There is a tree, and there is things worth wishing, and some may wish, and wishes may be had: make what you can of that too.

Mus. To my wish it works.

Pam. But, Mopsa, may I not beseech a word,
That may be to my understanding?

Mop. You may know more hereafter, but till then
I must presume upon your princely patience
To keep your chamber; it is now my reign,
And do not dare to follow.

Pam. Not I; when you're drawn up to majesty,
I can but wish you graciously would then
Remember the obedience of your handmaid,
That first submits herself to your command.

Mop. I'faith, I will, Pamela, and reward it;
Go in, sweet Lady; on my royal word
I will. [*Exit Pamela.*

Mus. She has spied me.

Mop. Happy Dorus!

Mus. What will my Mopsa say, when she has climbed
The tree of happiness?

Mop. Ay, ay, the tree, when I climb that tree, honey Dorus! tell me it over again, my dear bird, what did Jupiter to Apollo.

Mus. Upon some falling out I told you Jupiter threw Apollo out of heaven, and, his deity taken away, he was fain to live upon the earth and keep Admetus' cattle. In the time of his service, being sent to fetch a breed of beasts out of Arcadia, in this very desert, he grew faint and weary, and would needs rest himself in the boughs of an ashen tree.

Mop. The tree we wot of; on, sweet bird.

Mus. Apollo in that tree, calling to mind his quarrel with Jupiter, became very sorrowful, and pitifully complaining to his father, asking him mercy for having offended him, was from that tree received into his golden sphere, and made a god again.

Mop. Oh brave!

Mus. Having the perfect nature of a god,
Never to be ingrateful, he then granted
A double life to Admetus'; and because
That tree was chapel of his happy prayers,
To it he gave this quality—

Mop. Now it comes.

Mus. That whosoever sat down in that tree,
In like estate and sort as he did then—

Mop. Oh, now, now, now!

Mus. Should forthwith have there their wish.

Mop. Oh the tree, the tree, the tree!

Mus. The king understood thus much by oracle, and tried, himself; but being neither herdman as then Apollo was, nor of the race which is necessary, delivered this secret to your father, but made him swear to wish by his direction. For his own benefit Dametas told it me, and is now gone to

furnish himself with a scarlet cloak, for in that he must be muffled, just as Apollo was. I might now prevent 'em all, and be king myself; but what have I to wish more than the love of Mopsa? which, since without more charming force you yield me, I'll fit you with a cloak, and then wish what you will, yourself.

Mop. I'll be queen, or Apollo shall never look me in the face again. Quickly, sweet Dorus, come muffle me; I long to be queen, and my father shall ask me blessing [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Grove beside the Royal Lodge.

Enter CAPTAIN, REBELS, *and* THUMB.

Cap. Come, my masters, let us be resolute. Is there any man that will justify himself to be sober amongst us?

2 *Reb.* No, hang sobriety.

Cap. We must be valiant; the king, I say again, has left us, and since he scorns our company, for my part I scorn to be his subject.

3 *Reb.* Ay, I scorn subjects; I'll be an emperor.

2 *Reb.* It is time to look into the government, none but gentlemen are of his council; I see no reason, since the country is ours, but we should have a stroke in the state.

Cap. That was bravely spoke, my bully; stroke! hey, by Mars his gauntlet, spoke like a soldier. I do not like the carriage of the secret councils.

3 *Reb.* Nor I, nor any body.

Thumb. Take heed, my masters.

3 *Reb.* Let's hear Thumb, the miller.

Thumb. We met together to drink in honour of

the king's birthday, and though we have tickled the cannikins, let us be merry and wise, that's my opinion; no treason, the king is an honest gentleman, and so is the queen.

3 *Reb* Very wisely spoken.

Cap. But shall [we] be governed by Philanax?

2 *Reb.* Who knows but he has made away the king.

Thumb. Made away the king! who, honest Basilius? ask the king who has made him away: by this hand, if I thought they had made him away; I would make somebody away though I hanged for't. But, neighbours, for my own part I will join with you in any thing that is honourable; d'ye mark, honourable? but I say still, I am clear of opinion it is not amiss to be merry and wise. Gentlemen, my name's Thumb.

3 *Reb.* Ay,—Tom.

Thumb. And I'll be a'your side, howsoever.

3 *Reb.* A great spirit.

Cap. Shall I speak for you?

Omnes. Ay, ay, agreed; you shall be captain.

Cap. Why then let me alone; I will know a reason why he has left the government without our consents to depose him: 'tis wisely spoken, my brave men o' th' commonwealth; we will have other laws, and the old shall be executed.

3 *Reb.* Ay, ay, hang the old ones.

2 *Reb.* 'Tis a discredit for any subjects, as we are, to have a king, as if we were not able to govern ourselves.

Cap. Stroke up thy forehead; thou wert born to be a statesman. Be ruled by me, and we'll have no justice in Arcadia.

2 *Reb.* How?

Cap. No justice; why should we lose our liberties, and being free men, upon any occasion suffer ourselves to be bound over?

Thumb. Gentlemen citizens, it were very good you would take into your consideration the statute against drunkenness.

Cap. It shall be lawful for any man to be drunk without forfeiting or paying any thing to the poor.

Thumb. Very good; every man drink away his estate, and then charity begins at home.

Cap. No man shall marry—

2 *Reb.* That's worse than the statute against two wives.

Cap. For every woman shall be common.

3 *Reb.* Every woman common! what shall we do with all the [8]proper women in Arcadia?

Cap. They shall be common too.

3 *Reb.* Oh rare! and what shall we do with all the prisons.

Cap. Set 'em a' fire; 'twill warm the city when there is cold doings.

2 *Reb.* What with the prisoners?

Cap. Put 'em in possession of their creditors' lands; they are the only men fit for authority, for no men are used worse, and they will know the better to domineer: nay, we'll have admirable laws. But who shall be this ambassador to the king?

4 *Reb.* Me, me; choose me, captain.

Thumb. Choose you, captain! haberdasher of small wares, choose you a capon! I'll be the ambassador: ever while you live, let a bold man be ambassador, and one that has a brain; I will not be meal-mouthed.

3 *Reb.* Well said, miller.

Cap. And because we will be wise—

Thumb. Ay, ay, be merry and wise; ever while you live, be sober and discreet.

Cap. Say we attend here to do our duties.

3 *Reb.* Duties! oh base!

Cap. Say so we must; he'll not come forth else.

[8] *proper.*] i. e. in opposition to common,—private. D.

4 *Reb.* What if I told his highness there was a dance to be presented? we are furnished with our noise[9] still.

Thumb. Ay, ay, I do love this noise with all my heart.

2 *Reb.* Excellent! get you behind the trees with your instruments, and tune 'em ready; the new frisk we danced at Enispe to day will serve rarely as the prologue; away. [*Exit* 4 *Rebel*]. But, captain, what shall we do with the king's daughters?

Cap. I'll have one.

3 *Reb.* And I'll ha' the tother: our captain shall ha' the queen.

2 *Reb.* And what shall we have?

Cap. There are ladies about the court will content you.

Thumb. I will have both the king's daughters, and he that speaks against it— [*They fight.*

Cap. Thumb, valiant Thumb, all spirit, no mutiny, no mutiny: all of a faction together by the ears for a piece of venison!

Thumb. I will have both the king's daughters, or else I shall not be satisfied.

Cap. First let us know the king's resolution, and if we like not our conditions, the hare's afoot, and every man take what course he please in my lord's park.

Enter BASILIUS, GYNECIA, PYROCLES, *and* PHILOCLEA.

But stay, the king—umph.

2 *Reb.* Speak, captain.

Cap. If it please your majesty,—What was it resolved upon?

3 *Reb.* He's out, let me come to him: prithee, do thou tell him thy mind: that delicome wench has made my teeth water.

[9] *noise*] i. e. company of musicians. D.

2 *Reb.* And drowned thy tongue. A company of bashful shrimps! if I but open my mouth,—I say no more.

Thumb. King, by your leave,—Which is the king? my eyes twinkle—We have been playing the good fellows to celebrate your majestical birth day; will your grace see a song?

3 *Reb.* A dance.

Thumb. Or a dance, all's one, our feet are in tune; strike up behind the tree. You are the king and I am the miller, there's all the difference: sweet ladies, my name is Thumb.

Bas. This is rudeness.

Gyn. Pardon their simplicity.

Thumb. I'll have that wench; she looks like Hercules.

Rebels. Stand.

Cap. We have interrogation points to put to you.

Bas. Treason, treason!

Pyr. Barbarous villains!

Basilius runs in. A bell rings. Philoclea and Gynecia hide themselves. Pyrocles fights with the Rebells: then Basilius re-enters with a two-handed sword; and after some skirmish, Philanax and Calander enter with a guard, and the Rebels are beaten off.

Pyr. Where is Philoclea?

Philoc. Here: art thou not hurt, Zelmane?
My soul at every stroke made against thee
Was leaving my pale body.

Pyr. Dear madam, are you safe?

Bas. I think I ha' peppered some of'em. Philanax, 't was not amiss you came, but Zelmane and I should have made a shift.

Pyr. You alone, my lord, were an army against such reeling valours; I did not think you could ha'bestirred yourself so well.

Bas. And I were in another place, alone with thee, I could bestir myself better.

Cal. I would you would consider yet to quit
This dangerous kind of life.

Philan. Had not the valiant Amazon, it seems,
Defenc'd your person ere the troops arriv'd,
It might have prov'd too fatal.

Gyn. [S]he play'd the man indeed. The king is troubled,
And thinks me jealous of him; 'las, old man!

Bas. No more.
Wait upon our queen and daughter; we'll follow.

Exeunt Gynecia, Philoclea, Philanax, Calander, and Guards.

I am wounded.

Pyr. How?

Bas. By thee, Zelmane.

Pyr. I see your passions are the same, and I
This night resolve to wait for you in the cave.
If you, when your Gynecia is a bed,
And fast asleep, (be sure of that) will please
To put yourself to a short travel, I
Shall not express your welcome, but—

Bas. Dear as my soul, I apprehend my comfort:
One kiss in earnest of the million
Thou shalt receive, but carry it close, Zelmane.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Wood.

Enter MUSIDORUS, *and* MOPSA.

Mus. This is the tree.

Mop. Oh let me kiss it[s] toes!

Mus. Best lose no time.

Mop. Hail upon hail, sweet tree, crown thee and all thy wishes! Oh Dorus, up wi'me, Dorus, up wi'me, up wi'me, up wi'me, Dorus! teach me to climb the right way, prithee.

Mus. You must be muffled in the cloak; so, now remember your instructions. Make first your invocation to Apollo, as I told you, which being done, employ your mind with all devotion to his deity, until you hear a voice call three times on you by your name: though you should think your father, mother, Pamela, or myself, talk to you, answer not; they are spirits that would delude.

Mop. Under three Mopsas, I'll not talk to'em; I'll not be cozened.

Mus. Hold there, and you'll be happy.

Mop. I'll ask a king to my husband, and thou shalt be he.

Mus. Your invocation.

Mop. *Into the great ears of Apollo*
Now let my invocation hollow.
Oh thou that lightest all the day,
For some to work and some to play,
By owl light now
Incline a gracious ear to me,
Thus muffled in thy wishing tree,
Singing whoop, whoop, whoo!
And pardon this my subtilty,
That I deceive the passers by;
I, in this bough,
Do use the accents of that fowl,
Because I would be thought an owl,
With whoop, whoop, whoo!

Enter PAMELA.

Mus. She has done her invocation.

Pam. Can she not hear us?

Mus. She shall hear us, but I have taken order

with her eyes and understanding too, she'll not believe us. Thou lovely bird, Madge owlet!

Mop. That's a spirit in the voice of Dorus, but I'll not answer.

Mus. See Dorus and Pamela both are here:
Whilst old Dametas, Miso, and their dear
Daughter, are straggl'd forth, they both together
Are taking now their flight, and who knows whither?

Pam. This is too plain.

Mop. Oh cunning devils! but I'll not hear, nor speak a syllable.

Mus. If thou canst find a tongue to tell Dametas,
Make known unto his wisdom he is gull'd.—
Take courage, madam, the way lies fair before us,
And a bark already prepar'd cries come aboard.
Farewell, owlet. [*Exeunt Musidorus and Pamela.*

Dametas sings within.

Mop. Whoop, whoop, whoo! Hey, I hear another singing spirit in my father's voice; be't Apollo himself, under three Mopsas I'll not speak.

Enter DAMETAS.

Dame. This is the tree, and here the earth is broken,
The certain sign left by my trusty Dorus.
[1]Thou mouth of the rich treasure, I salute thee,
And kiss the hole from whence shall come my gold.
Which being done blithely to work I fall, [*Sings.*
My hand is in the moonshine, and up goes all.

Mop. Whoop, whoop, whoo!

Dame. What's that? an owl? good mistress Margery, I am busy.
Art thou poor, and wouldst thou be [*Sings.*
Advanc'd by wealth to dignity,
Do not think it then unmeet
To stoop with hands beneath thy feet.

[1] *Thou*] The old copy "The." D.

'Tis not with hand over head to be found;
No, no, thou must stoop,
Though thou holdst up thy poop,
And grabble for't in ground.

Hah, what's this? my hand is in the honey pot, I think. Umph, umph, I do not like the softness, I did grope for harder stuff; if this be gold, 'tis liquid, and yet too thick to be potable as they say; it has a kind of weft, methinks, if I have not lost a sense upon the sudden, I smell—call you this gold finding?

Mop. I have an extreme list now, so I have, saving your presence, devil, would restore your sense.

Dame. What's this? a written parchment! this may be the inventory of all the treasure.

[*Reads.*

Who hath his hire hath well his labour plac'd;
Earth thou didst seek, and store of earth thou hast.

How's this?

Mop. Whoop, whoop, whoo!

Dame. As sure as this is my own nose, I am stinkingly abused.

Mop. Ha, ha, ha!

Dame. Can madge owlets laugh? that laugh was like my daughter Mopsa.

Mop. There's one time: again, again, sweet Apollo!

Dame. 'Tis her voice; what makes she there? Now, the dread vengeance of my dear fatherly curse light overthwart thee, thou awkward hilding! Mopsa.

Mop. There's two times; Mopsa once more, and 'tis Apollo.

Dame. Will you not answer in the devil's name? Mopsa, I say. Oh, are you come?

[*He strikes and she falls.*

Mop. Yes, yes, divine Apollo!

Dame. I'll unhood ye: where's Pamela?

Mop. Thank your deity.

Dame. Speak now, and tell me.

Mop. Answer my wishes, as thou art Phœbus, as thou art Apollo, though in the likeness of the clown my father, grant me my wishes first; I ask a king to be my husband.

Dame. What talkest thou of a king? the king will hang thy father, if Pamela be gone.

Mop. Let him be hanged, I care not, but let Dorus be a king, and let him be my husband, good Apollo.

Dame. She's stark staring mad. Hast thou forgot thy father? where is thy wit?

Mop. I do not ask for wit, I tell thee; let me have a sufficient husband, and let him be a king.

Dame. Thou shalt have thy bellyful of husbands.

Mop. Oh that, that, that!

Enter Miso.

Mi. I'll *that* you both, thou ribald villain, and thou harlot!

Dame. Miso, my spouse, fallen mad too! Thou wo't not beat thy mother?

Mi. Oh me!

Mop. I defy her, and thee, an thou beest not Apollo.

Dame. Oh, who has gulled us all? dear Miso, tender Mopsa, hear me: before I open my mouth, art not thou Miso, and thou my daughter Mopsa? Oh we are all undone, we are all undone!

Mop. Are not you god Apollo?

Dame. No, as ever I hope to see him, or any of his fellows in the face again, I am mortal Dametas, and, I think, thy father: I am sure I am by thy mother's side. Where is Pamela all this while? who's at home?

Mop. As sure as you are my father, and you my mother, there's nobody at home.

Dame. She's gone, she's gone!

Mop. Dorus and Pamela, or two fiends with their voices, passed by, whilst I was in Apollo's tree.

Mi. Apollo's tree!

Dame. Cast off your wonder; I am not such an ass, but I perceive we are gulled.

Mop. So devil Dorus told me.

Mi. Oh me, they are gone! was this your care?

Mop. Nay then, where was your own?

Dame. Fall not at odds 'bout that, but go with me,
And help me to [e]scape the gallow tree. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Royal Lodge.

Enter GYNECIA *and* PYROCLES, *with a taper.*

Gyn. Did I not counterfeit an infirmity?

Pyr. Rarely; how love will prompt his votary!
The king suspects not what we purpose.

Gyn. 'Las,
Poor man, how careful he seem'd of my health,
And counsell'd me to bed!

Pyr. I smil'd to see it.

Gyn. So soon as he is asleep, expect me.

Pyr. Stay,
O'th'sudden I ha[ve] thought upon a way:
Bless'd, blessed minute!

Gyn. What's the device?

Pyr. You shall not go to bed.

Gyn. Not I?

Pyr. Good[2] genius!
I will not trust our work to fortune. If
You should want cunning in your passions,
Or he should wake unhappily, and find
You absent, all were lost; to prevent this,
You shall not come to me; if there be danger,
'Tis fit I be expos'd. I'll take your place,
And disarray me for Basilius' bed,
D'ye mark, muffled up for your suppos'd
Distemper; let me alone to counterfeit
Dulness, and when his senses are chain'd up
In sleep, I will come down to th' cave to you.
But take my mantle, if any of Dametas'
People meet you—

Gyn. I will visit but my closet,
And follow thy instructions. [*Exit.*

Pyr. If there be any stars are kind to love,
This night shoot forth your golden heads! Be thou,
Bright moon, propitious! on all eyes that would
Betray our flight, cast out a sullen mist,
And hide thy silver crescent in a cloud;
But to our passage be a gentle goddess,
And borrow of thy brother yet more light,
The day may spare it. Musidorus is
Embark'd already with his mistress;
If I obtain Philoclea's consent—

Re-enter GYNECIA, *with a golden vial.*

Gyn. Zelmane, now
I am prepar'd.

Pyr. Haste to the cave; expect
Your servant's visit.

Gyn. And my happiness. [*Exit.*

Pyr. How rudely vice becomes us! here's a lady,
Whom never fame yet blemish'd, now the example
Of Cupid's tyranny; love transforms us all,

[2] *Good.*] the old copy "god." D.

And fools our understandings; I pity her.
Now are Basilius' thoughts in motion,
And hurry him to the same licentiousness;
There is warm snow I see. He delays time,
In hope to find his queen asleep, whose place
I must assume for once. Love dwells upon
A cliff, and all the ways to our enjoying
Are difficult and ragged.
But I forget Basilius; I must
Compose me for his bed; I shall not be
Much troubled; good old king, he wishes me
Good rest, I know, and secure dreams. Oh see
Philoclea, what ways I come to thee! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment in the Royal Lodge. Lutes and Recorders within.

Enter BASILIUS.

Bas. These sounds may charm her into slumbers sweetly.
Oh steal into her, hang upon her heart!
Come fix your gentle raptures in her soul,
That it may take delight to be o'ercome,
And never wake the body, till Basilius
Return with happy conquest from Zelmane!
Or, if there be a leaden god of sleep,
Here let him shake his wings, and then dispatch
A herald to the silent house of dreams,
To bring one hither happier than the rest,
To entertain my melancholy queen. O Philoclea,

Enter PHILOCLEA.

Thy mother will excuse thee this night's duty;
Do not disturb her; yet your voice and lute
I'th' next chamber may procure her sleep;

That done, without more ceremony go
To bed. [*exit Philoclea.*] So, so; my blood begins
to move:
She's fast, I hear her, and the music ceast:
Now to Zelmane. [*Exit.*

Re-enter PHILOCLEA.

Philoc. I'm troubled, and [I] dare not go to bed;
There's something whispers to my soul, this will be
A fatal night. My mother is not well;
I must needs see her—Hah, the gods protect me!

Enter PYROCLES.

Pyr. If there were any treason meant against
Philoclea, her prayers were vainly offer'd,
Since her own innocence is protection
As powerful as the gods. I bring no horror
To fright your blood; d'ye not know me lady?
I was Zelmane.
Philoc. Was?
Pyr. I have been so
Watch'd by your jealous mother!
Philoc. Hah!
Pyr. But I
Forget.
Philoc. What mean you?
Pyr. To make fast the doors;
If I could bar all the air out saving what
Your breath should draw, for, should I live by that,
You would not chide my care.
Philoc. You make me tremble.
Pyr. If you cannot forgive me, punish, pray,
This rudeness with my death; I prostrate to
Your feet my sword, and call you to my breast
To meet your anger; at this distance beg
I may behold you; but when you shall find

In the dissection of my heart, whose name
Hath fill'd it, and with what religion there
My thoughts adore your memory, too late
It may invite your tears. Can fair Philoclea
Think I have a soul that dare be wicked to her?
Such looks would charm a ravisher, and throw
Ice through a satyr's blood; but a man chaste
Already it draws up to the simplicity
And nature of an angel. Oh Philoclea!
I am so far from being ill myself
In such a sensual way, that although time,
And this fair opportunity, might tempt,
And excuse wanton heat, I should repent,
Forget to love yourself, if you but with
One thought so treacherous to your virgin honor
Should give consent to enjoy you: it hath snow'[d]
Upon my blood, Philoclea, whose flowings
Are chaste as christal. Dare you trust me yet
To kiss your hand? my lips shall gently touch it,
Nor will I leave a breath to stain the whiteness;
Pray, be not fearful.

Philoc. Sin did never yet
Profane that voice.

Pyr. When it sounds lustfully,
Your hate, a punishment next the wrath of heaven,
Strike my heart dead. Be pleas'd to rest a little,
And if you dare vouchsafe me to sit so near you,
I have much to tell you.

Philoc. I know not what to say; where is my father?
I had a mother too; this chamber they
Us'd to call their's.

Pyr. They are safe, Philoclea,
Let not your cheek look pale; their absence wrought
For such a minute doth encourage me
To tell you, now or never you must shew
There dwells a pity in you. Oh, look smooth

On him, whose life and fortunes you may now
Advance or ruin ever! if you can
Remember who I am, and what your virtue
Hath made me suffer; think me worthy of
A life, let it begin from your consent
To love poor Pyrocles. 'Tis in your power
To be no more a prisoner to this rude
And solitary dwelling; such a brightness
Is lost in caves; extend your arm, and reach
A throne, where, seated with becoming greatness,
You may disperse, with moving of your eye,
An influence beyond the stars, and quicken
A world that waits to be your creature.
Philoc. Pyrocles,
(For so you call yourself, and such I dare
Believe you are, for falsehood cannot dwell
A neighbour to that tongue) although I might
Demand, with reason, and my duty, first
What does concern my parents; such a truth
Shines in your language, and such innocence
In what you call affection, I must
Declare you have not plac'd one good thought here,
Which is not answer'd with my heart. The fire
Which sparkled in your bosom, long since leap'd
Into my breast, and there burns modestly:
It would have spread into a greater flame,
But still I curb'd it with my tears. Oh Pyrocles,
I would thou wert Zelmane again! and yet,
I must confess I lov'd thee then; I know not
With what prophetick soul, but I did wish
Often, thou were no man, or I no woman.
Pyr. Thou wert the comfort of my sleeps.
Philoc. And you
The object of my watches, when the night
Wanted a spell to cast me into slumber;
Yet when the weight of my own thoughts grew heavy

For[3] my tear-dropping eyes, and drew these curtains,
My dreams wert still of thee; forgive my blushes,
And the imagination thou wert then
My harmless bedfellow.
Pyr. I arrive too soon
At my desires. Gently, oh gently, drop
These joys into me! lest, at once let fall,
I sink beneath the tempest of my blessings,
And you swell my heart too fast.
Philoc. If you be Pyrocles,
You will rest satisfied with this confession,
You only shall obtain my love.
Pyr. Although my soul acknowledge this a blessing,
Such as no service can reward enough,
There remains something, something which your honour
May easily consent to. In this absence
Of both your parents, whom, with several promises
Of my return, I have already sent
To the cave, where they in vain this night expect me,
We must forsake this place. I have provided
For our conveyance to my father's kingdom,
If, after all these arguments of love,
You dare trust Pyrocles to convey you thither.
Philoc. I dare give thee my life, but, pardon me,
This is not safe; thus seeking to assure,
You may untimely happen lose Philoclea.
My duty binds me not to rob my parents;
Such a departure may undo their comforts.
As you're a prince, persuade me not commit
So unnatural a trespass; we'll expect,
And satisfy our young desires, till time
Mature our joy. I could content myself
To look on Pyrocles, and think it happiness

[3] *For.*] Qy "Fore." D.

Enough; or, if my soul affect variety
Of pleasure, every accent of thy voice
Shall court me with new rapture; and if these
Delights be narrow for us, there is left
A modest kiss, whose every touch conveys
Our melting souls into each others' lips.
Why should not you be pleas'd to look on me?
To hear, and sometimes kiss, Philoclea?
Indeed you make me blush.
[*Draws a veil over her face.*

Pyr. What an eclipse
Hath that veil made! it was not night till now.
Look, if the stars have not withdrawn themselves,
As they had waited on her richer brightness,
And missing of her eyes are stolen to bed.
What world of beauty is behind that cloud!
But keep it still conceal'd, and let the creatures,
When they shall miss day (for the same, without
Thine eyes, will glimmer like a petty taper)
Fear to be lost in darkness, and expect
No light to follow, but from those wide flames
Which heaven hath threaten'd to destroy the world.
When thou hast frighted us, renew again
Our state, and cure again the fainting universe;
One look restores all. Hah, Philoclea!

Philoc. There's something that sits heavy on my forehead:
I know you cannot but be noble; pray,
A little sleep; if I exceed three minutes,
Prithee, wake me. [*She sleeps.*

Pyr. Hah! I do not like
Her senses should be snatch'd away so strangely,
'Tis an ill omen. I should trespass much
Gainst manners, to disturb her; beside, she
Did make it her request, whose will is sacred.
Then gently may she sleep! and yet if she
Draw out this slumber to any length, my hopes

Are blasted; if I lose this opportunity
Of flight, no hope hereafter can relieve us,
We are both undone. She sleeps still. I was not
Quick enough to persuade her resolution
So necessary. Yet look up, Philoclea;
No? then enjoy thy dream, and let us try
The kindness of our fate; pity a harsh
Sound should disturb thy soft repose. I would,
But dare not, steal a kiss, for fear to wake her;
And yet my loud voice may be more offensive.
Our souls are knit, I see, into one love,
Then 'tis but reason they should exercise
Both the same act; why do not I sleep too?
The mist is fall'n already; if I but dream of her,
My slumbers shall be happy. [*He sleeps.*

Enter DAMETAS, *as from a Vault.*

Dame. There be more ways to the wood than one; she may be in her sister's chamber; I may thank my acquaintance with the buttery and a trap door for this passage; she has shut me out of doors of all. Umph, a sword! I had rather it were Pamela naked, I durst undertake to handle her with less fear. Umph, Philoclea! tis she, and this is—no—this is not, Pamela; she was a woman, unless she be crept into breeches since I left her. No, 'tis a man; here is no tarrying for me; and he were not soundly asleep, my smell were enough to wake him. Treason, treason! [*Exit.*

Pyr. Hah! what voice is that? who cries out treason?

Philoc. Pyrocles, what's the matter?

Pyr. Nothing.

Within. Treason, treason!

Pyr. Hark, is't not treason? my sword, my sword
Is gone! we are betray'd; some thief has been

Within the chamber, yet the doors are safe. Hah!
Let's see, search every where. Alas, Philoclea,
If now I must be ravish'd from thee, how
Can there be charity enough on earth
To pity me! They die but once, who still
Despair of bliss; but the Fates twice destroy
A lover, whom they kill so near his joy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Wood.

Enter CAPTAIN *and* REBELS.

Cap. Come, my bloods, since there is no hope of our pardons, let us be honest outlaws one to another, and do all the mischief we can: we are masters of the woods, and we will domineer, like lords of the soil; I say we will live, we will eat and we will drink.

3 *Reb.* Would I were at my forge again!

Cap. Arcadia shall be thy anvil, smith; and thou mayst live to beat great men to dust.

2 *Reb.* Some of them are so rotten, they will save us a labour.

Cap. Be resolute, and strike the iron while it is hot. Where is the little miller?

3 *Reb.* Thumb, the miller, is cut off.

Cap. Who can help it? be not crest-fallen, but shew yourselves cocks of the game: we'll make the state send for us home, and agree to our own conditions; let us therefore play the thieves manfully.

3 *Reb.* And so be hanged honorably.

Cap. Hang hanging! we defy the laws, and we will execute when we list, in our own quarters; we will rob man, woman, and child.

2 *Reb.* Do you fight with the men, and let me alone with the women.

1 *Reb.* And Thumb, had he been alive, he had been a fit match for the children.

Enter 4 REBEL.

4 *Reb.* A prize, a prize, Captain! I see a gentleman and a lady strike into a grove hard by; their horses are, for their better behaviour, already bound to a tree; follow me, and I'll conduct.

Cap. Without noise or tumult, let's steal upon them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the wood.

Enter MUSIDORUS *and* PAMELA.

Pam. This grove is all one bower; nature herself
Must be delighted to dwell here; the sun
Can shoot no beam upon us through this arbour,
Though he does rage abroad.

Mus. The heat betrays
The sun is angry, madam, to see you,
Whose brightness takes all wonder from his shine,
And leave[s] him a pale star.

Pam. You compliment.

Mus. Are you not weary, madam?

Pam. I shall never
In thy society; yet we may rest
A little in this shade. Oh Musidorus!

He should be enemy to virtue now
To cherish one suspectful thought of thee:
Some wild licentious prince had now undone me,
And, careless of his own, ruin'd my honour.
Mus. It were not simple theft but sacrilege,
To rob you of one peaceful thought. If any
Service already have obtain'd so much
Trust, I am so familiar with mine own
Desires, that hereafter I'll deserve to keep
Your fair opinion of me; lust could never
Intrude himself a guest here; I should not
Love mine own eyes, had they been but tempted
To see an unchaste picture with delight.
Pam. What's that behind the trees?
Mus. Nothing; the birds are dancing on the leaves,
Call'd hither by the music of your tongue;
Those that are silent do but listen to
Your voice, to mend their singing.
Pam. Still, methinks,
I hear another noise.
Mus. It is your fear.
Pam. There's something whispers.
Mus. Shall I tell Pamela?
Pam. Pray, if you can.
Mus. It is the wind, that would
Steal through the boughs to give you more refreshing,
Whom the trees envy; I do hear it murmur
To be kept from your lips, which it would kiss,
And mixing with your breath catch odors thence,
Enough to sweeten all the wood; there can
No other danger enter here.

Enter CAPTAIN *and* REBELS *who seize upon* PAMELA.

Pam. We are betray'd: help!

Mus. Hah, villains! you'd better lay violent hands
Upon your mothers.
Cap. Let your courage cool, and hear us, you were best,
If you do love this gentlewoman's life.
Put up your tool: d'ye see this bodkin, sir?
With it I'll punch her heart, if you but offer
A blow at any of my train; I'll do't,
As I'm true rebel; and, for the more security,
Deliver up your whinyard to our use,
Or I'll make an oylet-hole presently.
Pam. Do not resign your sword, but use it.
Mus. Hold; hear me.
Pam. Let us both die with honour; do not give
Your strength and trust to the mercy of those slaves,
Inhuman villains to us.
Mus. But thy life.
As you are men, but hear me.
Cap. Drop your steel quickly, or—
Mus. Alas! she is my wife
2 *Reb.* Your wife! if you love her, be not troublesome: I tell you again—
Pam. Pamela bids thee fight, fear not for me;
If I die, I shall not be dishonoured,
And thou shalt take a brave revenge on them;
Pity not me to lose us both; we'll meet
Again in death, and love eternally.
Mus. My soul's divided; shall I venture her?
Cap. I'll stay no longer.
Mus. Hold, and take my sword;
But swear by some religion you will use
No violence to her.
3 *Reb.* We swear.
Cap. So, first and foremost, throw his sword out of the way, we have no use on't; secondly, bind him to a tree.

Mus. Set her at liberty,
And use what cruelty you please on me;
Kill me, and I'll forgive you.

3 *Reb.* Forgive us! heaven forgive thee; say thy prayers.

Mus. I see there's pity in you. If your wants
Counsel you to this sinful trade, we both
Will freely give our wealth; we have some jewels
Of value to redeem you all, and make
You rich, if you dare first be so in goodness,
And exercise no tyranny upon
Our bodies. What a misery it is,
Such spirits as you are, should not have fortunes
High as your thoughts, when every dunghill fellow
Surfeits with honours and estates, and vomits
In taverns what would keep your families!
But 'tis the time's disease, when merit, thus
Disgrac'd and unrewarded by the state,
Makes subjects desperate.

3 *Reb.* He says true.

Mus. I prithee, take my clothes; would they were rich
And worth your pillage; any will serve me.

3 *Reb.* Alas, good gentleman! let's e'en strip him.

Cap. None dare to take a skirt.

Mus. Perhaps, for some offences you are banish'd
Your houses and estates.

2 *Reb.* For nothing but being drunk.

3 *Reb.* And off'ring to kill the king.

4 *Reb.* He will not live amongst us, as a good king ought.

Mus. Alas, good men! I do presume, you would not
Have kill'd the king in any malice to him.

3 *Reb.* I love the king with all my heart, and a pox take him that does not; would he would but pardon us!

1 *Reb.* There's no hope now; we have submitted ourselves too often.

Mus. Yet let him hear well of you, and [al] though
Necessity compel you to be thieves,
Be honest thieves and ravish nobody:
And this report arriving at his ears,
It inclines him to have pity on you,
And call you to his favour.

Cap. Unhand the gentlewoman; he that offers her but a wry look, had better eat my sword.

3 *Reb.* Or my scabbard, though it have been pist in.

2 *Reb.* Faith, captain, he hath given us good counsel; let us deal honestly: if we take away but all they have, they will have more cause to speak well of us.

Cap. Unbind the malefactor.

3 *Reb.* Shall I give him his sword?

Cap. His sword, thou ignorant thief! no; so he may chance to ask us again for his jewels.
Take thy Penelope, sweet tongued Ulysses,
And on the next bank smother her in kisses.
Farewell. [*Going.*

Mus. Oh, my Pamela!

3 *Reb.* Captain, captain, come back: he calls her Pamela; that should be the king's daughter.

Cap. How? umph, now I look better on her, I have seen that face in a mask before now.

Mus. We are lost again.

Pam. I am the same Pamela.

2 *Reb.* What ha' we done? here are all your jewels, not a stone diminished.

3 *Reb.* If there be, let me be gelded.

Pam. I easily forgive all, and will be

So far from a complaint, that I'll plead for
Your pardons to my father, and he sha[ll] not
Be able to deny me.

Omnes. A pardon, a pardon! if it please your highness, we'll go back with you.

Pam. Not with me.

Cap. As we are true men, and thieves, madam.

Pam. We are undone again.

Mus. At our return, I'll join with her.

3 *Reb.* Return! why, whither are you going so far from the lodge? this is the way to the sea.

Cap. Umph, I guess[4] treason. Are not you, an't shall please your ladyship, running away with this gentleman?

2. *Reb* He said she was his wife.

3. *Reb* I do not like him.

Cap. Lay hands on him again; well thought upon. You shall justify yourselves before the king.

Mus. Dare you go to the king without a pardon?

2 *Reb.* 'Tis the only way to procure one.

Mus. Rather go with us, and, as I am—

3 *Reb.* What are you?

Mus. I am—I know not.

Cap. We'll teach you to know yourself. Away with'em: we are all made.

Mus. Villains, and rebels! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter from a cave BASILIUS, *and* GYNECIA.

Bas. Zelmane has abus'd me.

Gyn. Chide not her,
'Twas mine own plot to try your constancy.
Death seize upon Zelmane, for his cunning[5]! [*aside.*

[4] *guess.*] the old copy "guest." D,

[5] *cunning.*] the old copy "comming." D

But I will be reveng'd. When did I fall
From my high birth? in what lascivious action
Lost I my fame, that thus[6] Basilius
Should wrong his own Gynecia?
Bas. I am asham'd; I prithee, chide no more.
She gave me sure some philter, to betray
My blood to this dishonour.
Gyn. Though your lust
Miss'd the enjoying her[7], for whom your heart
Grew wanton, yet the sin cannot be purg'd.
They are adulterate sheets, and those embraces
Which lock'd mine arms, thy guilt; not one warm kiss
But was intended for Zelmane's lips.
Oh my fate!
Bas. Prithee, forgive.
Gyn. The silence which I us'd,
I wish'd might save my modesty a language
To accuse you now; indeed you have done ill
To use me thus.
Bas. My love to thee hereafter
Shall redeem all; wound me no more, I prithee.
Gyn. If vice have so possest you, that my bed
Is now grown hateful, make me not the scorn
Of all your kingdom; send me home again
To Argos, to wear out my life in weeping:
My lord has quite forsaken me.
Bas. Not for
The crowns of Greece, and all the world. Dear, dearest
Gynecia, pardon! thou hast sav'd mine honour;
Destroy me not again. On what a rock,
(Had not thy goodness rescu'd me) had I
Been ever shipwreck'd! take me to thy love,
A sad man for my fault: never, oh, never,
Shall such unworthy thoughts corrupt my heart,
To leave a chaste wife!

[6] *thus*] the old copy "this." D.
[7] *her*] the old copy "him." D.

Gyn. I do freely pardon
This error.
Bas. Then I am straight again.
Gyn. But Zelmane shall account [*aside.*
Dearly for this, unless he satisfy
My furious blood. New welcome to my bosom!
Bas. A cup of wine would crown our reconcilement:
As I remember in the cave I saw
A golden bottle. [*Exit.*
Gyn. Your Majesty may taste on't, but I meant it
A draught for false Zelmane, it being virtual
To increase affection; to me a gift
My mother's love bestow'd when I was married
To Basilius, if ever he grew cold
To quicken his desires; I never yet
Made trial.

Re-enter BASILIUS.

Bas. It is the gods'
Nepenthe, or a drink more precious.
I prithee, giv't a name, and if my kingdom
Afford th'ingredients, let me taste it often.
Hah! Gynecia, where am I?
Gyn. Here, my lord.
Bas. I think I am deceiv'd; my tongue o'th' sudden
Draws backward, and my limbs grow very feeble.
Hah! oh, farewell! [*falls.*
Gyn. My lord, my lord, Basilius! Oh, he's dead!
If he be poison'd, I have made fair work.
Dear husband! Then for ever mourn, Gynecia!
The gods have punish'd thy lascivious heat
With hasty justice. Hath my care so long
Almost religiously preserv'd this drink

To kill thus in a minute? Oh, my soul
Doth feel a scorpion, and my lust appears
Circled with thousand furies!

Enter DAMETAS, *and a* Shepherd.

Shep. Treason, treason!

Dame. Do [you] set out your throat here, and let me alone to roar treason in the ears of my lord Philanax: I should ha' been the town crier.

Shep. Make haste.

Dame. Oh, yes; treason!

Gyn. When you have spent your voices, let your eyes
Speak a more killing language.

Dame. Hah, the queen! madam, Pamela is gone.

Gyn. No matter for Pamela: look here, shepherds;
Here lies the king.

Dame. No matter for Pamela! I am glad of that. Is his majesty asleep?

Gyn. Never to awake, he's dead, poison'd by this vial.

Dame. Oh base vial![8] Why, here is more treason than we looked for; this is admirable. Did he die against his will, or was he killed a natural death? let us sit upon him.

Gyn. Forbear, I can direct you to the murderer: Look here, you shepherds, it was I that kill'd him.

Dame. You! your majesty is very merry.

Gyn. Will you not trust me?

Dame. Yes, for more than I am worth; but if you killed him yourself, your majesty must pardon me for that; I have nothing to say to you but treason, treason! [*Exeunt Dametas and Shepherd.*

Gyn. Yet fly, Gynecia, and save thy life!
Betray not thine own life. Why do I talk

[8] *Base vial.*] A precious pun, lost in modern orthography: formerly, both a bottle and a musical instrument were writen "violl." D.

Of safety? can there be in all the world
A comfort, when my honour and Basilius
Have both forsaken me?

Enter PHILANAX, *and* DAMETAS, *with a Guard.*

Philan. Pamela gone! how does the king take it?

Dame. The king! would he could take it any way! good gentleman, he's in a pitiful taking himself.

Philan. What says the screech owl?

Dame. The truth is, he is sent of an errand to Erebus, he's dead; and for my lady Philoclea, whom I suspect—

Philan. Hah!

Dame. And you make haste you may take her napping; there is a thing in the likeness of a man with her, whom very valiantly I disarmed, and brought away his naked weapon.

Philan. What traitor? didst disarm him?

Dame. Did I! and there had been twenty of'em, I would not have cared a rush, though they had been as valiant as Hector: had I not treason a'my side, so soon as I came in?

Philan. Thou dost amaze me: what said he?

Dame. Never a word: my friend, quoth I, to his sword—

Philan. Ideot, didst speak to his sword?

Dame. Why, he was fast asleep, my lord, and never so much as dreamt of me.

Philan. Asleep! we lose time: go you along with Dametas, seize upon that traitor. Oh I am rent with sorrow!

Dame. Come, my masters, be not afraid as long as I have a sword; you shall go before, and follow my example. There's the king, my lord.

[*Exeunt Dametas with some of the Guard.*

Philan. Madam.

Gyn. Oh, Philanax!

Philan. Be comforted.

Gyn. You shall not need to mock me; when you know
By whom he died, thou wilt call in thy charity,
And curse me; it was I that poison'd him.

Philan. Good madam, speak that I may understand.
You poison'd him! he was Basilius,
Your husband and your king; it cannot be;
You are the queen, his wife.

Gyn. His murderer:
The horrour of my sin dwells round about me;
I need no more accusers than my conscience.
Do with me what you please; the wicked reasons
That mov'd me to it, you shall know hereafter.

Philan. Bless me, eternity! I'll not believe
That any woman, after this, can love
Her husband. Oh my lord! Merciless woman!
For here all other title's lost. Away
With her; see her lodg'd within the castle.

[*Exeunt the rest of the Guard with Gynecia.*

Enter DAMETAS, *and Guard, with* PHILOCLEA *and* PYROCLES, *at one door; at the other, enter the Rebels, with* MUSIDORUS *and* PAMELA.

Dame. Here they are, my lord.

Cap. Where is the king?

Philan. New uproars.

Dame. My charge! 'Tis Pamela, my lord Philanax, 'tis Pamela.

Philan. Pamela, and Philoclea!

Cap. Yes, my lord, we suspected they were running away together, and therefore in hope of his majesty's pardon—

Pyr. Musidorus, and thy sister, under guard!

Mus. Pyrocles, and Philoclea, prisoners too!

Philan. Look here, unnatural children, for I cannot

Pronounce you innocent, this circumstance
Betrays your guilt; see where your king, and father,
Lies a cold pattern for a tomb.

Pam. Dead!

Philoc. Oh, we are miserable!

Pyr. Basilius dead!

Mus. Slain!

Philan. He was murder'd, and you are accessories.
Sure I have seen your face; were not you call'd
Zelmane the Amazon?

Pyr. I was.

Philan. Disguises! Injurious villain,
Profaner of all hospitable laws!

Pyr. I am not loose to answer thee.

Dame. And this was my man, Dorus, my lord. Aha, have I found you, sirrah? you sent me abroad to be a gold finder.

Philan. You have done service, worthy all your pardons.
Now in my rage I could prevent the law,
And sacrifice their treacherous bloods myself
To this [most] reverend hearse.

Mus. You are transported, Philanax:
But that I have compassion for the death
Of that good king, I could laugh at thee.

Philan. Hence,
Load them with irons. Ladies, you must both
Be patient to be confin'd, until
You clear yourselves.

Pam. What saucy fellow's that?
Meant you me, Philanax? Unhand those prisoners.

Philan. Away with'em, I command.

Pam. Yet stay, and hear me;
As you did love Basilius, hear his daughter.
This insolence doth interrupt the tears
Due to my dear dead father, and inforces
Me, since he thus forgets, to declare to you

With confidence who I am. I am Pamela,
The eldest daughter of Basilius,
Your queen if I mistake not, since my father
Is dead, to whose memory these pious drops
Fall as the tribute of my grief. Who then
Shall be obey'd? he that was trusted with
My father's power, which in his death is cancell'd,
Or I your natural princess?

Dame. Umph, my charge speaks to the purpose.

Pam. Have you found so much sweetness in the reign
You borrow'd of my father, that you would
Usurp now he is dead? I have not sign'd
Any commission for your office; how
Dare you then, in my presence, command any
To prison? nay, like a bold, insolent traitor,
Talk of confining me? we are merciful
To let you keep your proud head on.

1 *Reb.* What will become of us?

Dame. You shall have clean halters.

Pam. But in the justice to my royal father,
Snatch'd hence untimely from us, since you attempt
To charge them with his death, we give you space
To live and to accuse them; they shall be
Our prisoners. I'th'mean time, 't will become
Your person, to go home and study how
To play the advocate, when you are call'd
By us, and the grave laws: you are dismiss'd.

Philan. I am astonish'd. Do you not wonder with me
To hear the daughter of our late good king
Lost to her filial piety? This comes
Too near a parricide,[9] Pamela. Countrymen,
It is apparent they have all conspir'd
The death of the old king; methinks, I hear
His groans confirm it. If you suffer such
A treason pass, Arcadia will become

[9] *Too near a parricide*] The old copy "To neer apracide." D.

The scorn of all the world, nor ever shall
Any good prince trust his life amongst you.
For my ambition, all the angels know
How tedious the hours have been, since I
Was forc'd to take this kingdom's weight upon me.
But let not ceremony to the daughter,
Whose title I dispute not, shame our duties
To him that was her father and our master,
Poison'd, yes, poison'd by those men, that have
No names, and will betray in our remissness
The honour of these ladies and our country,
As they have done his precious life already.
As you are good men, let them be arraign'd:
If they be innocent, their goodness will
Protect them; but if guilty, let them die,
Like slaves, unpitied.

Rebels. A Philanax, a Philanax!

Pam. Dare ye all be traitors then?

Philan. This your great love revives me: then convey
All to the castle, but command these two
As traitors to be made safe; the ladies shall
Be under mild restraint,

Pyr. Villains!

Mus. Your lives shall dearly answer this.
We must obey the tyrant; were our hands
At liberty, and arm'd with our good swords,
We should not off so tamely.

[*Exeunt Pyrocles, Musidorus, Pamela, and Philoclea, guarded.*

Dame. Come away, traitors.

Philan. Well remember'd;
You are not to be discharg'd. Lodge him safe too.

Dame. Who, I? he does not mean me. My lord, these fellows—

Philan. Take him away, a traitor with the rest.

Enter Messenger, and whispers Philanax.

Dame. Away, away?

1 *Reb.* So you must, sir.

Dame. Would I might never see my wife and children in my right wits, if I be a traitor, that's enough; my lord, they'll carry me away too.

1 *Reb.* D'ye remember a *clean halter?* come on, sir. [*Exeunt Dametas and Rebels.*

Philan. King Euarchus sayest?

Mess. He has but a small train, my lord.

Philan. Alas! he comes too late to visit, but
Most seasonable to be a judge in this
Great cause. Take gently up that royal body,
Whose soul's a star already; all that we
Can pay, is justice to his memory. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Chamber secured as a Prison.

Enter SIMPATHUS, PAMELA, *and* PHILOCLEA.

Pam. Good master jailor, you might be so courteous in your office to let us see these gentlemen.

Sim. Madam, I dare not.

Pam. 'Tis well; you dare obey king Philanax, and be a rebel to me; the time may come you will repent.

Sim. Confident that you will keep your princely words, not to interrupt or change any discourse with'em, I have brought you where you may, though at some distance, hear'em; they are preparing for

music. 'Tis all I dare consent to; neither durst I tell them you should be within reach of their voices.

Pam. Well, sir, we are content. [*A song within.*

Philoc. We'll speak with'em, but in your hearing.

Pam. Do not intreat him, sister. Pray, have a special remembrance to let'em want air and necessaries; you'll forfeit your place, if you make conscience to be over honest to'em.

Sim. I am sorry, madam, you accuse my nature,
Which never yet was observ'd cruel, I
Would be as just to your commands—

Pam. So it seems.

Sim. Were these misfortunes over.

Pam. Good sir, no tedious excuses nor apology, but proceed you and your great master Philanax; and he will make you his treasurer, or trust you with his great seal; you cannot choose but be an excellent keeper.

Philoc. What will become of us?

Pam. Nay, what will become o' th' princes? there's my fear: would they were free again, and had but their good swords to second their innocence! I am mad to think what a condition we are fallen to. Prithee, Philoclea, shed some tears for me; if I weep now it must be for anger that we cannot help'em: but let the gray-beards look to't, for if they suffer, unless they send me of an errand after them, not a head that nodded to their sentence shall know where to find shoulders to support'em.

Philoc. 'Las, sister, I want drops for my own grief:
My father's death—

Pam. My father! that, that hath open'd
The spring again.

Philoc. And although guilty of his blood, for so

They say our mother hath confess'd herself,
I must in duty weep for her.
Pam. My mother!
That word strikes double sorrow, and doth call
A flood to drown my eyes: shall we not see her?
Philoc. She could not kill him, sure. Did ever grief
So soon make such a pair of orphans? our
Fortunes are so strange and thick, posterity
Will think our story fiction; and yet
It seems they're not so great to break our hearts
O' th' sudden. I would willingly die too,
But I remember Pyrocles.
Pam. And I
My dear-lov'd Musidorus, at which name
My tears dry up, and black Revenge prepares
His[1] throne within my blood. But, Simpathus,—
Sim. Madam.
Pam. Are not the Princes sent for yet?
Sim. Not yet.
Pam. I prithee
Tell me how they look? what say they to thee?
Philoc. Do they name us?
Sim. It hath been all their question, how both
Their princely mistresses do fare, for so
They call you ladies; when I answer, well,
Their joy shoots up in prayers that you may still
Continue safe.
Philoc. Do they not rail sometimes and curse?
Sim. I never heard 'em.
Pam. Canst thou be such a fool then to believe
They are murderers?
Sim. I do not believe they are.
Pam. Do[2] if thou darest be a knave, and try if the Devil will bear you out in't: we must not see' em.

[1] *His*] The old copy "The." D.
[2] *do*] The old copy "do not." D.

Sim. Alas, madam!

Pam. Nor speak to our mother.

Sim. I am commanded.

Pam. Thou shalt not deny us a little discourse with Dametas, my old governor, since we have no other company.

Sim. You shall. [*Exit.*

Philoc. His presence could be never more unwelcome;
Beside, his follies will but ill agree
With our affliction.

Pam. They cannot hurt us.
Sister, I have a breast as deeply charg'd
As thine, although I flatter it, 'tis no sin
To enable us for bearing—How d'ye, Governor?

Enter DAMETAS.

Dame. How d'ye, madam? e'en as you see, as ill as this iron age can make a man.

Pam. What will they do with thee?

Dame. They cannot use me worse than they have, for I am hanged in chains already; I have had three whippings into the bargain too; if they hold such a hand over me long, I shall never be able to sleep in a whole skin.

Pam. Had you any hand in my father's death?

Dame. Hand! I was so far from having any hand, that I had not so much as a finger in't; no, your mother poisoned him with a base vial.

Philoc. Oh misery!

Dame. But, madam, I did not think you had been so dishonest: and you had meant to run away with any body, I thought you would have told me so; but I see a woman and a wet eel have both slippery tails.

Pam. You ran away from me.

Dame. Who, I run! I was never so good a footman in my life. Alas, I was told by that rascal

Dorus where a great deal of gold was buried, and I went simply, with a resolution after I came home to build half a dozen churches; but now I hear say there is a gallows built to my hands, and I must hang ding dong, like a bell in the wooden steeple.

Pam. Speak well of Dorus, sirrah; you had more need to pray for him.

Dame. Heaven convert him then, and, though he live when I am dead, he may be rotten as soon as I!

Philoc. Who sent you, sirrah, to my chamber?

Dame. Sent me! the Devil; and I ha' thrived accordingly. Would my wife had broke her neck, when I took you together.

Pam. Your wife!

Dame. Or my daughter, or you, or any body, to save the loss of my own. Sweet madam, speak a good word for me, and I'll—speak another for you; my evidence will be heard, and I care not what I swear; 'tis not for [e] the King; he's dead. I look every minute for a voice to call me to the sessions.

Within. Dametas.

Dame. Hey, there 'tis already! As ever you hope to be married while your maidenheads are sweet, save me from the gallows, for if I be once hanged, I shall never be my own man again. [*Exit.*

Philoc. They are very hasty to arraign 'em. Pyrocles,
There's nothing left me now but prayers for thee,
With which I'll weary heaven, or tire myself,
For thy success.

Pam. I would do so, but I
Fear my revenge will kill my charity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.[3]

An open space before the royal lodge, with a throne set out, a bar before it, and the body of BASILIUS *placed on a bier.—Flourish. Enter* EUARCHUS, PHILANAX, SIMPATHUS, *and attendants.* EUARCHUS *ascends the throne.*

Euar. My lord, your sorrow, and not my ambition,
Hath made me judge to day, therefore attend
The proof of your election. I came
With purpose of a visit to your master,
But now salute his hearse, and wear a title
Of your protector, in which name I gave
Command the prisoners should be sent for.
Sim. 'Tis done, and they are ready.
Philan. My lord, my part to day is to accuse,
And not side in compassion.

Enter GYNECIA, MUSIDORUS, PYROCLES, *and* DAMETAS *guarded.*

Euar. That the queen?
Philan. Yes, my lord.
Euar. She shews a much dejected lady.
Philan Has she not cause?
Euar. Those the pretended princes?
Of comely presence both; what's he?

[3] *Scene ii.*] "As soone as the morning had taken a full possession of the element, Euarchus called vnto him Philanax, and willed him to draw out into the middest of the greene (before the chiefe lodge) the throne of judgement seate, in which Basilius was wont to sit, and according to their customes, was euer caried with the Prince.....That was performed by the diligent Philanax, and therein Euarchus did sit himselfe all cloathed in blacke, with the principall men," &c. Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib v. p. 446. ed. 1613. D.

Philan. Dametas, to whose trust the king gave up
Pamela, his eldest daughter.

Euar. Where is she?

Philan. Accompanied with her sister in the castle;
Their presence might occasion some tumult:
Nor do the Arcadian laws allow proceeding
Against the next of blood, as they permit not
She should determine any thing herself,
Till years or marriage enable her.

Dam. I will forgive thee, Philanax, for more malice than thou hast brought against my life, for being so honest to Pamela.

Philan. Sir, I look not for your thanks.

Pyr. As your are honourable, I beseech you
I'th' name of sacred justice, ere you further
Proceed against our facts, declare what you
Determine of Philoclea, who is all innocence,
And most unjustly suffers, though in thought
You doubt her virgin honour.

Euar. She must become a recluse,
And all her life, with strict profession
Of chastity, repair her blemish'd honour.

Pyr. A vestal!
Not if I live; yet, if I die, it carries
This comfort, none hereafter shall enjoy
The fair Philoclea.

Euar. Now to the queen.

Philan. Madam, stand to the bar.

Gyn. My bar indeed, which I have laid myself,
To bring my honour to a fall and ruin.
Oh my dear lord! my tears do now embalm thee;
My blood shall quickly follow.

Philan. As you are just,
Let not her sorrow tempt you to forget
What sin she hath committed; I want words
To express the horror of the deed, which will

Throw shame on all her sex.

Gyn. Stay, Philanax, shalt have
What thou desir'st. I have been a judge already
Upon myself, and do not desire life,
That am condemn'd by my own killing sentence.
I do again confess I was the murderer
Of your and my lord, robb'd Arcadia and
My children of a father; I, none but I,
Poison'd Basilius.

Pyr. Palladius, dost hear?

Mus. Unfortunate lady!

Gyn. And what could Philanax say more against me?
There remains only to obey your judgment,
Which cannot come in any shape of death
Too horrid for my sin. I'm very weary
Of this bad world; be just, and take a life
From me, that else will groan itself away,
And mock your justice.

Philan. You hear, my lord?

Euar. And thus proceed to sentence.
Having confess'd, to spare your proof how much
She hath offended, an example to all times,
We censure thus: she shall presently
Be carried to prison, where she may
Have food, but only to sustain her life
Until her husband's burial, with whom
In the same vault she shall be clos'd alive,
To keep his body company, from which
Her cruelty divorc'd his soul.

Gyn. You're just.

Pyr. My heart weeps for her.

Mus. 'Tis a severe sentence.

Gyn. Who binds my hands? Basilius, I come
To die a living guest in thy sad tomb.

[*Exit, guarded.*

Philan. The others to the bar.

Euar. What are their names?

Pyr. Daiphantus of Lycia, mine.
Mus. Mine, Palladius of Iberia.
Euar. We do not dispute their titles here, they are
Private persons: you may proceed.
Philan. I shall, and with as much brevity—
Euar. Choose whom you'll first accuse.
Philan. Then first, this Daiphantus, this Zelmane,
This what you will, for he hath yet no name
Nor shape that we can trust to, having knowledge
Of our late master's solitary life,
Came, not without a purpose of this treachery,
And, by the cunning of Gynecia,
I'th' habit of a woman was receiv'd
As an unsuspected guest; enjoy'd the freedom
Of those whom the king plac'd nearest his bosom,
His children not more dear. Treason thus fortified,
They soon conspir'd the death of this good king;
A cave, this gentlewoman's lodging, was
The fatal scene, where the unhappy queen,
By his direction, forc'd his dear life from him.
I omit what lustful motive prompted her
That with more licence she might twine with this
Hermaphrodite, and that they had appointed
Where they might meet when this black deed was done;
But heaven was merciful, and prevented her
Flight, by the happy coming in of shepherds.
In the meantime, transported with the confidence
Of her performance, that he might not leave
Any revenger of this hateful murder,
He hastily makes up to Philoclea's chamber,
Where, by the mingling (what he could) her shame
With his offence, he easily might enforce
Her to be accessary to her father's death,
And, under her protection, and her sister's,
('Gainst whom they knew we were not to rebel)

Seize with one gripe the state; but heaven preserv'd
All, by the unexpected coming up
Of this Dametas—
Dame. Yes, heaven and I preserv'd all.
Philan. Who sought then for Pamela,
Which the other princely thief had stolen away;
And finding these, I mean Philoclea
And this young man, together, found occasion
To inclose the ravisher, till by command
They were apprehended. Thus you have in short
His wicked story, and what punishment
Will not be thought a mercy to that monster
That kills a king, dishonoureth a queen,
And violates the daughter?
Pyr. In things promoted with such cunning mixture,
'Tis hard to shape a square and direct answer.
My accuser's sordid and malicious railing,
More grievous to my tender sense of honour
Than death can be, I do forgive to him,[4]
A thing beneath my anger, and arm'd with
My own simplicity, doubt not to assure
How much my cause is injur'd. Know, grave judge,
This prince and I, drawn hither by the fame
Of the rare beauties in Basilius' daughters,
(Knowing that with their parents they lived here
Secluded from the world, where no access
In our own persons was to be expected,)
Put on these forms, as soonest might conduce
To make our loves known. This Palladius
Became so fortunate, that his princely mistress
Consented to forsake, and trust his conduct
To a happier kingdom. My fortune
Was not so happy; for I did not cherish
A greater flame, yet modest, of Philoclea,

[4] *I do forgive to him*] The old copy "I forget him." D.

Than her weak father, in my sex deceiv'd
Retain'd of me; that tir'd with his solicits
I had no time to perfect my desires
With his fair daughter,
Till under colour of some devotions,
I made a cave my lodging, to invite
Basilius thither, with full hope to enjoy me;
But this revealing to the Queen, she took
My place, to make the old king see his follies.
In the meantime, I must confess, I went
To bright Philoclea's chamber, hoping to
Win her by all the charms of noble love
To leave Arcadia; but she unhappily
Obeying her own genius, gave no
Consent; when, in the midst of my security,
I know not by what means, I was made prisoner.
And here's the thread to guide through this labyrinth:
Methinks, your man of mighty tongue should blush
To have spent his rage so poorly.

Euar. What is all this to the death of the old king?

Pyr. By all the gods, I am innocent! The queen
Hath absolv'd me: as for Philoclea,
If you will call't a crime in that I lov'd her,
I am and shall be guilty, but had never
A thought so rude to force her unstain'd chastity;
Or, if the honour of this excellent lady
Suffer i' th' blind opinion of the world,
Our marriage, not my death, may cure all wounds
Malice can fasten on her name.

Philan. Oh impudence!

Euar. If this be all you have to say, proceed
To his confederate.

Philan. The imagination, how miserable
These jugglers would have made us and our country,
If their disguise had prosper'd, strikes a terrour

Through all my faculties; my tongue 's enfeebled.
Therefore, to omit his practise in the murder,
Which you may easily collect by circumstance,
This is enough to call him a foul traitor,
He did attempt to steal away our princess,
The hope and treasure of Arcadia,
And taken in the fact dares not deny it.
Had he no other crime to answer for,
This pulls severe death on him; and to insist
Upon offences of so foul a nature,
Were to distrust your wisdom or your justice.
Thou t' other shame of mankind, speak to this.

Mus. Not for thy sake, who in this misery
Hast only merited to be my scorn,
But for the truth, I answer; pardon, sir,
If passion make me not remember language
That should become this place; this ill tongu'd man,
That with such vehemence accuseth thus,
Is himself guilty.

Philan. How?

Mus. Of a more hateful vice, ingratitude.
Is this the payment for our services,
Which once thy tongue acknowledg'd had deserv'd
Statues to the eternal memory
Of the preservers of your king and country?
Is all the valour of this young man cancell'd,
When rebels had advanc'd their daring swords
High as the throat of your old king, his wife
And trembling daughters? Is the time forgotten,
When wild beasts had prepar'd their riotous maws
To bury the dear pledges of your kingdom?
Oh where had been my treason or his rape,
Had they been then devour'd! The ground has not
Drunk up the blood so perfectly, but there
Remains a colour, to teach impious men
To blush for their ingratitude. Have we
Been careless of our lives, to preserve

The king when danger threaten'd horror to him,
And can a temperate man imagine we
Should be his murderers? we had not sav'd,
To be ourselves the hangmen. But I'm charg'd
For stealing of your princess; can your breaths
Acknowledge her your sovereign, and allow
No faith to what she says? you have degraded
My blood from honour, and unless you make me
Less than her subject, I was bound to obey
When she commanded I should wait upon her.
But you'll object I counsell'd her; I did,
And justify the act: she was confin'd
Too narrowly, and I durst lead her to
A throne, above the majesty her birth
Can challenge in Arcadia; love, whose force
The gods have not resisted, may plead for me.

Euar. Is this all?

Mus. Though it want method, 'tis enough to vindicate
My honour from his base aspersion.

Euar. To him, you call Dametas.

Dame. Not guilty, my lord! as I hope to be saved, not guilty!

Philan. Neglect of the great charge, with which the king
Our master trusted him, sums up his fault.

Dame. I was made a gold finder; I desire justice for him, and mercy for myself.

Philan. Silence.

Euar. I have heard you with attention; and whereas
To the king's death (the unhappy cause of this
Assembly) you have answer'd with denial,
Which you think fortified by the queen's
Self's only accusation, I must tell you
It frees you not; for though no manifest proofs,
Yet circumstances well examin'd, make you
The accidental causes of his murder.

For the other part of your offence, I find not
You have deny'd your guilt, but only use
Qualification and excuse; your services
In themselves high and honourable, allow you
No privilege to offend, but give your black faults
A blacke[r] dye.
Then justly weighing your offence, you meet
In equal guilt; for though you first convey'd
Away Pamela, his intention was
Early as yours, and by the rules of justice
The will stands for the act; both ravish'd,
Although not of the ladies from themselves,
Yet from their parents and their country, which
By all the Grecian laws is paid with death.
Thus then I must pronounce: Daiphantus shall
Be thrown from some high tower, to meet his death;
Palladius lose his head before sunset;
The executioner shall be Dametas;
Which office of the common hangman he
Shall for his whole life execute, a punishment
For his neglect of duty.

Dame. Must I be hangman? oh brave! Heaven preserve your lordship! I shall quickly learn the trade; and if ever any of your honours have occasion to use me, I will owe you a good turn, and in token I have been bound to you, the knot of my dutiful affection shall tell a tale in your ear, you shall thank me when you are hanged. Come your ways. But I beseech your lordship, I may be allowed a man sometimes; I would be loath to hang or to behead, myself, my wife, or my own kindred; but if it happen there be more work than he can turn his hands to, I will not stick with him to hang, myself. Provide you malefactors, and let me alone for halters.

Enter CALANDER *and* CALODOULUS.

Calan. Hold, stay the prisoners, my lord protector!

Calo. Oh, my lord!
Mus. My servant Calodoulus! By thy duty
Reveal us not.
Calo. Let me rather
Be dumb eternally, than two such princes
Be lost by my silence!
Euar. My son and nephew! are they living?
Calo. Your own Pyrocles, and his princely nephew.
Calan. Ask your father blessing. Unhand 'em rascals.
Philan. The two most famous princes in the world!
Mus. 'Tis Euarchus, thy father, Pyrocles,
My uncle, king of Macedon. All ye gods,
My heart is ectasied with joy!
Pyr. My father!
Euar. My blessing and my tears you both divide.
Witness with me, ye immortal powers, this day
I have done nothing, but what justice and
Your native laws require, without the knowledge
How near they were to my own blood; but since
They are prov'd my son and nephew
Endow'd by nature richly, and how meriting
The fame and love of all the world before
This accident, I leave to your own thoughts;
Besides these two I have no joys of life.
Calan. Excellent Euarchus! Why did you change your names?
Pyr. To prevent the dishonour of our blood,
If we had suffer'd.
Euar. But I have judg'd already, and if right
I have not wrong'd, unless the name
Of child have power to alter sacred justice,
You both must die, though when I speak your death
It creeps upon my heart.
Mus. We dream: is this
Thy father, Pyrocles?

Euar. Away with'em.

Mus. 'Tis most tyrannical: he is thy son;
Thou wilt not be a murderer of thy own?
Make not thy name hated of all the world,
When it shall say hereafter, Pyrocles
Had no fault in him but he was thy son.

Pyr. For me, I am his own, and being so,
Dispos'd of by his justice; to whom rather
I hop'd to have been a comfort than a shame.
I kiss my sentence: but you cannot place
Your kinsman in the sacrifice; his mother
And country plead a title, he is theirs;
Oh, save my princely cousin!

Euar. Sure, I shall not live
Long after them; and, gentlemen, if I die
Before I leave Arcadia, let my ashes
Mingle with theirs.

Bas. Oh, oh, oh!

Dame. My lord, gentlemen, there's something stirs and groans: come back.

Euar. Basilius alive! Assist him, Philanax.

[*Basilius is raised from the bier.*

He breathes; what streams of joy run through me!
Send for Gynecia and his daughters.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Bas. Why am I supported thus, like a dead man?
What are you?

Euar. Euarchus, your old friend.

Bas. I ha[ve] seen
That face before; 'tis like sweet Zelmane.

Euar. My son?

Pyr. But was a counterfeit Zelmane.

Bas. Wonders! and you?

Euar. My nephew, prince of Thessaly.

Mus. Though late your servant Dorus.

Bas. Very strange.

Enter Gynecia, Pamela *and* Philoclea.

Gynecia!

Gyn. My dear lord returned!
A thousand kisses welcome him to life,
Which I was weary of in thy loss.
Bas. My daughters!
Pam. Oh my father!
Bas. Are you Philanax?
Euar. Your trusty servant.
Philan. The oracle is accomplish'd.
Bas. You amaze me:
Let me collect.
Philoc. Oh my sweet Pyrocles!
Pam. We shall not be divorc'd, I hope, again.
Pyr. I am your servant ever.
Mus. Divinest mistress!
Euar. Your souls, I see, are married.
Let me present these princes, to be your sons.
Bas. Is this real?
Gyn. 'Tis dangerous to expect the story.
I fear'd the drink, but it may be its[5] virtue
To increase his love to me. I'll tell you more
Within, sir.
Philan. Let me obtain your pardons.
Euar. To his chamber lead him gently.
Bas. All is strange.
Mus. Never was day so full of happy change.
[*Flourish, and exeunt omnes.*

[5] *its*] The old copy "his." D.

THE

TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

The Triumph of Peace.] Three editions of this piece are now before me, all in 4to. and printed by John Norton for William Cooke in 1633 : the two earliest (their title pages leave us ignorant which of them issued first from the press) differ but very slightly from each other; "*The third impression*" varies from them considerably in some passages.

The full title of the old copies is *The Triumph of Peace, A Masque, presented by the Foure Honourable Houses, or Innes of Court. Before the King and Queenes Majesties, in the Banquetting house at White Hall, February the third,* 1633. *Invented and Written By James Shirley, of Grayes Inne, Gent. Primum hunc Arethusa mihi,* &c.

For some account of this splendid Masque see the Life of Shirley. D.

TO THE

FOUR EQUAL AND HONOURABLE SOCIETIES,

THE INNS OF COURT.

I WANT words to express your cheerful and active desires, to present your duties to their royal Majesties, in this Masque; to celebrate, by this humble tender of your hearts and services, the happiness of our Kingdom, so blest in the present government, and never so rich in the possession of so many and great pledges of their Parents' virtue, our native Princes.

Your clear devotions already offered and accepted, let not me want an altar for my oblation to you. This entertainment, which took life from your command, and wanted no motion or growth it could derive from my weak fancy, I sacrifice again to you, and under your smile to the world. Let it not repent you to look upon, what is the second time made your own, and with it, the heart of the sacrificer, infinitely bound to acknowledge your free, and noble souls, that have left no way for a poet to satisfy his ambition, how to thank you, but with thinking, he shall never be able to satisfy it.

I dare not rack my preface to a length. Proceed to be yourselves (the ornament of our nation), and when you have leisure to converse with imaginations of this kind, it shall be an addition to your many favours, to read these papers, and oblige beside the seals of your other encouragement,

The humblest of your honourers,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

SPEAKING CHARACTERS IN THE MASQUE.

Opinion.
Confidence.
Fancy.
Jollity.
Laughter.
Novelty.
Admiration.

Carpenter.
Taylor.
Blackguard.
Painter.
Taylor's wife.
Property man's wife.
Feather maker's wife.
Embroiderer's wife.
Guards.

Irene.
Eunomia.
Diche.
Genius.
Amphiluche.
The Hours.
Chorus.

THE

MASQUE OF THE GENTLEMEN

OF

THE FOUR HONOURABLE SOCIETIES, OR INNS OF COURT.

At Ely and Hatton Houses, the gentlemen and their assistants met, and in this manner prepared for the Court.

The Antimasquers were ushered by a hornpipe, and a shalm; riding in coats and caps of yellow taffeta, spotted with silver, their feathers red, their horses led by men in coats of blue taffeta, their wings red, and part of their sleeves yellow, caps and feathers; all the torchbearers in the same habit appointed to attend, and give plentiful light to the whole train.

Fancy in a suit of several-coloured feathers, hooded, a pair of bat's wings on his shoulders, riding alone, as sole presenter of the antimasques.

After him rode Opinion and Confidence together:

Opinion in an old fashioned doublet of black velvet, and trunk hose, a short cloak of the same with an antique cape, a black velvet cap pinched up, with a white fall, and a staff in his hand;

Confidence in a slashed doublet parti-coloured, breeches suitable with points at knees, favours upon his breast and arm, a broad-brimmed hat, tied up on one side, banded with a feather, a long lock of hair, trimmed with several-coloured ribands, wide boots, and great spurs with bells for rowels.

Next rode Jollity and Laughter:

Jollity in a flame-coloured suit, but tricked like a morice dancer, with scarfs and napkins, his hat fashioned like a cone, with a little fall;

Laughter in a long side coat of several colours, laughing vizards on his breast and back, a cap with two grinning faces, and feathers between.

Then followed variety of antick music; after which rode six Projectors, one after another, their horses led by torch-bearers:

The first,[1] a Jockey with a bonnet on his head, upon the top of it a whip, he seeming much to observe and affect a bridle which he had in his hand;

The second, a Country fellow in a leather doublet and grey trunk hose, a wheel with a perpetual motion on his head, and in his hand a flail;

The third, a grim Philosophical-faced fellow, in his gown, furred and girdled about him, a furnace upon his head, and in his hand a lamp;

The fourth, in a case of black leather, vast to the middle, and round on the top, with glass eyes, and bellows under each arm;

[1] *The first, &c.*] "First in this Antimasque, rode a fellow upon a little horse, with a great bit in his mouth, and upon the man's head was a bit, with headstall and reins fastened, and signified a Projector who begged a patent that none in the kingdom might ride their horses, but with such bits as they should buy of him. Then came another fellow with a bunch of carrots upon his head, and a capon upon his fist, describing a Projector who begged a patent of monopoly, as the first inventor of the art to feed capons fat with carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention, and have the privilege for fourteen years, according to the statute. Several other Projectors were in like manner personated in this Antimasque; and it pleased the spectators the more, because by it an information was covertly given to the King of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the law: and the Attorney Noy, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this Antimasque of the Projectors." Whitelock's *Memorials*, p. 20. D.

The fifth, a Physician, on his head a hat with a bunch of carrots, a capon perched upon his fist;

The sixth, like a Seaman, a ship upon his head and holding a line and plummet in his hand.

Next these,[2] rode so many Beggars in timorous looks and gestures, as pursued by two Mastives that came barking after them.

Here variety of other antick music, counterfeiting the voices of birds; and after these rode, a Magpie,[3] a Crow, a Jay, and a Kite, in a quadrangular figure, and in the midst an Owl; these were followed by three Satyrs, two abreast, and one single, sided with torchbearers; then three Dotterels in the same manner and attendance.

After these a Windmill, against which a fantastic Knight with his lance, and his Squire armed, seemed to make their attempts.

These moving forward in ridiculous shew and postures, a Drummer followed[4] on horseback, in a crimson taffeta coat, a white hat and feather tipt with crimson, beating two kettle drums.

Then fourteen Trumpeters, in crimson satin coats, white hats and feathers, and rich banners.

The Marshal[5] followed these, bravely mounted; attended with ten horse and[6] forty foot, in coats and hose of scarlet trimmed with silver lace, white

[2] *Next these - - - - after them*] Not in the two earliest 4tos. The Beggars, says Whitelock, "had their musick of keys and tongs, and the like, snapping, and yet playing in a consort before them. These Beggars were also mounted, but on the poorest leanest jades that could be gotten out of the dirt-carts or elsewhere." *Mem.* p. 20. D.

[3] *a Magpie, a Crow, &c.*] "These," says Whitelock, "were little boys put into covers of the shapes of those birds, rarely fitted, and sitting on small horses," &c. *Mem.* p. 20. D.

[4] *followed*] The two earliest 4tos. "followeth." D.

[5] *The Marshal*] "Mr. Darrel, afterwards knighted by the king." Whitelock's *Mem.* p 20.

[6] *ten horse and*] Not in the two earliest 4tos. D.

hats and feathers, their truncheons tipt with silver; these upon every occasion moving to and fro, to preserve the order of their march, and restrain the rudeness of people, that in such triumphs, are wont to be insolent, and tumultuary.

After these an hundred Gentlemen, gloriously furnished and gallantly mounted, riding two and two abreast, every gentleman having his two[7] pages richly attired, and a groom to attend him.

Next after these, a chariot drawn by four horses, two and two together, richly furnished and adorned with gold and silver, the charioteer in a Polonian coat of green cloth of silver. In this were advanced Musicians, like Priests and Sybills, sons and daughters of harmony, some with coronets, other with wreaths of laurel and myrtle, playing upon their lutes, three footmen on each side in blue satin wrought with silver, and every one a flambeau in his hand.

In the next chariot of equal glory, were placed on the lowest stairs four in sky-coloured taffeta robes seeded with stars, mantles ash-coloured, adorned with fringe and silver lace, coronets with stars upon their heads. In a seat a little more elevate sat Genius and Amphiluche.

On the highest seat of this chariot, sat the three Hours, or heavenly sisters, Irene, Diche, and Eunomia; all whose habits shall be described in their proper places: this chariot attended as the former.

After these, came the four Triumphals or Magnificent Chariots, in which were mounted the Grand Masquers, one of the four houses in every chariot, seated within an half oval, with a glorious canopy over their heads, all bordered with silver fringe, and beautified with plumes of feathers on the top;

The first chariot, silver and orange,

[7] *his two*] The third 4to. "many." D.

The second, silver and watchet,
The third, silver and crimson,
The fourth, silver and white;

All after the Roman form, adorned with much embossed and carved works, and each of them wrought with silver, and his several colour; they were mounted on carriages, the spring-trees, pole and axle-trees, the charioteer's seat, and standers, wheels, with the fellies, spokes, and naves, all wrought with silver, and their several colour.

They were all drawn with four horses afront, after the magnificent Roman triumphs, their furniture, harness, headstall, bits, reins, and traces, chamfron, cronet, petronel, and barb, of rich cloth of silver,-of several works and colours, answerable to the linings of the chariots.

The charioteers in Polony coats of the same colour of the chariots, their caps, feathers, and buskins answerable.

The two out-horses of every chariot led by two men, in habits wrought with silver, and conformable to the colour of the other furniture, four footmen on either side of every chariot, in rich habits, also wrought with silver, answerable to the rest, every one carrying a flambeau in his hand.

Between every of these chariots, four[8] musicians in their robes and garlands, were mounted, riding two abreast, attended with torchbearers.

The habit of the Masquers gave infinite splendor to this solemnity; which more aptly shall be expressed in his place.

This Masque was presented in the Banquetting-house at Whitehall, before the King and Queens Majesties, and a great assembly of lords and ladies,

[8] *four*] The third 4to. "six." *D.*

and other persons of quality, whose aspect, sitting on the degrees prepared for that purpose, gave a great grace to this spectacle, especially being all richly attired.

At the lower end of the room, opposite to the State,[9] was raised a stage with a descent of stairs in two branches landing into the room. This basement was painted in rustic work.

The border of the front and sides that enclosed all the scene, had first a ground of arbour-work, intermixed with loose branches and leaves; and in this was two niches; and in them two great figures standing in easy postures, in their natural colours, and much bigger than the life. The one, attired after the Grecian manner, held in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a scrowl, and a picked antique crown on his head, his cuirass was of gold richly enchased, his robe blue and silver, his arms and thighs bare, with buskins enriched with ornaments of gold, his brown locks long and curled, his beard thick, but not long, and his face was of a grave and jovial aspect; this figure stood on a round pedestal, feigned of white marble, enriched with several carvings; above this in a compartment of gold was written MINOS. The figure on the other side was in a Roman habit, holding a table in one hand, and a pen in the other, and a white bend or diadem about his head, his robe was crimson and gold, his mantle yellow and silver, his buskins watchet trimmed with silver, his hair and beard long and white, with a venerable aspect, standing likewise on a round pedestal answerable to the other; and in the compartment over him was written NUMA. Above all this, in a proportionate distance, hung two great festoons of fruits

9 *the State*] i. e. the raised platform on which were placed the royal seats under a canopy. D.

in colours, which served for finishing to these sides. The upper part, in manner of a large frieze, was adorned with several compartments with draperies hanging down, and the ends tied up in knots, with trophies proper to feasts and triumphs, composed of masking vizards and torches. In one of the lesser compartments, was figured a sharp-sighted eye, and in the other a golden yoke; in the midst was a more great and rich compartment, on the sides of which sat naked children in their natural colours, with silver wings, in action of sounding golden trumpets, and in this was figured a caduceus with an olive branch, all which are hierogliphics of Peace, Justice, and Law.

A curtain being suddenly drawn up, the Scene was discovered, representing a large street with sumptuous palaces, lodges, porticos, and other noble pieces of architecture, with pleasant trees and grounds; this going far from the eye, opens itself into a spacious place, adorned with public and private buildings seen afar off, representing the forum or piazza of Peace. Over all was a clear sky with transparent clouds, which enlightened all the scene.

The spectators having entertained their eyes awhile with the beauty and variety of this scene, from one of the sides of the streets enters Opinion, &c.

Enter OPINION; CONFIDENCE *meets him; they salute.*

Con. Most grave Opinion!
Op. Confidence, most welcome!
Is Fancy come to court?
Con. Breaking his way
Thorough the guard.

Op. So violent?
Con. With jests
Which they are less able to resist;
He'll crack a halbert with his wit.
Op. A most
Strong Fancy! yet we ha [ve] known a little engine
Break an ingenious head-piece. But your master—
Con. Companion, sir: Fancy will keep no servants,
And Confidence scorns to wait.
Op. Cry mercy, sir;
But is this gentleman, this Signor Fancy,
So rare a thing, so subtle, as men speak him?
Con. He's a great prince of th' air, believe it, sir,
And yet a bird of night.
Op. A bird!
Con. Between
An owl and bat, a quaint hermaphrodite,
Begot of Mercury and Venus, Wit and Love:
He's worth your entertainment.
Op. I am most
Ambitious to see him; he is not
So nimble as I wish him. Where's my wife,
My lady Novelty?

Enter NOVELTY.

Nov. Your wife! you might
Have fram'd a newer word; they can but call
Us so i' th' country.
Op. No exception,
Dear madam Novelty; I must prepare you,
To entertain a gentleman. Where's Admiration,
Our daughter?

Enter ADMIRATION.

Ad. Here, sir. What gay man is this?
Op. Please you honour us, and bring in your friend, sir.
Con. I'll do't; but he prevents me.

Enter FANCY, JOLLITY, *and* LAUGHTER.

Op. Sir, I am ignorant
By what titles to salute you, but you're welcome
To court.
Fan. Save yourself, sir, your name 's Opinion.
Op. And your's Fancy.
Fan. Right.
Jol. Mine Jollity.
Laugh. Mine Laughter; ha, ha, ha!
Nov. Here's a strange shape!
Ad. I never saw the like.
Fan. I come to do you honour with my friends here,
And help the masque.
Op. You'll do a special favour.
Fan. How many antimasques[1] ha[ve] they? of what nature?
For these are fancies that take most; your dull
And phlegmatic inventions are exploded;
Give me a nimble antimasque.
Op. They have none, sir.
Laugh. No antimasque! I'd laugh at that, i'faith.
Jol. What make we here? No jollity!
Fan. No antimasque!
Bid'em down with the scene, and sell[2] the timber,
Send Jupiter to grass, and bid Apollo

[1] *antimasques*] See Gifford's note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol vii. p. 251. D.
[2] *sell*] One of the two earliest 4tos, "fell." D.

Keep cows again; take all their gods and goddesses,
For these must farce up this night's entertainment,
And pray the court may have some mercy on 'em,
They will be jeer'd to death else for their ignorance.
The soul of wit moves here; yet there be some,
If my intelligence fail not, mean to shew
Themselves jeer majors; some tall[3] critics have
Planted artillery and wit murderers.
No antimasque! let 'em look to't.
Op. I have heard, sir;
Confidence made 'em trust, you'd furnish 'em:
I fear they should have made their address earlier
To your invention, but your brain 's nimble.
Pray, for the expectation that's upon 'em,
Lend them some witty fancies, set some engines
In motion, that may conduce to the design.
I am their friend against the crowd that envy' em,
And since they come with pure devotions
To sacrifice their duties to the king
And queen, I wish 'em prosper.
Fan. You have charm'd me:
I'll be their friend to night; I have a fancy
Already.
Laugh. Let it be ridiculous.
Con. And confident.
Jol. And jolly.
Fan. The first antimasque
We will present ourselves in our own persons;
What think you on't? Most grave Opinion,
You shall do well to lead the dance, and give it
Authority with your face; your lady may
Admire what she finds new.
Nov. I shall applaud
The novelties.
Ad. And I admire.

[3] *tall*] i. e. great. D.

Fan. They tumble;
My skull's too narrow.
Laugh. Now his fancies caper.
Fan. Confidence, wait you upon Opinion;
Here Admiration, there Novelty;
This is the[4] place for Jollity and Laughter;
Fancy will dance himself too.

The first Antimasque, the dance expressing the natures of the presenters.

Fan, How like you this device?
Op. 'Tis handsome, but—
Laugh. Opinion will like nothing.
Nov. It seems new.
Con. 'Twas bold.
Jol. 'Twas jocund.
Laugh. Did not I do the fool well?
Ad. Most admirably.
Laugh. Nay, and the ladies do but take
My part, and laugh at me, I am made, ha, ha!
Op. I could wish something, sir, of other nature,
To satisfy the present expectation.
Fan. I imagine; nay, I'm not ignorant of proprieties
And persons; 'tis a time of peace, I'll fit you,
And instantly make you a representation
Of the effects.
Op. Of peace? I like that well.
Fan. And since in nothing they are more express'd
Than in good fellowship, I'll present you with
A tavern.

The scene is changed[5] into a tavern, with a

[4] *the*] One of the two earliest 4tos. "a." D.

[5] *The scene is changed &c.*] One of the two earliest 4tos. has merely "A tavern is discovered in the scene;" the third "The scene a tavern." D.

flaming red lattice, several drinking-rooms, and a back door, but especially, a conceited sign, and an eminent bush.

Nov. A spick and span new tavern!
Ad. Wonderful! here was none within two minutes.
Laugh. No such wonder, lady: taverns are quickly up; it is but hanging out a bush at a nobleman's door, or an alderman's gate, and 'tis made instantly.
Con. Wilt please you, ladies, to accept the wine?
Jol. Well said, Confidence.
Nov. It will be new for ladies
To go to th' tavern; but it may be a fashion.
Follow me, Admiration.
Laugh. And the fool;
I may supply the absence of your fidlers.
Jol. If we can, let's leave Opinion behind us;
Fancy will make him drunk.

[*Exeunt to the tavern, Confidence, Jollity, Laughter, Novelty, and Admiration.*

Another Antimasque of the MASTER *of the tavern, his* WIFE, *and* SERVANTS. *After these a* MAQUERELLE,[6] *two* WENCHES, *two wanton* GAMESTERS. *These having danced and expressed their natures, go into the* TAVERN. *Then enter a* GENTLEMAN, *and four* BEGGARS. *The* GENTLEMAN *first danceth alone; to him the* BEGGARS; *he bestows his charity; the* CRIPPLES, *upon his going off, throw away their legs, and dance.*

Op. I am glad they are off:
Are these effects of peace?
Corruption rather.

[6] *A Maquerelle*] i. e. a bawd.—old Fr. D.

Fan. Oh, the beggars shew
The benefit of peace.
Op. Their very breath
Hath stifled all the candles, poison'd the
Perfumes: beggars a fit presentment! how
They cleave still to my nostril! I must tell you,
I do not like such base and sordid persons,
And they become not here.
Fan. I apprehend,
If these distaste you, I can fit you with
Persons more cleanly;
What think you of projectors?
Op. How, projectors?
Fan. Here's one already.

Enter a JOCKEY.

This is a jockey:
He is to advance a rare and cunning bridle,
Made hollow in the iron part, wherein
A vapour subtly conveyed, shall so
Cool and refresh a horse, he shall ne'er tire;
And now he falls to his pace. [*Jockey dances.*

Enter a COUNTRY-FELLOW.

Op. This other?
Fan. His habit speaks him;
A country fellow, that has sold his acres
To purchase him a flail, which, by the motion
Of a quaint wheel, shall, without help of hands,
Thresh corn all day; and now he lays about him.
[*The country-fellow dances.*

Enter a third PROJECTOR.

This with a face philosophical and beard,
Hath with the study of twenty years found out

A lamp, which plac'd beneath a furnace, shall
Boil beef so thoroughly, that the very steam
Of the first vessel shall alone be able
To make another pot above seethe over.
Op. A most scholastic project! his feet follow
[*The third Projector dances.*
The motions of his brain.

Enter a fourth PROJECTOR.

But what thing's this?
A chimera out of Rabelais?
Fan. A new project,
A case to walk you all day under water;
So vast for the necessity of air,
Which, with an artificial bellows cool'd,[7]
Under each arm is kept still from corruption;
With those glass eyes he sees, and can fetch up
Gold or whatever jewels ha[ve] been lost,
In any river o' the world.
[*The fourth Projector dances.*
Op. Strange water-rat!

Enter a fifth PROJECTOR.

Fan. This grave man, some years past, was a physician,
A Galenist, and parcel Paracelsus;[8]
Thriv'd by diseases, but quite lost his practice,
To study a new way to fatten poultry
With scrapings of a carrot, a great benefit
To th' commonwealth. [*The fifth Projector dances.*
Op. He will deserve a monument.

Enter a sixth PROJECTOR.

Fan. This is a kind of sea gull too, that will
Compose a ship to sail against the winds;

[7] *cool'd*] The two earliest 4tos. "cool." D.
[8] *parcel-Paracelsus*] i. e. partly a follower of Paracelsus. D.

He'll undertake to build a most strong castle
On Goodwin sands, to melt huge rocks to jelly,
And cut 'em out like sweetmeats with his keel;
And thus he sails. [*The sixth Projector dances.*

All the Projectors dance after their antimasque. The MAQUERELLE, WENCHES, GENTLEMEN, *return, as from the tavern; they dance together; the* GALLANTS *are cheated; and left to dance in, with a drunken repentance.*

Op. I know not, sir, how this may satisfy;
But might we be beholding to your fancy
For some more quaint variety, some other
Than human shapes, would happily delight
And reach the expectation; I ha [ve] seen
Dainty devices in this kind, baboons
In quellios,[9] and so forth.
Fan. I can furnish you.
Op. Fancy will much oblige us.
Fan. If these objects
Please not, Fancy can present a change.
What see you now?

The scene becomes a woody LANDSCAPE, *with low grounds proper for hunting, the furthest part more desert, with bushes and bye-ways representing a place fit for pursetaking.*
In the furthest part of the scene is seen an Ivy-bush, out of which comes an OWL.

Op. A wood, a broad-fac'd owl,
An ivy-bush, and other birds about her!
Fan. These can imagination create.
Silence, observe.

[9] *quellios*] i. e. ruffs: Span. cuello. D.

An Owl, *a* Crow, *a* Kite, *a* Jay, *a* Magpie. *The birds dance and wonder at the* Owl. *When these are gone, enter a* Merchant *a' Horseback with his portmanteau; two* Thieves, *set upon him and rob him: these by a* Constable *and* Officers *are apprehended and carried off. Then four* Nymphs *enter dancing, with their javelins; three* Satyrs *spy them and attempt their persons; one of the nymphs escapeth; a noise of hunters and their horns within, as at the fall of a deer; then enter four* Huntsmen *and one* Nymph; *these drive away the* Satyrs, *and having rescued the* Nymphs, *dance with them.*[1]

Op. This all you will present?
Fan. You speak as if
Fancy could be exhaust; invention flows
From an immortal spring; you shall taste other
Variety, nimble as thought. We change the scene.

A Landscape, *the scene; and enter three* Dotterels, *and three* Dotterel-catchers.

Op. What are these?
Fan. Dotterels; be patient, and expect.

After the Dotterels *are caught by several imitations,*[2] *enter a* Windmill, *a fantastic* Knight *and his* Squire *armed. The fantastic adventurer with his lance makes many*[3] *attempts upon*

[1] *dance with them*] The third 4to. makes the Dotterels &c. enter immmediately after these words, omitting the two speeches of Opportunity and Fancy, and not marking the change of scene. D.

[2] *caught by several imitations*] These foolish birds were said to let themselves be taken in the net of the fowler, while they were mimicking his gestures; if he stretched out a leg, so did the dotterel, &c. D.

[3] *many*] not in the two earliest 4tos. D.

the windmill, which his squire imitates: to them[4] *enter a* COUNTRY-GENTLEMAN *and his* SERVANT. *These are assaulted by the* KNIGHT *and his* SQUIRE, *but are sent off lame for their folly. Then enter four* BOWLERS, *who shew much variety of sport in their game and postures, and conclude the* ANTIMASQUE.

Enter CONFIDENCE, JOLLITY, LAUGHTER, NOVELTY, ADMIRATION.

Op. Madam, accuse your absence—
[5]*Nov.* Come, we know
All your devices, sir; but I will have
An antimasque of my own, in a new place too.
Op. Hah, what's the matter?
Confidence, Jollity, Laughter, Admiration,
And madam Novelty, all drunk! these are
Extremes indeed.
Ad. Admirable Opinion!
Con. Be confident:
Laugh. And foolish.
Jol. I am as light now!—
Fan. Let 'em enjoy their fancies.
Op. What new change
Is this? these strains are heavenly.
[*Fancy and the rest go off fearfully.*

The Antimasquers being gone,[6] there appears in the highest and foremost part of the heaven, by

[4] *to them --- their folly*] Instead of this, the third 4to has, "these having exprest their folly and gone off, enter four Bowlers, who shew &c." The two earliest 4tos, mark the entrance of four Bowlers, but omit "who shew ---- the Antimasque." D.

[5] *Nov. Come - - - - place too*] Instead of this, the two earliest 4tos, have merely;

"*Nov.* We know
All your devices, sir." D.

[6] *The Antimasquers being gone*] One of the two earliest 4tos, "the antimasques being past." D.

little and little to break forth, a whitish cloud, bearing a chariot feigned of goldsmith's work; and in it sate Irene, or Peace, in a flowery vesture like the spring, a garland of olives on her head, a branch of palm in her hand, buskins of green taffeta, great puffs about her neck and shoulders.

She sings.

SONG 1.

IR. *Hence, ye profane, far hence away!*
Time hath sick feathers while you stay.
Is this delight
For such a glorious night,
Wherein two skies
Are to be seen,
One starry, but an aged sphere,
Another here,
Created new and brighter from the eyes
Of king and queen?

CHORUS.

Hence, ye profane, far hence away!
Time hath sick feathers while you stay.

SONG 2.

IR. *Wherefore do my sisters stay?*
Appear, appear Eunomia!
'Tis Irene calls to thee,
Irene calls:
Like dew that falls
Into a stream,
I'm lost with them
That know not how to order me.

CHORUS.

See where she shines, oh see
In her celestial gaiety!
Crown'd with a wreath of stars, to shew
The evening's[7] *glory in her brow.*

[7] *evening's*] The two earliest 4tos. " evening. D.

Here, out of the highest part of the opposite side, came softly descending another cloud, of an orient colour, bearing a silver chariot curiously wrought, and differing in all things from the first; in which sate Eunomia or Law, in a purple satin robe, adorned with golden stars, a mantle of carnation laced, and fringed with gold, a coronet of light upon her head, buskins of purple, drawn out with yellow. [8]This chariot attended as the former.

SONG 3.

Eu. *Think not I could absent myself this night;*
But Peace is gentle and doth still invite
Eunomia; yet should'st thou silent be,
The rose and lilly which thou strowest
All the cheerful way thou goest,
Would direct to follow thee.
Ir. *Thou dost beautify increase,*
And chain security with peace.
Eu. *Irene fair, and first divine,*
All my blessings spring from thine.
Ir. *I am but wild without thee, thou abhorrest*
What is rude, or apt to wound,
Canst throw proud trees to the ground,
And make a temple of a forest.
Eu. *No more, no more, but join*
Thy voice, and lute with mine.
Both. *The world shall give prerogative to neither;*
We cannot flourish but together.

CHORUS.

CHO. *Irene enters like a perfum'd spring,*
Eunomia ripens every thing,
And in the golden harvest leaves
To every sickle his own sheaves.

[8] *This - - - - former*] One of the two earliest 4tos, and the third 4to omit these words. D.

At this, a third cloud, of a various colour from the other two, begins to descend toward the middle of the scene with somewhat a more swifter motion; and in it sate a person, representing Diche or Justice, in the midst, in a white robe and mantle of satin, a fair long hair circled with a coronet of silver pikes, white wings and buskins, a crown imperial in her hand.

SONG 4.

Dich. *Swiftly, oh swiftly! I do move too slow,*
What holds my wing from making haste
When every cloud sails by so fast?
I heard my sisters' voice, and know
They have forsaken heaven's bright gate,
To attend another state,
Of gods below.
Irene, chaste Eunomia!
Ir. Eu. *We,*
Diche, have stay'd expecting thee;
Thou giv'st perfection to our glory,
And seal to this night's story;
Astrea, shake the cold dew from thy wing.
Eu. *Descend.*
Ir. *Descend.*
Eu. *Descend, and help us sing*
The triumph of Jove's upper court abated,
And all the deities translated.

CHORUS.

The triumph of Jove's upper court abated,
And all the deities translated.
Eu. *Now gaze, and when thy wonder will allow,*
Tell what thou hast beheld.
Dich. *Never, till now,*
Was poor Astrea blind; oh strange surprise,
That too much sight should take away my eyes!
Am I in earth or heaven?

Ir. *What throne is that,*
On which so many stars do wait?
Dich. *My eyes are blest again, and now I see*
The parents of us three:
'Tis Jove and Themis; forward move,
And sing to Themis, and to Jove.

Then the whole train of Musicians move in a comely figure toward the king and queen, and bowing to their State,[9] this following ode is sung.

Song 5.

To you, great king and queen, whose smile
Doth scatter blessings through this isle,
To make it best
And wonder of the rest,
We pay the duty of our birth;
Proud to wait upon that earth
Whereon you move,
Which shall be nam'd
And by your chaste embraces fam'd,
The paradise of love.
Irene, plant thy olives here;
Thus warm'd,[1] *at once they'll bloom and bear;*
Eunomia, pay thy light;
While Diche, covetous to stay,
Shall throw her silver wings away,
To dwell within your sight.

The Scene is changed, and the Masquers appear sitting on the ascent of a hill, cut out like the degrees of a theatre; and over them a delicious arbour with terms of young men, their arms converted into scrowls, and under their waists a foliage with other carvings to cover the joining of the term from the naked, all feigned of silver; these bore up an

[9] *State*] See note, p. 261.
[1] *warm'd*] One of the two earliest 4tos. " warm." D.

architrave, from which was raised a light covering arched, and interwoven with branches through which the sky beyond was seen.

The Masquers were sixteen in number, the sons of Peace, Law and Justice, who sitting in a gracious but not set form, every part of the seats made a various composition, but all together tending to a pyramidal figure.

Their habits were mixed, between the ancient and modern; their bodies carnation, the shoulders trimmed with knots of pure silver, and scallops of white and carnation, under them the labels of the same, the under sleeves white, and a puffed sleeve full of gathering, falling down to the elbow; about their waist was a small scallop, and a slender girdle; their under bases were carnation and white, with labels as at their shoulders, and all this in every part was richly embroidered with pure silver; their hats carnation low crowned, the brim double, and cut into several quarters lined with white, and all over richly embroidered, as the rest; about their hats were wreaths of olive, and plumes of white feathers, with several falls, the longest toward the back; their long stockings were white, with white shoes and roses.

Beneath these a Genius or angelical person, with wings of several-coloured feathers, a carnation robe tucked up, yellow, long hair, bound with a silver coronet, a small white rod in his hand, white buskins; who descended[2] to the stage speaketh.

Gen. No foreign persons I make known,
But here present you with your own,
The children of your reign, not blood;
Of age, when they are understood,
Not seen by faction or owl's sight,
Whose trouble is the clearest light,

[2] *descended*] One of the two earliest 4tos. "descending." D.

But treasures to their eye, and ear,
That love good for itself, not fear.
Oh, smile on what yourselves have made!
These have no form, no sun, no shade,
But what your virtue doth create;
Exalted by your glorious fate,
They'll tower to heaven, next which, they know,
And wish no blessedness but you.
That very look into each eye [*The masquers move.*
Hath shot a soul, I saw it fly.
Descend, move nimbly, and advance,
Your joyful tribute in a dance.

Here, with loud music, the Masquers descend and dance their entry to the violins; which ended, they retire to the scene, and then the Hours and Chori again move toward the State and sing.

SONG 6.

They that were never happy Hours
Till now, return to thank the powers
That made them so.
The Island doth rejoice,
And all her waves are echo to our voice,
Which, in no ages past, hath known
Such treasures of her own.
Live, royal pair, and when your sands are spent
With heaven's and your consent,
Though late, from your high bowers,
Look down on what was yours;
For, till old Time his glass hath hurl'd,
And lost it in the ashes of the world,
We prophesy, you shall be read and seen,
In every branch, a king or queen.

The song ended, and the Musicians returned, the Masquers dance their main dance; after which they again retire to the scene; at which they no sooner arrive, but there is heard a great noise, and

confusion of voices within, some crying, *they will come in,* others *knock'em down, call the rest of the guard;* then a crack is heard in the works, as if there were some danger by some piece of the machines falling; this continued a little time, there rush in a CARPENTER, a PAINTER, one of the BLACK GUARD,[3] a TAILOR, the TAILOR'S WIFE, an EMBROIDERER'S WIFE, a FEATHER MAKER'S WIFE, and a PROPERTY MAN'S WIFE.

Carp. D'ye think to keep us out?

1 *Guard.* Knock her down.

Tai. Knock down my wife! I'd see the tallest beefeater on you all but hold up his halberd in the way of knocking my wife down, and I'll bring him a button hole lower.

Tai. Wife. Nay, let'em, let'em husband, at their peril.

2 *Guard.* Complain to my lord chamberlain.

Property m. Wife. My husband is somewhere in the works; I'm sure I helped to make him an owl and a hobby horse, and I see no reason but his wife may be admitted in *forma paperis*,[4] to see as good a masque as this.

Bl. guard. I never saw one afore: I am one of the guard, though of another complexion, and I will see't, now I am here, though I be turned out of the kitchen tomorrow for't.

Paint. Ay, come, be resolute; we know the

[3] *the Black guard,*] i. e. the meanest drudges in royal residences, who carried coals, &c. see Gifford's note in Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 169.

[4] *forma paperis*] Before the present masque was written, dramatists had worn almost threadbare the pleasantry of making their characters mispronounce this unfortunate term: one example of which, among several I could quote, will suffice: "to their faces theile cog worse and be more suppliant then Clyents that sue in *forma paper.*" Decker and Webster's *Westward Ho*, 1607, Sig. B 4. D.

worst, and let us challenge a privilege; those stairs were of my painting.

Carp. And that timber I set up; somebody is my witness.

Feath. m. Wife. I am sure my husband sold'em most of the feathers; somebody promised me a fall too, if I came to court, but let that pass.

Emb. Wife. And mine embroidered two of the best habits: what though we be no ladies, we are christians in these clothes, and the king's subjects, god bless us.

Tai. Nay, now I am in, I will see a dance, though my shop windows be shut up for't. Tell us?—hum? d'ye hear? do not they laugh at us? what were we best to do? The Masquers will do no feats as long as we are here: be ruled by me, hark every one; 'tis our best course to dance a figary ourselves, and then they'll think it a piece of the plot, and we may go off again with the more credit; we may else kiss the porter's lodge[5] for't; let's put a trick upon'em in revenge, 'twill seem a new device too.

Om. Content.

Tai. And the musicians knew but our mind now!

[*The violins play.*

Hark, they are at it; now for a lively frisk.

[*They dance.*

Now, let us go off cleanly, and somebody will think this was meant for an antimasque.

They being gone, the Masquers are encouraged by a song, to their revels with the ladies.

Song 7.

Why do you dwell so long in clouds,
And smother your best graces?
'Tis time to cast away those shrouds,
And clear your manly faces.

[5] *the porter's lodge*] See note vol. ii. p. 49. D.

Do not behave yourselves like spies
Upon the ladies here;
On even terms go meet their eyes,
Beauty and love shine there.
You tread dull measures thus alone,
Not satisfy delight;
Go kiss their hands, and make your own
With every touch more white.

The Revels being passed, the scene is changed into a plain champaign country, which terminates with the horizon, and above a darkish sky, with dusky clouds, through which appeared the new moon, but with a faint light by the approach of the morning; from the furthest part of this ground, arose by little and little a great vapour, which being come about the middle of the scene, it slackens its motion, and begins to fall downward to the earth from whence it came; and out of this rose another cloud of a strange shape and colour, on which sate a young maid, with a dim torch in her hand; her face was an olive colour, so was her arms and breast, on her head a curious dressing, and about her neck a string of great pearl; her garment was transparent, the ground dark blue, and sprinkled with silver spangles, her buskins white, trimmed with gold; by these marks she was known to be the forerunner of the morning, called by the ancients Amphiluche, and is that glimpse of light, which is seen when the night is past, and the day not yet appearing.

SONG 8.

Amph. *In envy to the Night,*
That keeps such revels here,
With my unwelcome light,
Thus I invade her sphere:

Proclaiming wars
To Cynthia, and all her stars,
That, like proud spangles, dress
Her azure tress.
Because I cannot be a guest, I rise
To shame the Moon, and put out all[6] *her eyes.*

Amphiluche ascending, the Masquers are called from their revels by other voices.

SONG 9.

1 *Come away, away, away,*
See the dawning of the day,
Risen from the murmuring streams;
Some stars shew with sickly beams,
What stock of flame they are allow'd,
Each retiring to a cloud;
Bid your active sports adieu,
The morning else will blush for you.
2 *Ye feather-footed Hours run*
To dress the chariot of the Sun;
Harness the steeds, it quickly will
Be time to mount the eastern hill.
3 *The lights grow pale with modest fears,*
Lest you offend their[7] *sacred ears,*
And eyes, that lent you all this grace;
Retire, retire, to your own place.
4 *And as you move from that blest pair,*
Let each heart kneel, and think a prayer,
That all, that can make up the glory
Of good and great may fill their story.

Amphiluche hidden in the heavens, and the Masquers retired, the scene closeth.

And thus concluded this Masque, which was, for

[6] *all*] The two earliest 4tos. " both." D.
[7] *their*] One of the two earliest 4tos. " those." D.

the variety of the shows, and richness of the habits, the most magnificent that hath been brought to court in our time.

The scene and ornament, was the act of Inigo Jones Esquire, Surveyor of his Majesty's works.

The composition of the music, was performed by Mr. William Lawes, and Mr. Simon Ives, whose art gave an harmonious soul to the otherwise languishing numbers.

A Speech to the King and Queen's Majesties, when they were pleased to honour the city with their presence, and gave a gracious command, the former Triumph should attend them.

Genius. Most great and glorious princes, once more, I
Present to your most sacred Majesty
The sons of Peace, who tender you, by me,
Their joy-exalted heart, and humble knee;
Happy in their ambition to wait,
And pay this second duty to your state,
Acknowledging no triumph but in you:
The honour you have done them is so new,
And active in their souls, that it must grow
A part of them, and be immortal too.
These wonders you create, and every man
Receives as much joy as the island can;
Which shews you nearest heaven, that can let fall
Unequal, yet a perfect bliss to all.
Dwell still within yourselves, for other place
Is straight, and cannot circumscribe your grace,
Whilst men grow old with prayers for your blest reign,
Yet with your smiles shall be restor'd again.

A CONTENTION

FOR

HONOUR AND RICHES.

A Contention &c.] "I know not what to call this," says Langbaine, "whether Interlude, or Entertainment; but I think I may call it *A Useful Moral.*" The title of the old copy is *A Contention for Honour and Riches. By J. S.—ubi quid datur oti, illudo chartis.*—1633, 4to. Shirley made this piece the foundation of his *Honoria and Mammon*, given in a former part of the present volume: see his address "To the Candid Reader," prefixed to that drama. D.

TO THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND HIS HONOURED FRIEND,

EDWARD GOLDING, OF COLSTON,

IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, ESQ.

WHERE there is a will to be grateful, the acknowledgement supplies the defect of action, reddit enim beneficium qui libenter debet. *Although this hold no force in the common and municipal laws, where men do no benefit before they account to receive; it is allowed a canon in morality, where many good deeds are to be lost that we may place one well. No man can die in debt that hath an honest remembrance of his obligation, since death is to be reckoned from the first day of our ingratitude. In this confidence I appear, and being neither guilty of desert or power to reward, I must present the memory of your own act and virtue to pay yourself.*

That which waiteth upon my thanks, is this handful of paper imaginations, though below your study, not beneath your virtue to accept and smile upon: they were meant for innocent mirth; and can be no prejudice, if they only serve to set off your nobler contemplations. Read when you will dispense with half an hour, and continue your favour to him, whose ambition is, to write himself

Your Servant

JAMES SHIRLEY.

SPEAKERS.

Ingenuity, *a scholar.*
Courtier.
Soldier.
Clod, *a countryman.*
Gettings, *a citizen.*

Lady Honour.
Lady Riches.

MUTES.

Honesty.
No-Pay.
Long-Vacation.
Foul weather-in-harvest.

A CONTENTION

FOR

HONOUR AND RICHES.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the house of Riches.

Enter RICHES *and* INGENUITY.

Ing. My lady desires to speak with you.
Rich. Your lady! who's your lady?
Ing. The lady Honour.
Rich. Let Honour come to Riches; it will not
Disparage her, my friend.
Ing. She is not well.
Rich. Honour is seldom sound: what ails her ladyship?
Ing. She had a fall lately.
Rich. A fall!
Ing. And sprain'd her foot.
Rich. Teach her to climb; she's so ambitious.
Ing. Please you to do her the favour, she will wait
Upon your ladyship another time.
Rich. I cannot come.
Ing. Good madam!
Rich. I ha[ve] the gout.
Ing. You may command a coach.

Rich. Riches, I know,
May command any thing; but I do not use
To come to every one desires my company:
Beside, my servants are abroad, and it
Becomes me not to go so unattended.
Ing. I shall be fortunate, if you accept
My service.
Rich. Is that state enough for me?
Although it be in fashion with your lord
To amble with his footmen and [his] page,
I use to have more followers.
Ing. Great ladies
Have no such train, many are held superfluous:
The gentleman-usher now a days is thought
Sufficient for a countess, nay, for two,
Take him by turns; and yet he may be courteous
To the waiting gentlewoman.
Rich. You assume, methinks,
Much liberty in talking: what's your name?
Ing. They which know me, call me Ingenuity.
Rich. Ingenuity! out upon thee! I suspect
You are a scholar.
Ing. I have studied arts.
Rich. Defend me from his witchcraft! Had thy mistress
None but a scholar to employ upon
Her complements to me? one whose profession
I hate, whose memory is my disease,
And conversation, death? How rank he smells
Of Aristotle, and the musty tribe
Of worm-eaten philosophers! Get from me!
I will endure the bears and their provision,
Lie in an hospital of[1] French footmen, feed
With prisoners, or be rack'd at Westminster,
Nay die, and make poor orphans my executors
Ere be confin'd to hear thy learned nonsense.
Ing. Why should you be such enemy to scholars?

[1] *of*] The old copy "or." D.

They waste Minerva's precious dew, their sweat,
To gain your favour, and would think themselves
Blest, when your golden beams but shine upon 'em.
Rich. 'Tis not your flattery can win upon me.
Go, and declaim against me, good Diogenes,
Admire a virtuous poverty and nakedness,
Call Fortune whore, and write whole volumes in
The praise of hunger and your lousy wardrobe;
Yes, teach the world, Riches is grown a monster,
And that she dotes on ignorance. These are
Your vulgar doctrines; and, I pray, pursue 'em,
My most immortal beggar, and get fame
With some twice-sodden pamphlet, till you make
Submission to my fool, in hope of the
Reversion of his groom's bare livery:
Your theses and your syllogisms will
No doubt convert the beadle and the dog-whip.
Ing. Be pleas'd to hear me speak.
Rich. What impudence
Does this appear, you should desire that favour!
Have I not given testimony to the world
Sufficiently, I do not love a scholar?
Ing. Endure me, for my mistress, lady Honour.
Rich. I wonder what she meant, to entertain thee:
Away, dispute no further; if you move me
To more impatience, Riches will find ways
To curb your insolence. 'Tis not your pretence
To Honour's service, can protect you from
My anger: I have kindred and acquaintance
Shall with their breath blow thee beyond the sea;
Or if I should be merciful and let thee
Enjoy thy country, never hope to arrive at
Above a pension, that will find you woollen,
A pedant, or a vicarage preferment,
Gelded sufficiently by the improper parson,
Is all your wit must hope for; and take heed
That you be modest then; no coat nor cassock

Can charm you; if I offer to complain,
I shall put your divinity to silence.
Ing. I despise
Thy womanish threats, and shall account myself
Happy without thy favour. O Philosophy,
Assist thy poor admirer, and infuse
A noble fortitude to scorn her malice!
I have no thought, but has a triumph o'er
Thy base conspiracy. Welcome, my dear books,
And contemplation, that shall feed my soul
To immortality! Let puppets doat
Upon thy gifts, and sell their privilege
For gaudy clothes and Epicurean surfeits,
Lust, and a catalogue of rich men's sins,
That shall, like plummets, hang upon their heart,
When wings are most requir'd. Keep thy resolve,
And be an enemy to learning still,
That, when we find a scholar by thee favour'd,
We may suspect him counterfeit and a dunce.
Honour will be my mistress, whose least smile
I value above all thy pride or treasures;
And she will scorn thee too. Farewell, gay madam,
A painted tomb, though glorious to the eye;
Corruption dwells within thee. [*Exit.*
Rich. Foul-mouth['d] satyr!
But 'tis some punishment to let him waste
His spirits with his railing. Let him fret,
It may consume him without more diseases;
Let him die any way; men of his quality
Are living but unprofitable burdens
To th'earth, as they were born to consume fruits,[2]
And talk of needless sciences.—Who are these?
My ancient suitors, Clod, the countryman,
And Gettings, the rich citizen.

[2] *born to consume fruits*] From Horace, *Epist.* ii. 27, lib. i. "fruges consumere nati," D.

Enter CLOD, *and* GETTINGS.

Get. She's here.
Good morrow to the star of my delight,
Whose beams more glorious do eclipse the sun,
And cast a richer warmth about the world.
Rich. How? turn'd poet!
Get. Fear me not, lady;
I'm none of those were born to't: I had rather
Be a Jew, than christen'd in Parnassus' [3]pump;
I have nothing but the knuckles and the rumps
Of poetry.
Rich. Take heed in time lest you become infected
With wit. I do not love poetic fancies,
Nor any thing that trenches on the Muses;
They were baggages, and Phœbus, their protector,
Deserv'd the whipping-post.
Get. I have read, he was
A common piper, and those Nine were gipsies,
That liv'd by cheating palmistry.
Rich. I like it,
When you do rail at learning. I allow you
To read a ballad, and ridiculous pamphlets,
Writ on the strength of beer or some dull liquor;
But if you smell profane sack in a poem,
Come not within a league of understanding,
As you respect my favour.
Get. I am instructed.
Rich. But why does Clod stand all this while so mute?
Clod. Either I am John-a-Noakes, or I am not John-a-Noakes.
Rich. He's dreaming of his horses.
Clod. Gee! sweet lady, I am all-to-be-mired in your beauty, the horses of my imagination are foundered in the highway of your perfections, for I am deep in love with your ladyship. Though I

[3] *pump*] The old copy "Pompe." D.

do not wear such fine clothes as master Gettings here, and [am] so much out of fashion,—for if I commend my doublet I must speak fustian,—yet my heart is cut and slashed, and I defy any man that has a better stomach to you in the way of matrimony.

Get. No comparison[s], master Clod.

Clod. Let him be odious, that names comparison[s]; for my part, I scorn'em all and the degrees.

Get. You're very positive.

Clod. Dost thou positive me? and my mistress were not here, thou shouldest find Clod is made of another guess mould than to endure thy affronts.

Rich. And you quarrel, I am gone.

Get. Nay, nay, sweet lady, we shall be friends again.

Rich. I hope it wo' not stretch to a duel. [*Exit.*

Get. Duel! you wo' not provoke me, Clod, will you? if you do, Clod—

Clod. I will provoke any man living in the way of love.

Get. How?

Clod. He that shall go a wooing to my mistress, I will provoke him, and he were my father.

Get. You're a dirty fellow, Clod, and if I had met thee that year I was scavenger, I would have had thee carted.

Clod. Me carted! cart thy bawds, there be enow within the walls. Dost tell me of a scavenger? a fart for thy office! I am a better man in the country than the constable himself, and do tell thee to thy face, though I am plain Clod, I care not a beanstalk for the best *What lack you* on you all,—no not the next day after Simon and Jude, when you go a feasting[4] to Westminster with your galley-foist and your pot guns, to the very terror of the paper-whales; when you land in shoals, and make

[4] *when you go a feasting, &c.*] See note p. 10, of this vol. D.

the understanders in Cheapside wonder to see ships swim upon men's shoulders; when the fencers flourish and make the king's liege people fall down and worship the devil and saint Dunstan; when your whifflers are hanged in chains, and Hercules' club spits fire about the pageants, though the poor children catch cold, that shew like painted cloth, and are only kept alive with sugar plums; with whom, when the word is given, you march to Guildhall, with every man his spoon in his pocket, where you look upon the giants, and feed like Saracens, till you have no stomach to Paul's in the afternoon. I have seen your processions, and heard your lions and camels make speeches, instead of grace before and after dinner: I have heard songs too, or something like'em; but the porters have had the burden, who were kept sober at the city charge, two days before, to keep time and tune with their feet; for brag what you will of your charge, all your pomp lies upon their back.

Get. So, so.

Clod. Must this day's pride so blow you up, that a countryman's tale may not be heard?

Get. That day's pride!

Clod. Or what is't make[s] you gambol so?

Get. Why, anger has made you witty, countryman.

Clod. Thou liest, and I am none of thy countryman; I was born out of the sound of your pancake bell. I cannot abide to see a proud fellow. And it were not for us in the country, you would have but a lean city; we maintain your charter, and your chamber too. You would ha[ve] but ill markets, and we should forswear to furnish'em: where were your hides, horns, and plenty of other provision? Your wives could not do as they do, with your short yard and your false light, and the country should not come in upon them. Come, you cannot live without

us: you may be called a body politick, but the country is the soul; and therefore subscribe, and give way to me.

Get. The high way, but not the wall, in London. Do you know where you are, and what you have talked all this while? an informer would squeeze your trunk-hose for this, and teach you to know your terms and your attornies.

Clod. I'll have as good law for my money, as the best on you: I know what belongs to't; I have almost broke the parson of the parish already about his tithe-eggs.

Get. Why, thou lump of ignorance, leather, and husbandry, ill-compounded! thou, that hast been so long a dunghill till the weeds have overgrown thee, and afar off hast cozened a horse! thou, that dost whistle out thy prayers, and wo' not change thy dirty soil for so many acres in paradise, nor leave thy share of the plough for saint Peter's patrimony! thou, that were begot upon a hay-mow, bred in thy father's stable and out-dunged his cattle! thou, that at one and twenty wert only able to write a sheep's mark in tar, and read thy own capital letter, like a gallows, upon a cow's buttock! you that allow no scripture canonical, but an almanack, which makes you weatherwise, and puts you in hope of a dear year! let the country starve, and the poor grind provender, so the market rise, let your soul fall to the devil among the corn-cutters;—I am ashamed to hold discourse any longer with thee; only one word. I would advise you to let your action of love fall, and be content to marry with Malkin in the country, (—she can churn[5] well, and humble herself behind a hedge—) for this lady is no lettuce for your lips. Go, go, meddle with your jades, and exercise a whip among your bread and cheese-eaters.

[5] *churn*] The old copy "churme." D.

Clod. Sirrah cit, I do challenge thee.

Get. What weapon?

Clod. The next cutler shall furnish us both. If thou hast any mettle, let us try, before we part, who is the better man.

Get. If thou hast any ambition to be beaten to dust, Clod, thank yourself.

Clod. I will slash thy skin like a summer doublet: come thy ways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of Honour.

Enter Courtier *and* Soldier, *courting* HONOUR, *and* INGENUITY.

Court. Look this way, lady, and in me behold
Your truest servant.

Sold. 'Tis but airy courtship
That he professes: look upon me, lady,
That can be active in your service.

Ing. 'Tis
The Courtier and the Soldier, pleading their
Affection to my mistress, lady Honour;
I wo' not interrupt them yet: I cannot
Find by her countenance that she inclines to either.

Court. Bless me but with one smile: if you did know
With what devotion my soul looks on you,
How next to my religion I have plac'd,
If not above it, your bright excellence,
How long since I first vow'd myself your captive,
That eye would deign some influence.

Sold. I have
No stock of soft and melting words to charm you;
Such silken language we are strangers to;
We are us'd to other dialect, and imitate

The drum [or] bold artillery: can you love me?
When I have march'd upon the dreadful cannon,
My heart was fix'd on Honour, nor could death,
In all her shapes of horrour, tempt one thought
To base retire. When no voice could be heard
But thunder, and no object seen but lightning,
Which seem'd to have been struck from the first chaos
So great a darkness had eclips'd the sun;
Yet then I thought on Honour, and look'd in
Their lives that sunk about me; every body
I trod upon (for now the dead had buried
The earth) gave me addition to heaven,
Where, in my imagination, I saw
Thee charioted, and dropping down a garland.

Hon. No more; these are but complements of war;
Perhaps some studied speech; I love your quality,
But am not [6]caught with these hyperboles.
Honour's not won with words; true valour needs
No paint of ostentation; the wound
That has the greatest orifice includes not
The greatest danger.

Ing. She has quash'd his culverin,
And now he's swearing out some prayers.

Court. She's mine.—
Thus look'd the Moon, when with her virgin fires,
She went in progress to the mountain Latmos,
To visit her Endymion: yet, I injure
Your beauty, to compare it to her orb
Of silver light; the Sun, from which she borrows,
That makes her up the nightly lamp of heaven,
Has in his stock of beams not half your lustre.
Enrich the earth still with your sacred presence;
Upon each object throw a glorious star,
Created by your sight, that when the learn'd
Astronomer comes forth to examine heaven,
He may find two, and be himself divided

[6] *caught*] The old copy "taught." D.

Which he should first contemplate.
Hon. You both love me.
Court. But I the best.
Sold. How, sir, the best?
Court. E'er since I knew the court,
I had no other study but to advance
Myself to Honour; all my suits have been
Directed to this one, that Honour would
Fix me among those other constellations
That shine about the king. 'Tis in thy love
To plant a coronet here; and then I dare
Justle the proudest hero, and be inscrib'd
A demi-god; frown dead the humble[st] mortal[s],
And with my breath call back their souls again.
What cannot Honour do?
Hon. Not that you boast:
True Honour makes not proud, nor takes delight
I' th' ruin of poor virtue.
Sold. Sir, you said
You lov'd her best.
Court. And will maintain it.
Sold. You cannot, dare not.
Court. Dare not!
Hon. So peremptory! Honour may in time
Find ways to tame the insolent Lady Riches;
But leave her to her pride.
Ing. The Courtier and
The Soldier look as they would quarrel.
Hon. Let 'em.
You see how they pursue me still, but Honour
Is not so easily obtain'd.
Ing. They are
Gay creatures, and conspicuous in the world.
Hon. But no such miracles.—Gentlemen, you promise
Some spirit in you; there's no way to make
Me confident of your worth, but by your action.
In brief, if you be ambitious of Honour,

You must fight for me, and as fame shall give me
Your character, I shall distinguish you,
And cherish worth: meantime, I take my leave.—
Come, Ingenuity, you and I must have
Some private conference; I dare trust your bosom
With something of more weight.
Ing. I am then happy,
When you command me service.
Hon. And I keep
A register of all, and, though delay'd,
Forget not the reward. [*Exit with Ingenuity.*
Sold. Hark, Master Cringe,
How d'ye like her sentence? if you mean
To have Honour, you must fight for't; not oil'd speeches,
Nor crinkling in the hams will carry her;
You have worn a sword thus long, to shew the hilt,
Now let the blade appear.
Court. Good Captain Voice,
It shall, and teach you manners; I have yet
No ague, I can look upon your buff,
And punto beard, and call for no strong waters.
I am no tavern-gull, that wants protection,
Whom you with oaths do use to mortify,
And swear into the payments of all reckonings;
Upon whose credit you wear belt and feather,
Top and top gallant, and can make him seal
At midnight to your tailor. Go invite
Young gentlemen to dinner, and then pawn 'em;
Or valiantly with some of your own file
Conspire a sconce, or to a bawdy-house
March with your regiment, and kick the leverets,
Make cullice o'the bawds, yet be made friends
Before the constable be sent for, and
Run to the ticket for the pox: these services,
I do presume, you are acquainted with.
Sold. Musk-cat!

Court. Or wert thou what thou seem'st, a soldier,—
For so much good I wish thee for my honour,
When I have kill'd thee—
Sold. Sirrah civet-box!
Court. Let me ask
Your soldiership but one cold question:
If Lady Honour, whom you have presum'd
Without good manners to affect, should possibly
Descend to marry thee, prithee, what jointure
Could'st thou make her?
Sold. Jointure!
Court. I'll admit, for
Argument's sake, thou art a soldier. Perhaps,
You will give her a catalogue of towns,
Of leaguers, the names of bridges broken down,—
Your nose in time may make another;—you will tell her
Of onslaughts, bulwarks, barricado [s], forts,
Of cannon, culverin, sakers, and a rabble
Of your artillery, which you have conn'd by heart,
A roll of captains' names; perhaps you have
In ready wounds some twenty, I'll admit it,
And in diseases can assure her forty.
This wo'not do, she cannot eat a snapsack,
Nor carry baggage, lie in your foul hut,
And roast your pullen, for whose precious theft
You and the gibbet fear to be acquainted.
If you return into your wholesome country,
Upon your honourable wooden legs,
The houses of correction are no palaces,
And passes must be had, or else the beadles
Will not be satisfied; the treasurer's name,
And twelve pence for your service i' th' Low Countries,
And spending of your blood for doughty Dutchmen,
That would have hang'd you there, but in their charity

You were reserv'd for beggary at home,
Is no inheritance, I take it, sir.
Sold. Have you done yet?
Court. I have not much more to say.
Sold. It does appear by all this prattle then,
You do not know me, and have ta'en too much
On trust to talk of Soldier, a name
Thou'st not deserv'd to mention. Because
Some fellows here have bragg'd, and perhaps beaten
You, and some other of your sattin tribe,
Into belief that they have seen the wars,
That perhaps muster'd at Mile-end or Finsbury,
Must the true sons of courage
Be thus dishonour'd, and their character
Defac'd by such prodigious breath? must we,
We that for Honour and your safeties suffer
What in the repetition would fright
Your pale souls from you, when perhaps you foot
A jig at home, and revel with your lady,
Be thus rewarded? Happy they that died
Their country['s] sacrifice, to prevent the shame
Of living with such popular drones! But I
Should wrong our glorious profession,
By any arguments to make thee sensible
Of what we are: it shall suffice to publish
What is not now in ignorant supposition,
But truth, of your gay quality and virtues,
You are a Courtier.
Court. Very good.
Sold. Not so,
If such there be, I talk not to them now;
But to thee, Phantasm, of whom men do doubt
Whether thou hast a soul; thou that dost think it
The better and more grateful part of thy
Religion, to wear good clothes, and suffer
More pains at buttoning of thy gaudy doublet

Than thou durst take for Heaven. Thou hast divided
Thy flattery into several articles,
And hast so often call'd your great men Gods,[7]
That 'tis become thy creed, and thou dost now
Believe no other. Thou[8] wo't take a bribe
To undo a nation, and sell thy countrymen
To as many persecutions as the devil.
Thou art beholding to thy pride; it has
Made thee thy own self-lover, for without it,
None else affecting thee, I do not[9] see
What else could keep thee from despair and drowning.
Thy wantonness has made thy body poor,
But not in shew, for though thy back have paid for't,
It wears rich trappings: art may help your legs,
But cannot cure your dancing; that and pepper
Avoid with like discretion, one betrays you
At dinner, and the other between meals.
Go purchase lands, and a fair house, which must
When thou liv'st in it be an hospital,
And owe no other body for diseases.
Court. Pray, come and take a chamber.
Sold. Thou hast ignorance
And impudence enough for twenty alchemists.
Court. I'll hear no more.
Sold. A little, I'll intreat you;
You shall be beaten afterward, ne'er fear it.
Court. Dar'st thou blaspheme the court?
Sold. I honour it,
And all the noble ornaments of state,
That, like pomegranates in old Aaron's coat,
Adorn the prince that wears 'em; but such Courtiers,
That cozen us, like glow-worms, in the night,

[7] *Gods*] The old copy "goods." D.

[8] *Thou*] There is but one edition of this piece, yet the old copies vary here, and in another passage; some have "then." D.

[9] *not*] The old copy "now." D.

Or rotten wood, I hate, and in their number
For this time be content I list your worship.
Court. How do you know what I am, or what title
Perhaps I wear?
Sold. I know thee by the wrong
To Soldiers.
Court. I speak of such as thou art,[1] and I dare
Maintain, and write as much in thy own blood.—

Enter HONESTY.

Dost thou not see? Honesty!
Sold. Honesty! what hast thou to do with Honesty?
Court. I never could endure her; she appears
More terrible than a ghost; I ha[ve] no stomach
To fight, my blood is frozen in my veins;
She is a thousand punishments at once.
Now would I give my office to be at peace
With mine own conscience. Hah! she does pursue me!
Sold. These are idle imaginations: collect
Yourself, good Courtier, and remember what
We are to do, or I shall—Hah!

Enter NO-PAY.

Court. What's the matter? more terror!
Sold. I am cold too.
Court. Another apparition!
Sold. You may know him by a jaw fall'n, 'tis No-Pay;
And what a comfort No-Pay's to a Soldier,
I appeal to a council of war; the devil is not
So full of horror. No-Pay! I'll not fight
A stroke, though I were sure to clear the empire.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *art*] The old copy "wert." D.

SCENE III.

A retired spot, near the Houses of Honour and Riches.

Enter GETTINGS *and* CLOD, *armed.*

Get. Our weapons' length is[2] even, but you'll find
There is such odds betwixt us, nought but death
Can reconcile our difference.

Clod. Deny your major,—I think I heard a scholar use that word against Bellarmine. Ay, I'll stand to't; for if nought but death can reconcile our difference, we must be both killed; so[3] prepare thyself: I hope to send thee to heaven, and be far enough off ere sunset: if thou hast made thy will, let them prove it when thou art dead, and bury thee accordingly: thy wife will have cause to thank me; it will be a good hearing to the poor of the parish, happy man be[4] his dole; besides, the Blue-coats can but comfort thy kindred with singing and rejoicing at thy funeral. Come on thy ways.

Get. You're very round, Clod. I do not think you have practised fencing of late: this is a weapon you are not used to; a pitch-fork were more convenient for you to manage.

Clod. A pitch-fork! thou shalt know thy destiny by this, though it have but one point; I know where thy heart lies; I desire no more, and less would satisfy me. Unless thou wilt eat thy words, and confess thou hast wronged me, out it shall: I have a stomach to cut thee up, and my sword has a pretty edge of itself, and my greatest grief is, that I owe thee nothing, to discharge all together, but 'tis no matter, I can but kill thee.

[2] *is*] The old copy "are." D.
[3] *so*] The old copy "no." D.
[4] *be*] The old copy "by" D.

Get. You cannot, sure: for ought I see in your countenance, you are not long-lived yourself, you have but a tallow complexion. Do you know what ground you stand upon, Clod?

Clod. Ground!

Get. You may tread upon your grave now, for all this blustering.

Clod. Thou liest, there's more to provoke thee. No, I came not hither to die, and I wo'not be buried at any man's discretion: my father was buried i'the country, and my grandfather, and his father before him; and if I live, I'll be buried there myself. But what do we lose time? Look to thy head, for I will make an even reckoning with thy shoulders presently.

Enter FOUL-WEATHER-IN-HARVEST.

Hah! hold; alas, I wo'not fight! I ha' no heart to lift up a weapon.

Get. You were fire and tow but e'en now.

Clod. But here's water. Dost not see? I shall be undone.

Get. Who is this?

Clod. Why, 'tis Foul-weather-in-Harvest: all spoiled! I wo'not have thy heart now, and thou wouldest gie't me.

Get. 'Tis well something will cool you after so much thunder; but it wo'not quench the fire of my anger. I do not use to put up these things, when I am drawn to't: your Foul-Weather is nothing to the business in hand, therefore submit thy neck to my execution, or—

Clod. Kill me, I'll forgive thee; I shall have no harvest to year.

Get. And thou hadst as many heads as Hydra—

Enter LONG-VACATION.

Hah! I'll not hurt a hair; I am frighted:[5] this is my heart! You had not so wet, but we are like to have as dry a time on't: I stood upon terms before: this is Long-Vacation.

Clod. Long-Vacation!

Get. I dreamed of a dry summer: he will consume me; it will be a thousand years till Michaelmas. Prithee, let's be friends; for my part, I have no hope of Riches.

Clod. And I but little, and this weather hold.

Enter RICHES.

Here she comes.

Rich. Where be these friends of mine? Alas, what mean you?
I am faint with seeking you, to stay your fury;
For I was told your bloody resolutions.
You should be a man of government; are these
The ensigns of the city? will you give,
Without the herald, in your arms a sword
To the old city-dagger? you wear a gown,
Emblem of peace; will you defile your gravity
With basket-hilt and bilbo? And you, bold yeoman,
That, like a rick of hay, hath stood the shock
Of winter, and grew white with snow of age,
Is this an instrument for you? But I
Am confident that you will say, 'tis love
Of me hath brought you to the field; and therefore
To prevent future mischief, I determine
Here to declare myself. But first conjoin
Your loving hands, and vow a constant friendship;
Then one of you I'll choose [to be] my husband.

[5] *frighted*] Some of the old copies (see note, p. 305.) "frigated." The passage seems corrupt: perhaps for "heart," we should read "hurt." D.

Get. By our seven gates, that do let in
Every day no little sin;
By the sword which we advance,
And the cap of maintenance;
By the shrive's post, and the hall
Y-cleped Guild, and London wall;
By our Royal Change which yields
Gentle ware, and by Moor-fields;
By our thrice-burnt famous steeple,[6]
That doth overlook the people;
Cheapside-cross, and loud Bow-bell,
And by all that wish it well;
I am friends with him till he dies,
And love him like my liberties:
So help me Riches, what I speak,
The citizen will never break.

Rich. What say you?

Clod. By my cart, and by my plough,
My dun mare, and best red cow;
By my barn, and fattest wether,
My grounds, and all my state together;
In thy love I overtake thee,
Else my whistling quite forsake me,
And let me ever lie, which worse is,
At rack and manger with the horses.

Rich. Then, master Clod—

Clod. Hah, hah! with all my heart: am I the man?

Rich. The man! I must entreat you[7] have some patience.
I do imagine you affect me dearly,
And would make much of Riches.

Clod. There's no lady that shall outshine my

[6] *Our thrice burnt famous steeple*] In 1087 a fire consumed St. Paul's and the greater part of the city: in 1444 the steeple of St. Paul's was much injured, and in 1561, utterly destroyed by lightning. D.

[7] *you*] The old copy "to." D.

darling. 'Tis no matter though I be in russet all the week; Riches shall live like a lady, have perfumed linen, costly gowns, and petticoats worth taking up, and, as the fashion is, I will put thee into a bag.

Rich. This wo'not, sir, agree with your condition,
To keep me brave; the country cut must be
Observ'd.

Clod. Hang country cuts! do but marry me—

Rich. But this is not my exception, there is more
That interdicts our marriage; for though you
Are willing to conceal it, master Clod,
Yet you and I are kindred, at least cousins.

Clod. Why, is not your name Riches?

Rich. Though my name
Be Riches, yet my mother was a Clod;
She married rich earth of America,
Where I was born; a dirty family,
But many matches have refin'd us now,
And we are called Riches.

Clod. If you were born in America, we are but kindred afar off.

Rich. Let us not confound our genealogies.

Clod. I would be loath to marry an infidel born, and yet I like your complexion so well, that—

Rich. No, I am reserv'd for thee,
And here I plant my best affection.

Get. Welcome to my heart!
How I do love thee, Riches! Oh my soul,
We'll marry straight.

Rich. And thus much for your comfort;
Nay, droop not, Clod, though I be wife to him,
Yet if I bury Gettings, I'll be thine,
And carry London with us into th' country.

Clod. After this rate you are my wife in law.
Well, give you joy.

Get. Methinks, I fumble my gold chain already.
But who are these?

Enter Courtier *and* Soldier.

Court. No Honour to be found!

Sold. Let us enquire
Of these. Did any see the lady Honour?

Get. What care we for Honour, so we have Riches?

Court. Hah! I have been acquainted with this lady.

Rich. I was at court the last week, sir.

Court. I remember.

Sold. I ha'seen her somewhere too.

Rich. I ha'been a traveller.

Sold. Were you never taken by the Hollander?

Rich. I was in the Plate fleet.[8]

Sold. Beso las manos, señora.

Rich. I have almost forgot my Spanish, but after a little practice I may recover it.

Clod. I know not Honour, if I see her; I have heard of such a lady; ten to one, but Riches can direct you to her.

Rich. I apprehend your desires, sir, and will direct you.

Court. I am your servant, lady.

Rich. But first, master Gettings, know these gentlemen.

Get. They are in my books already. Pray, gentlemen, know my commodities; when I ha' married Riches, I shall be better able to furnish you.

Court. We wish you joy.

Sold. And shall remain your debtors.

Get. I make no doubt.

Court. But here's the lady whom we enquire for.

Sold. She has music to attend her. [*Music.*

[8] *I was in the Plate Fleet*] Is this a satirical allusion to the disappointment that prevailed at the non-capture of the Spanish Plate fleet by the combined English and Dutch fleets in October, 1625? D.

Enter HONOUR *and* INGENUITY.

Hah! the Scholar!
The case is alter'd: is not that Ingenuity?
Court. How familiar they are! I hope they're not married.
Clod. Is this madam Honour?
Court. So, lady.
Hon. Gentlemen,
I come to reconcile your difference.
I did forsee you desperate in love,
And prompted, I confess, your swelling valours
To fight for me; but, upon second thoughts,
I cancell'd that opinion, and devis'd
A way to settle all things without danger:
This gentleman, late my servant, Ingenuity,
Hath remov'd all occasion of your further
Courtship, and now [hath] won me for his bride.
Court. Married the Scholar! despis'd!
Sold. Affronted!
Hon. You are passionate.
You could not both possess me, yet in him
Your excellencies meet, and I enjoy'em:
He can be courtier and a soldier,
When the occasion presents itself;
He that hath learn'd to obey well, can command.
Nay, be not sad: if you love[9] me, express it
In your congratulations. Here I fix
Myself, and vow my best affection.
If in the number of my friends I may
Write you, be confident you shall not lose
By your respect to Honour. Lady Riches,
I hope there is no antipathy in your nature,
But you may smile upon a scholar now,
Married to Honour.
Rich. Since you have so advanc'd him,
He shall not want my favour.

[9] *love*] The old copy "lov'd." D.

Ing. Now I am confident.

Court. We must obey our destiny. Since fate
Meant me not so much happiness, to be
The husband, let me still be humble servant
To Honour.

Sold. My desires have the same ambition.

Court., *Sold.* } Joys crown your marriage!

Ing. Now you both divide[1] me;
But in this empire I can brook no rival.
Be all my honour'd guests, and with one feast
And revels celebrate our double marriage.

Court. And here our love unites. Pardon what language
My passion threw upon thee: I acknowledge
A Soldier's worth above the reach of malice.

Sold. My heart shall spread to embrace the noble Courtier.

Clod. Here's nothing but complement: you should bring up a fashion to kiss one another.

Get. 'Tis such a dry Clod!

Ing. Correct your passions, sir: I am inform'd
You have been guilty this day of abuse
Against the noble citizens, and traduc'd
Their yearly Triumph.

Get. 'Twas his ignorance;
But we are friends again.

Ing. Then I ha[ve] done. Now, gentlemen and ladies,
In the assurance all are pleas'd, let us
Join in [a] dance; such mirth becomes a wedding.
Strike up some nimble air.

They Dance.

Ing. Thus all have seen how providence imparts
Wealth to the city, Honour to the Arts. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *divide*] The old copy "denide." D.

THE

TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

The Triumph of Beauty.] This piece is appended to Shirley's Poems, 1646, 8vo. The title of the old copy is, "*The Trivmph of Beavtie. As it was personated by some young Gentlemen, for whom it was intended, at a private Recreation. By James Shirley.*

"Our author," observes Langbaine, "has imitated Shakespeare in the comical part of his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Shirley's shepherd Bottle is but a copy of Shakspeare's Bottom, the weaver." D.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Paris, son of Priam.

Bottle,
Crab,
Clout,
Toadstool, } *Shepherds.*
Shrub,
Scrip,
Hobbinoll,

Juno.
Pallas.
Venus.
Cupid.
Mercury.
Hymen.
Delight.
The Graces.
The Hours.
A King.
A Senator.
A Soldier.
A Philosopher.

SCENE, Mount Ida.

THE

TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

Scene, a Grove.

Enter BOTTLE, *followed by* CRAB, CLOUT, TOADSTOOL, SHRUB, SCRIP, *and* HOBBINOLL.

Omnes. A Bottle, a Bottle!

Bot. I am out of wind. So, so, are we all here? Good men and true, stand together, and hear your charge. Hum, hum—

Hob. Bottle has something in him; I knew him of a little one.

Scr. A very sucking Bottle.

Bot. Peace, Scrip, and Hobbinoll. Toadstool, draw a little nearer. You all know—

Crab. What do you know?

Bot. Silence, neighbour Crab. Which of you all is so wise, as to know what I would say now? why there's it, and yet you will be prating: ignorant puppies! and a man should knock your brains out—You all know, I say—

Crab. I say again, we know not. Bottle, you forget yourself; you called us all ignorant puppies but now, and now again you say, we all know—

Bot. The prince,—excuse me,—you all know Paris, the prince of Troy.

Crab. We know him now, but it was a mystery for many years.

Hob. Our young lord and master?

Bot. Why, very good then; and yet I must be corrupted? No, no, Bottle is a dry coxcomb, an empty fool. Bye t'ye; make the prince merry yourselves.

Scr. Nay, Bottle, sweet Bottle, sweet Bottle. You will never leave this peevish humour, Crab. Come, he is sorry.

Crab. Well, I am sorry; but will you not give a man leave to speak?

Bot. Speak! yes, but then you must not talk, and bolt such peremptory questions; when I miscall you for your own good. What is't to me, and the Prince shall take a convenient twig, or drown himself in one of his melancholy fits? I can live, when you have all betaken yourselves to hemp, I can. Only I prefer the public good before all the world, and the prince before that, and myself before the prince, and my wife before myself, and your wife, neighbour, before her: I know what's what. But what's all this, unless we be reconciled and perfectly divided among ourselves? I know you all love me.

Scr. I love Bottle with my heart.

Bot. But the prince is another manner of man, though I say't, and, every day, falls away with a humour of melancholy; if we shall join our panniers, to make him merry with some rare and pleasant device—why, your old friend and Bottle, and so forth. Now, let every man speak his opinion freely, as his own want of discretion shall direct him.

Hob. Some new device? there be a thousand new devices, and a man could but remember one on'em.

Scr. Stay, some strange shapes, Bottle. Silence. What do you think, and we should all be fishes?

Bot. He says well for silence, this must consist of mutes.

Scr. I can play a mute rarely.

Crab. You the mute! as if nobody could speak but you; you the mute!

Hob. And the river hard by, will serve us rarely to act in.

Scr. And when we dance under water, nobody can see our footing. And you love me, let me be a whale: oh, I can foot it curiously! and I can drink like a fish.

Bot. No; I do not like these water-works. I was in a fair election to be drowned at the last sheep-shearing; and the cramp is a thing to be considered. No water-works.

Hob. What do you say to birds, a device of birds?

Bot. Birds! You'll be an owl too.

Hob. I have been taken for one in a tree a hundred times. [*He counterfeits the voice of an owl.*

Bot. No; I have thought of a conceit—d'ye hear? we scorn fishes, they are dull, phlegmatick things, and your birds at best are melancholy matters: what do you think of—

Hob. Beasts then; let us all be beasts, Bottle.

Bot. Be all asses, will you not? bye t'ye again. Play the fools yourselves, do, and see how the prince will like it, if Bottle be out. I am a puppy, I? no, no.

Scr. Nay, nay, honest Bottle: did you not bid every man speak according to his discretion?

Bot. I grant you; but is there discretion in a beast? let us all play the beasts, quotha! Oh, I could be as musty as the prince now; but I am of too sweet a nature to fly out: which makes you presume. Well, now or never, will you be ruled yet?

Hob. Now, and never too, Bottle.

Omnes. A Bottle, a Bottle! Silence, break silence.

Bot. Why then I'll make you all princes or lords, or something else, that shall be little better; and because we are all shepherds, we'll do a thing proper to our callings.

Omnes. That, that, Bottle.

Bot. What do you say, if we act the Tragedy of the Golden Fleece?

Crab. How! a tragedy to make the prince merry!

Bot. There's the conceit: if he do not laugh at every man of us, I'll lose my part of the next posset, neighbour.

Scr. He cannot choose.

Bot. You all remember the story of Jason, that sailed to Colchos, with Hercules, and a company of blades, where he killed the brazen-footed bulls, and the fiery dragons. Let me see, how many actors are we?—the number will serve: well, let me see, first, who shall do Hercules in the lion's belly?

Hob. Belly!

Bot. Why, in the lion's skin; 'tis all one.

Shr. I'll do Hercules.

Hob. Let Shrub do Hercules; he has played afore.

Shr. I have a club already, and I know where a terrible lion is, if any man will but flea off his skin for me. Let me alone. [*He struts and speaks small.*

Omnes. A Shrub, a Hercules!

Bot. Who shall do lady Medea, the king's daughter, that fell in love with Jason, and bewitched the dragon?

Toad. I'll do the lady, and the king's daughter, and for a witch I am right by the mother's side.

[*He speaks big.*

Crab. His very voice will conjure.

Toad. Who plays Jason, my sweetheart?

Hob. Is Jason a man or a woman?

Bot. Jason is a king's son, and captain of a ship called Argo.

Crab. For a prince or an emperor, I know where a choice might be made; but I have no heart to the captain.

Bot. Your reason, neighbour Crab?

Crab. I know not which limb I can best spare, and carpenters [1]make but scurvy legs. At foot-ball or fisty-cuffs, I fear no prince under the moon.

Bot. You fight against nobody but bulls, and fiery dragons.

Crab. Do I not?

Bot. And they must be all fast asleep when you kill'em; nay, Hercules himself must take your part too.

Crab. Nay, then let me alone.

Bot Now, my masters, who shall do the dragon?

Scr. Is it a he, or a she dragon?

Bot. No matter which.

Scr. What do you think of my wife? she'll do't. She does the dragon at home; 'twould do a man's heart good to be out of the house; nobody is able to endure her; she is a flying dragon, and will fit you rarely.

Bot. We wo' not be troubled with women; and you'll do't yourself, well and good.

Scr. Rather than the play shall not go forward, my wife shall teach me my part.

Hob. Do you mean I shall have no part? shall Hobbinoll play nothing? Clout has no part neither.

Bot. You shall be Medea's brother, Absyrtus, a little child.

Hob. I shall be too tall.

Bot. You must be cut a pieces, and have your limbs thrown about the waves.

Crab. And when your legs, and your head, are cut off, you will be no bigger than a child: we'll take a course to make you little enough. And,

[1] *make*] The old copy "makes." D.

Clout, do you see? you shall be the ship, hung all round about with flags, and fine things; we cannot come to Colchos without you.

Clout. Shall I play the ship? let me alone to carry my body swimming.

Crab. Have a care you do not leak before the prince; and be sure to carry a good wind in your poop, Clout. But stay; all this while, who shall do the golden fleece? Bottle, you forget that?

Bot. The chief part in the play, and one that must wear the best clothes too.

Crab. Why, let some body else do Jason, and I'll do the golden fleece.

Scr. Or I.

Hob. Or I.

Toad. Or any body; or what if we left out the golden fleece?

Bot. What if you left out the play? the golden fleece out! why 'tis the name, and the only rich thing in the play.

Scr. Why, then leave out the ship.

Clout. Yes, and go by land to Colchos. May not some body do two parts? let Scrip do the dragon, and the king's daughter.

Crab. Or leave out the little boy; he has but a small part.

Hob. I'll be cut in pieces a hundred times first: leave out Hercules, and you will, or Jason: if I do not fit you, Crab!

Shr. Why Hercules left out, good-man Hobbinoll? [*Shrub strikes Hobbinoll: they all fight.*

Toad. No mutiny, Shrub. Neighbour Crab—

Bot. So, so, we shall have a tragedy indeed. Have a care of the King's daughter among you. Hold,—They'll tear Clout all to pieces—have a care of the ship.

Crab. Sink or swim, I care not.

Clout. Oh, my ribs!

Bot. He that gives the next blow shall lose his share, if he be not turned out of the company. What, my masters, you shall not fall out about this golden fleece; I kept that part for myself, I warrant you: you shall not fall out about sharing; I am resolved the golden fleece is mine, as I am the best actor, and master of the company.

Clout. Bottle indeed had no part before: so, so, then we are all friends, and fitted.

Hob. When shall we have our parts? oh Bottle how I thirst! when our parts?

Bot. Parts! why, you must do it instantly, the Prince stays for't.

Shr. How? the Lion is to be killed, whose skin I must wear when I play Hercules.

Clout. Do you think, I can do the ship, and have not half my tacklings about me?

Scr. And I have not practised to spit fire yet.

Bot. I knew what a company of sots you would be. You'll be Hercules, and you'll be a whale, and you'll be a ship, and you'll be a dragon, and you will be a lady. You, actors! you animals, to undertake a play, and ask when you shall have your parts! Oh I am ashamed! but there is no remedy, with such dull capacities. Do you remember the antic dance, I taught you last? that shall serve for this time. The prince keeps his old walk: be sure to be within reach of my voice, when I call you. Get behind the trees; I spy him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PARIS.

Par. What is it to be sprung of kingly race,
Or have the blood of Priam in my veins,
Yet dare not call him father? He was cruel,
Thus for a dream to banish me his sight,
And my dear mother's arms.

[*Bot. within*] So ho, ho, ho!

Par. This busy shepherd will afflict me still
With his unseasonable mirth: I am,
Only in love with melancholy; pleasures
Are tedious to my soul. Must I be ever
Confin'd to woods? are beasts or men more wild
Than they, companions for a prince? are these
Fit ornaments of state? is this a palace?

[*Bot. within*] So ho, ho, ho!

Par. Again? would I could hide me from the world!
I will go seek my dwelling in some rock,
Where never day shall be acquainted with me;
The sun, whose beams cheer all the world beside,
Shines like a comet o'er my head.

Re-enter BOTTLE.

Bot. So ho, ho, ho! I thought we had lost you. Why, how now? still in this humour? will your highness never be a changeling? D'ye hear sir? I met your nurse at the bottom of the hill.

Par. What nurse?

Bot. The charitable bear that gave you suck; for though you be a prince born, your parents would not be at the charge to bring you up at court. Mistress Ursula, and I, have been the best friends to your blood royal.

Par. I prithee, leave me.

Bot. Leave my young prince in a wood! A word to the wise—are not you in love?

Par. In love! with what?

Bot. Nay, I do not know what wild beast hath entangled you, but I have a shrewd suspicion; for thus simply did I look by all report, when I was in love too; it had almost undone me, for it infected me with poetry, and I grew witty, to the admiration of all the owls in Ida. You shall hear my verses.

Heigh-ho, what shall a shepherd do,
That is [in] love, and cannot woo?
By sad experience now I find,
That love is dumb as well as blind.
Her hair is bright, her forehead high,
Then am I taken with her eye.
Her cheeks I must commend for gay,
But then her nose hangs in my way.
Her lips I like, but then steps in
Her white and pretty dimpled chin.
But then her neck I do behold,
Fit to be hang'd in chains of gold.
Her breast is soft as any down,
Beneath which lies her maiden town,
So strong and fortifi'd within,
There is no hope to take it in.

—And so forth. But I thank my dutiful father, he cured me with a flail, and most learnedly thrashed blind Cupid out of my sides; I had been no Bottle of this world else.

Par. If thou dost love me, do not interrupt me; I would be private.

Bot. I would be loth to be unmannerly, and hinder a princely recreation; but I see no temptations, nothing in the likeness of a petticoat. What would you be private for?

Par. I have some serious thoughts to examine. If thou wilt use thy diligence to keep off those that rudely would disturb my present retirement, trust me, I'll reward thy care with my best wether.

Bottle. Wether! you are wise. Do you think, sir, I have so little honesty, to be sir Pandarus to your melancholy? Illo, ho!

Par. What, art thou mad?

Bot. You are little better: if you can get their consent—

Par. Whose consent?

Bot. Hobbinoll, Crab, Toad-stool—Illo ho, boys! —some friends of yours, that sent me to hunt out your highness, your humble subjects and play-fellows, that have a mind to be merry. To tell you true, we have taken notice of your sullen disposition; and therefore half a dozen have penned a dance to revile your spirits: simple as I appear, my head had a hand in it. If you do hear an oration over and above, by way of a preparative to the physick we intend, so. I name nobody: all the shepherds' wit is not a wool-gathering. Therefore stir not, my dear prince, as you will answer the contempt of our authority at your peril. [*Exit.*

Par. What a strange rudeness am I forc'd to obey!
Unhappy Paris! thy ungentle stars
Not only have decreed thy cruel exile
From those delights thy blood and birth should challenge,
But by their fatal doom vouchsafe thee not
To enjoy a quiet misery.

Bagpipes are heard.

Re-enter BOTTLE.

Bot. Hold thou unlearned bagpipe; for now I am
To act a speech unto the son of Priam. Hum, hum.
Most noble prince!—you must not lie down yet,—
Most noble prince, behold thy Bottle here;
Thy well beloved Bottle does appear,
With many more that shall be seen hereafter,
To tickle thy kind spleen into a laughter.
With fear and wit, or without fear and wit,
We come, as it becomes, to frisk a bit,
In a ridiculous round; and therefore lie
Thee down and laugh,—now you may lie down, so,—

Thee down and laugh, for we do mean whereby
It may be said in a well written dance
To shew thee sport, our heels for to advance,
Which is an excellent thing. Banish thy fears,
Oh lovely prince, bred up amongst the bears,
And bear with us.

The Shepherds enter and dance. On the sudden, other music is heard; and, MERCURY *descending,* BOTTLE *and the Shepherds run in.*

Par. What mist doth dwell about my eyes? I feel
Their heavy curtains fall. Welcome, soft sleep,
The cure of all unrest; help to repair
The broken silence of my brain, distil
Thy balm into my wounded thoughts: oh see,
I do obey, and throw my cares on thee! [*Sleeps.*

A Song.

Cease warring thoughts, and let his brain
No more discord entertain,
But be smooth and calm again.
Ye crystal rivers that are nigh,
As your streams are passing by,
Teach your murmurs harmony.
Ye winds that wait upon the spring,
And perfumes to flowers do bring,
Let your amorous whispers here
Breathe soft music to his ear.
Ye warbling nightingales repair
From every wood, to charm this air,
And with the wonders of your breast,
Each striving to excel the rest,
When it is time to wake him, close your parts,
And drop down from the trees with broken hearts.

Mer. Young Priam's son, and darling of the gods,

I, Mercury, wing'd messenger of Jove,
By his command have left his spangled court,
And through the silver orbs descend to tell thee,
That he hath chosen thee to be the judge
Between three deities, which shall best deserve
This golden ball; Juno, his queen of heaven,
Pallas, the goddess of fair arts and arms,
And Cytherea, queen of love and beauty,
Shake off thy clouds of sleep, and freed from all
Distractions, prepare to hear them plead
Their glories here. Imperial Juno, drawn
By her proud birds, is stooping from her coach;
The Jove-born maid already hath dismounted;
The Paphian queen, with her young archer, drawn
By swans more white than Rhodopeian snow,
Is now descending from her chariot;
And on the green plush of this Ida hill
They all move to thee with celestial pace.
Paris, awake; Jove doth his herald call;
To the most worthy give this golden ball.
[*Ascends.*

Par. What have I seen?
What strange but heavenly dream hath Paris had?
[*He spies the ball.*
Yet this presents more than an empty shadow:
I'm sure it grew not here; there are no trees
That bear such fruit in Ida; such as these
Grew in the orchard of Hesperides,
And ever guarded by a watchful dragon:
Then Jove hath gather'd it, and sent it me.
What's here inscrib'd? *This to the best deserver!*
I am not then deluded; it is fit
I should observe with all obedience
Great Jove's command.
Soft music.
What sacred change is this?
Such harmony must needs speak the approach
Of the celestial powers.

Song of Juno, within.

Jove sent thee, Paris, what is mine;
Be safely bold;
And for that trifle I resign
A wreath of gold.
Obey then and command; thou canst not be
Just to thyself, if not to me.

Song of Pallas, within.

Twice happy in thy choice, be wise;
Ere thou dispense
This treasure, give thy reason eyes,
And blind thy sense.
Thus arms and arts thy humble name shall raise,
Alike to wreaths of oaks and bays.

Song of Venus, within.

She, whom all suppliants else implore,
Is here made thine,
And will for this a gift restore,
No less divine.
The best of pleasures thus enjoy, and try:
Where Beauty courts, who can deny?

Chorus within.

Examine, princely shepherd, here
The offerings which we send thee,
How for that narrow golden sphere,
Wealth, fame, and love attend thee;
And judge by this, how large these honours be,
None to each other yield, yet all to thee.

JUNO, PALLAS, *and* VENUS, *at several places appear:* JUNO *attended by a king and a senator;* PALLAS *by a soldier and a philosopher;* VENUS *by* HYMEN *and* CUPID. *They dance: at the close, their attendants remove.* PARIS *kneels.*

Juno. Put off thy wonder, Paris, and collect
Thy scattered senses: in our temples we
Expect those humble adorations
And sacrifice from mortals, that do bring
Petitions to our altars. We are come,
Juno, Minerva, and the sea-born queen,
From our bright palaces, to sue to thee;
Think it no stain to our celestial nature.
That golden ball, sent thee by Jove, to be
Her prize, whose merits can obtain it from
Thy equal sentence of us three, hath brought
Our competition hither: be just, Paris,
And live for ever happy.
Par. How shall Paris,
Whose years are green, and too unripe for judgment,
Decide the worth of three such deities,
Which not a council of the gods themselves
Hath wisdom to determine?
Juno. We will plead
Our own deserts before thee, to which give
Thy fixt attention; and hear Juno first
Court thy election.
Par. Humbly I attend.
Juno. I'll not insist, that I am with the vote
Of all the gods first both in place and title,
Th'Olympian empress, Jove's wife and sister;
These are but names and shadows of my greatness,
And which do rather fright, than win from mortals,
Whose sense must let in objects to the soul.
Know, Paris, with that sceptre I controul,
Not skies alone, but all this under world:
Kingdoms and crowns are mine; all wealth contain'd
In Neptune's watery circle, or the veins
Of earth, as subject to my gift and largess.
Min. With favour of great Juno's empire,

She that disposeth golden mines at pleasure,
'Tis strange should hold contention for a ball.
Juno. I do, and will reward it with more treasure
Than his ambition knows how to ask;
Not that I prize that poor and narrow globe,
But that I hate, Pallas should be competitor,
Or any with Saturnia. Give it me,
And I will furnish thee with the same metal,
To build thyself a palace, about which,
The yellow Tagus, and Iberus' streams,
Asian Pactolus, and the Indian Ganges,
Shall flow with golden sands. Let thy birth, Paris,
Put thee in mind what 'tis to be a monarch.
I will adorn thy temples with a wreath,
Whose flame shall dim bright Ariadne's crown,
Embellish'd with the glorious lamps of heaven.
Name but the bounds and limits of thy empire:
Asia shall bow, and all her stubborn princes,
Like petty homagers shall kneel before thee,
And lay their shining sceptres at thy feet;
Europe shall prostrate all her provinces,
And glory in her servitude. Incline
To me, and India shall send thee pearls,
As tribute to bestow upon thy queens.
The precious ermine[2] shall without pursuit
Present thee with her skins; and the cold climes
Bring home rich furs and sables to adorn thee.
The servile rooms within thy palace, shall
Have Babylonian hangings, and rich shapes,
Wrought by the needle of Semiramis.
The fish shall bring thee purple to the shore;
Panchaia send thee spice and wealthy gums,
Such as the Arabian[3] bird doth fill her nest with,

[2] *ermine*] The old copy "Ermynos,"—a form of the word, which, I believe, occurs sometimes in our early writers. D.

[3] *Arabian*] I have substituted this word for the reading of the old copy "Assyrian," following the example of Mr. Gifford in vol. ii. 248. D.

When she prepares for sacrifice; the spoils
Of silk-worms shall make proud thy meanest grooms.
What shall I say? present that ball to me,
And in exchange I'll give the world to thee.
Pal. Juno hath said, and were not Pallas here,
Might tempt thee, Paris, to forget thyself:
Her promises are vast, and full of state,
But weigh'd with what Minerva can bestow,
They shrink to air, and thou, Ixion-like,
Embracing Juno dost but grasp a cloud.
Nay, if thou dost examine well her gifts,
Howe'er their flattering sound affect thy ear,
Or their possession court thy eye with shew
And specious glories, thou shalt find within
They have disguis'd a poison, that doth lurk
To infect thy mind, and kill with their corruption
Thy intellectual beauties, by soft ease,
A sordid avarice, coward thoughts, and all
The train of lust[s] and lethargies that hang
Upon a masculine soul; where[4] thy acceptance
Of what is in my power, shall make thee scorn
These things of care and golden slavery,
That fool and flinty consciences adore,
And grasp'd, like thieving sands steal through our fingers.
I'll give thee wisdom, Paris, in which name
I comprehend all harmony of earth
And heaven, and make thee kinsman to the gods.
Nature shall open her dark bosom to thee,
And give thee leave to rifle all her wonders;
The virgin arts shall court thee to be call'd
Their oracle; and whatsoe'er the extent
Of that wide orb contains, whose bounds shut up
The universal creature, shall unveil
Their beauties, and be proud to enrich thy knowledge.

[4] *where*] i. e. whereas. D.

Ven. Juno and Pallas promise gallantly.
Pal. Yet this concludes not, what Minerva can
Bestow upon her Paris. If the arts
Inflame thee not, or do appear less active,
And glorious to meet thy fierce ambition,
Fame shall want breath to tell the world what triumphs
Shall crown thy name in war, if Pallas arm
Thy breast with courage, which my bounty throws
To thy acceptance. If that ball be mine,
I'll give thee a spirit, Trojan, and such conquests
By thy own valour, as at once shall fright,
And please the hearer's faith. Nations shall tremble
To mention thy great acts, whose memory
Shall out-live all Egyptian pyramids,
And bloom when winters have defac'd the world,
And feeble time shall droop and halt with age.
Trophies shall fall in duty to thy sword,
And captive princes wait upon thy chariot;
Some shall build statues, others invent games,
Some temples to thy name; while holy priests,
And virgin quires shall make it their religion,
To pay thee songs, and crown thy images
With ever-springing garlands. Be wise, Paris;
Resolve to make that golden circle mine,
Both arts and arms shall make their glories thine.
Ven. What words, what argument to move thee, Paris,
Is left for Cytherea? Mighty Juno
Woos thy ambition with state and kingdoms,
Courting thy genius in a shower of gold:
Pallas not only will inspire thy soul,
With valour, on which victory shall wait,
And crown thy head with her immortal laurels,
But make thee rich in science, and uncloud
The sacred beauties of all art and nature.
These bounties seem to have left Venus nothing;
But when my power and gifts come to the balance,

Paris shall see their glories, thin and light,
Fly into air. I am the queen of love!
Think but how poor are Pallas' victories,
When I have made her greatest soldiers tame,
Forc'd'em look pale, and tremble, sigh and weep,
Ready to give their ghost up at a frown,
And think my smile or kiss their only heaven.
Her oracles of wisdom and philosophy
Have been my fools, and all their strength of learning,
But able to express great Love's supremacy,
And my dominions boundless. What do I
Boast the extent of my command on earth,
When under my diviner ensigns march
Etherial troops, my power confess'd by Jove
To sway in heaven? and what are all the treasures
And gifts of Juno, kingdoms pil'd on kingdoms,
Which at the best but multiply thy cares
To keep, if Love be not propitious to thee?
Who can discharge a thousand stings upon
Thy heart, and make it prisoner when I please.
Juno. The goddess of vexation we allow thee.
Ven. But these are not the motives to incline
Thy thoughts, young prince, to me; thus fear, not love
Should plead for me; although the torments are
High and consuming, where I fix displeasure,
The joys I pour upon my favourites
Shall be my orators, whose endless charms
Are above counter-magic, and shall tie
Thy soul in everlasting chains of love.
Poets have feign'd Elysium after death,
Which thou shalt here possess; and all the pleasure
Of those blest shades, they talk of in their songs,
Shall spread themselves before thee, which thou shalt
Possess as lord, not tenant to the groves.
It shall be ever spring, and ever summer,

Where Paris shall inhabit; all rude airs,
The killing dews, tempest, and lightning, shall
Be strangers to thy walks, which the west wind[s]
Shall with their soft and gentle gales perfume.
The laurel and the myrtle shall compose
Thy arbours, interwoven with the rose,
And honey-dropping woodbine; on the ground
The flowers ambitiously shall crowd themselves
Into love-knots and coronets, to entangle
Thy feet, that they may kiss them, as they tread,
And keep them prisoners in their amourous stalks.
The violet shall weep when thou remov'st,
And the pale lilly deck her innocent cheek
With pearls to court thy stay; the hyacinth,
When thou art passing by her, shall disclose
Her purple bosom to thee, proud to be
Saluted by thy eye, and being left,
Blush, droop, and wither, like a love-sick virgin.
Doth Paris thirst? rivers of nectar flow
In every chrystal channel: wouldst thou feed?
The trees shall bow under their heavenly fruit,
And offer their ambrosia to thy gathering.
Nor shalt thou be alone; a thousand nymphs,
Fairer than ever thy eyes gaz'd upon,
Shall wait upon my darling, and with sport
Make thy delight immortal. These at last,
To crown thy joys, shall lead thee to a mistress,
Compar'd to whom, their beauties have no name;
In whose least part more wonders shall invite
Thy amaz'd eye, than all the queens of earth
Can boast together; and this beauty's heaven
Will I bestow on Paris, in whose love
He shall possess more raptures, than are sands
In all the glass of time.

Juno. Fine airy blessings!
A small art will distinguish 'twixt us three,
Who can deserve thee best.

Par. I am transported;

And first my humble gratitude presented
For this, an honour above all, that has
A name in story, lent to grace a mortal;
And give me patience, you diviner natures,
If it distract, and fright my weaker counsels.
It is not safe to think; what language then
Shall have the confidence to express those thoughts
That merit to be stifled? I must tremble
To be myself, and speak. Yet, if I dream not,
I am commanded to resign this ball,
Not mine, but hers, of you three best deserving:
Is't not a sin to name one best? oh pardon!
That I had leave to whisper in the ear
Of Jove two minutes!
Pal. It was meant by him,
You should declare yourself to us.
Ven. Be confident,
And wisdom guide the sentence.
Juno. 'Tis expected,
Be therefore bold and wise.
Par. I feel new courage
Infus'd; there's something spreads through every part,
And chides my timorous youth into resolve
Of something that must be.
Omnes. It must be welcome:
We are prepar'd.
Par. Great Juno, I not dare
To question your vast power; the world and you
Shut all up with one circle. Wealth and kingdoms
Are able to strike blind with their temptation
The eyes of young ambition, and my birth
Had sure those seeds of glory, but my fate
Has stifled'em, and made them so familiar
With shades and humble thoughts, I cannot find
My soul now fit for those desires.
Juno. Despise
My gifts! perish in wants unpitied.

Pal. Nay, stay, and hear one more concluded, Juno:[5]
The ball is not bestow'd.
Par. 'Tis some unhappiness,
I look not with that admiration
Upon Minerva's gifts. Philosophy,
That teacheth to contemplate heaven and nature,
Carries some trouble with it; and for arms,
There are enow will bleed to be triumphant;
A limb to me is better than a laurel
Purchas'd with wounds. Your pardon, if I think
The queen of love to be preferr'd. Accept
The ball, bright Cytherea, and with it
The humble heart of Paris.
Juno. Am I thus
Neglected by a boy? how I despise him!
Pal. I pity the fond youth.
[*Exeunt Juno and Pallas.*
Par. They are both gone.
Ven. Displeased.
Par. Their anger frights not me,
So I be welcome here.
Ven. Be confident,

Enter CUPID.

Love shall confirm it: see, my son appears.
Cupid, I thought thou hadst been lost.
Cup. Though blind,
I never lose my way to beauty: mother,
I all this while but hover'd in the air,
To hear how Paris would determine, and
Rejoice in beauty's triumph, and thy justice.
Par. Let Juno fret, and Pallas frown;
Nature to all succeeding times shall prove,
Wealth, arts, and arms must yield to conquering love.

[5] *Nay, stay, &c.*] A friend proposes to read:
"Nay, stay, and hear once more: concluded, Juno!" D.

Cup. That name belongs to me.
Par. Venus and Cupid will no doubt agree:
Love dwells with beauty, they together move;
There is no beauty where there is not love.
Cup. For this choice, young Paris, know,
While powerful Cupid hath a bow,
A golden shaft, or skilful hand,
All shall move at thy command.
Par. You both make Paris happy.
Ven. But where are
Our train of Graces, and the pleasant Hours,
To entertain our darling? Where is Hymen?
Where is Delight?
Cup. Mother, they both appear.

Enter HYMEN *and* DELIGHT.

Song.

Hym. *Come, ye Graces, come away.*
Del. *Ye pleasant Hours, why do you stay?*
Both. *Upon your mistress wait.*
Hym. *See, where in state,*
The queen of love and beauty is.
Del. *On such a solemn night as this,*
Sacred to kissing,
What bold nymph dare be missing?
Hym. *They come, they come, behold*
The modest Graces.

Enter the Graces.

Del. *For love's sake mend your paces,*
And blush not to be bold.
Hym. *The Hours have lost their wings, I fear.*

Enter the Hours.

Del. *No, they appear;*

Chorus.

And Ida green
Is now the court of Paphos' queen,
Where every one doth welcome sing
To Venus, and their new made king.

They all bow to Venus.

Ven. All these wait
On me, and I command them to attend
On lovely Paris.
Par. Let me dwell ever
With Cytherea; Ida is turn'd heaven.
Ven. Now let us dance; these pleasures are not active.

They dance; after which a Song, and the Hours steal off.

How dully all your joys do move?
Delight is crippled here;
Your motion should be like to that above;
This is too thick a sphere.
The feather-footed Hours are fled away,
Asham'd to stay:
Then follow, fly, oh come,
You must make haste,
If you will taste
Love's new elysium.

Ven. We want some of our nymphs, Eunomia,
Fair Diche, and Irene; are they gone?
1 *Grace.* Although we did entreat them stay,
The pleasant Hours are stol'n away.
Ven. Which way?
[2] *Grace.* That way,
To the Elysian bowers.
Par. We'll fly, and overtake the happy Hours.
[*Exeunt.*

CUPID AND DEATH.

Cupid and Death] The fiction of Cupid and Death exchanging weapons, is found in various writers; and was probably, as the late Mr. Boswell observes, of Italian origin: see his note on *Venus and Adonis*,—*Shakspeare*, vol. xx. p 67. The title of the old copy is *Cupid and Death. A Masque. As it was Presented before his Excellencie, the Embassadour of Portugal, Upon the* 26 *of March*, 1653. *Written by J. S.* 4to. 1653: it was again printed in 4to. in 1659. D.

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

This Masque was born without ambition of more than to make good a private entertainment, though it found, without any address or design of the author, an honourable acceptation from his Excellency, the ambassador of Portugal, to whom it was presented by Mr. Luke Channen, &c.

It had not so soon been published, for the author meant all civilities to all persons, but that he heard an imperfect copy was put to the press, with an addition before it, of some things, that should be obtruded by another hand, which the author's judgment could not consent to.

The scenes wanted no elegance, or curiosity for the delight of the spectator. The musical compositions had in them a great soul of harmony. For the gentlemen that performed the dances, thus much the author did affirm upon sight of their practice, that they showed themselves masters of their quality.

CHARACTERS IN THE MASQUE.

Cupid.
Folly.
Madness.
Death.
Despair.
Mercury.
Nature.
Host.
Chamberlain.
Lovers.
Ladies.
Old men and women.
Gentlemen.
Satyr.

CUPID AND DEATH.

THE SCENE.

A Forest; on the side of a hill, a fair House, representing an Inn or Tavern; out of which cometh an HOST, *being a jolly, sprightly old man, his cap turned up with crimson, his doublet fustian, with jerkin and hanging sleeves, trunk-hose of russet, stockings yellow, cross-gartered; after him, a* CHAMBERLAIN.

Host. Are all things in their preparation
For my immortal guests?
Chamb. Nothing is wanting
That doth concern my province, sir; I am
Your officer above stairs. The great chamber,
With the two wooden monuments to sleep in,
(That weigh six load of timber, sir,) are ready.
That for the prince d'Amour, whom we call Cupid,
I have trimm'd artificially with roses,
And his own mother's myrtle: but I have
Committed sacrilege to please the other;
Death does delight in yew, and I have robb'd
A church-yard for him. Are you sure they'll come
To night? I would fain see this dwarf call'd Cupid;
For t' other, I look on him in my fancy
Like a starv'd goblin.
Host. Death, I must confess,

Cuts not so many inches in the say[1]
As our last venison; 'tis a thin-chapp'd hound,
And yet the cormorant is ever feeding.
Cham. He is kin[2] to the devouring gentleman
Of the long robe—
Host. That has bespoke a chamber
I' th' college among the bears, and means to be
In commons with them.
Cham. But, good sir, resolve me,
Are they good spirited guests? will they tipple
To elevation? do they scatter metal
Upon the waiters? will they roar, and fancy
The drawers, and the fiddles, till their pockets
Are empty as our neighbour's drone? and after
Drop by degrees their wardrobe, and in the morning
When they have day-light to behold their naked-
ness,
Will they with confidence amaze the streets,
And in their shirts, to save their pickled credits,
Pretend a race, and trip it like fell footmen?
These rantings were the badges of our gentry.
But all their dancing days are done, I fear.
Host. These were the garbs and motions, late
in fashion
With humorous mortals; but these guests are of
No human race.
Cham. Pray, what attendance have they?
Host. Love has two
Gentlemen, that wait on him in his chamber,
Of special trust; he cannot act without them.
Cham. Their names, sir, I beseech you?
Host. Folly, and Madness.
Cham. A pair of precious instruments,[3] and fit
To be o' th' privy council.

[1] *Cuts not so many inches in the say*] See note vol. i, p. 232. D.
[2] *He is kin .... commons with them*] Not in the 4to. of 1659. D.
[3] *and fit ..... come to*] Not in the 4to. of 1659. D.

Host. We may see
What most of our nobility are come to.
Cham. Sure they are well descended, sir.
Host. The fool
Could ride a hundred mile in his own pedigree,
And give as many coats—
Cham. Fools' coats; there are
Enough to wear them.
Host. As he had acres in eleven fat lordships,
And play'd at duck and drake with gold, like pebbles.
Cham. Was this man born a fool?
Host. No, but his keeping
Company with philosophers undid him.
Who found him out a mistress they call'd Fame,
And made him spend half his estate in libraries,
Which he bestow'd on colleges, took the toy
Of building quadrangles, kept open house,
And fell at last most desperately in love
With a poor dairy-maid, for which he was begg'd—
Cham. A fool?[4]
Host. And leads the van in Cupid's regiment.
Cham. What was the mad-man, sir?
Host. A thing was born to a very fair *per annum*,
And spent it all in looking-glasses.
Cham. How?
That's a project I ne'er heard on: looking-glasses!
How many did he break, sir, in a day?
Host. They broke him rather, in the right understanding;
For nature having given him a good face,
The man grew wild with his own admirations,
And spent his full means upon flatterers,
That represented him next to an angel.
Thus blown up, he took confidence to court

[4] *he was begg'd—a fool*] An allusion to the custom of begging from the crown the custody of the person, and the profits of the estate, of a man, who was *purus idiota*. D.

A lady of noble blood, and swelling fortune;
Within three days fell sick of the small pox,
And on the fourth run mad, with the conceit
His face, when he recover'd, would be like
A country cake, from which some children had
New pick'd the plums.

Cham. A brace of pretty beagles.

Host. They are here.

Cham. I see not Death.

Host. He's the last thing we look for.

Enter CUPID, FOLLY, *and* MADNESS; *the* HOST *joins with them in a dance.*

SONG.

Though little be the god of love,
Yet his arrows mighty are,
And his victories above
What the valiant reach by war:
Nor are his limits with the sky;
O'er the milky way he'll fly,
And sometimes wound a deity.
Apollo once the Python slew,
But a keener arrow flew
From Daphne's eye, and made a wound,
For which the god no balsam found.
One smile of Venus too did more
On Mars, than armies could before:
If a warm fit thus pull him down,
How will she ague-shake him with a frown!
Thus Love can fiery spirits tame,
And, when he please, cold rocks inflame.

[*Exeunt Cupid, Folly, Madness, Host, and Chamberlain.*

Enter DEATH; *he danceth the second entry; after which, he speaks.*

Death. Holla! within!

Re-enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. You are welcome, gentlemen.—Hah!
Quarter, oh quarter! I am a friend, sir,
A moveable belonging to this tenement,
Where you are expected. Cupid is come already,
And supp'd, and almost drunk: we ha[ve] reserv'd,
According to order, for your palate, sir,
The cockatrice's eggs, the cold toad-pie,
Ten dozen of spiders, and the adders' tongues
Your servant Famine, sir, bespoke.
Death. Live, live. [*Exit.*
Cham. I thank you, sir. A curse upon his physnomy!
How was I surpris'd! 'twas high time to comfort me;
I felt my life was melting downward.
Within. Death, oh, Death!
Cham. Who's that? I do not like the voice.
What art?

Enter DESPAIR, *with a halter.*

Des. A miserable thing.
Cham. Ay, so thou seem'st:
Hast not a name?
Des. My name, sir, is Despair.
Cham. Despair! my time's not come yet: what have I
To do with thee? what com'st thou hither for?
Des. To find out Death; life is a burden to me;
I have pursued all paths to find him out,
And here i'th'forest had a glimpse on him,
But could not reach him with my feet or voice:
I would fain die, but Death flies from me, sir.
Cham. I wonder you should travel in the forest,
And among so many trees find none convenient,
Having the tackling ready 'bout your neck too.
Some great affairs take up the devil's time,

He cannot sure attend these low employments;
He's busy 'bout leviathans: I know not;
There's something in't. You have not made your will, sure.
Des. Yes, sir, I carry it wi'me; it wants nothing
But his name, and my subscription.
Cham. Whose name?
Des. His name, I mean to make my heir.
Cham. Who's that?
Des. That charitable man,
Will bring Death to me; there's a blank left for him;
And if you please to do me, sir, the office,
Even you shall be the man. I have profess'd
An usurer these fifty years and upwards;
The widows and sad orphans, whose estates
I have devour'd, are croaking in my conscience.
Cham. And shall he be your heir, that does this feat,
To make you acquainted with this cannibal
You talk of?
Des. Oh, my happiness!
Cham. I'll do it.
But I believe you're sorry for your baseness,
Your rapines and extortions[5]—
Des. Mistake not,
I am sorry for no mischief I have done;
That would come near repentance, which, you know,
Cures all the achings of the soul; if I
Could but be sorry, Death were of no use to me.
Cham. Keep ye of that mind, you say very right, sir;
I'll try what I can do
With Death, to do your conscience a courtesy:
He's now within our house. I'll bring you pen
And ink, to write my name too, honest father.

[5] *extortions*] The 4to. of 1653 "extortion." D.

Des. Thou art my dearest child; take all my blessings.

Cham. Here's like to be a fortune! [*Exit.*

Des. I want strength
To climb; I see a very pretty twig else,
And space for a most comfortable swing:
'Tis a hard case the devil wo' not help [*He climbs.*
At a dead lift. [*He falls.*] O my sciatica!
I have broke my spectacles, and both my hips
Are out of joint. Help!

Re-enter CHAMBERLAIN, *with a bottle of wine.*

Cham. Death will be with you presently, the last course
Is now on the table: that you may not think
The time long, I have brought you—hah! rise up, sir.

Des. Alas! I have had a fall: I was endeavouring
To do the meritorious work, and hang
Myself, for Death, methought, was long a coming,
But my foot slipp'd.

Cham. Alas, what pity 'twas!
If I had thought your soul had been in such
Haste, I would have given you a lift before
I went.

Des. It was my zeal,

Cham. Alas, it seem'd so!
You might have took the river with more ease;
The stream would have convey'd you down so gently,
You should not feel which way your soul was going.
But against the frights Death might bring with him,
I have brought you a bottle of wine. I'll begin, sir.
[*Drinks.*

Des. Would it were poison!

Cham. So would not I, I thank you;
'Tis pure blood of the grape.

Des. Wine?

Cham. At my charge,—I know you do not use
To pay for nectar,—I bestow it, sir.
Des. That's kindly said: I care not if I taste—
[*Drinks.*
Cham. I'th' mean time, please you, I'll peruse the will;
I can put in my own name, and make it fit
For your subscription. What's here? hah! [*Reads.*
A thousand pound in jewels, in ready money
Ten thousand more,—land—Hah, preserve my senses!
I'll write my name, and thank heaven afterwards.
Here, sir; before you can subscribe, the gentleman
Will come, and kill you to your heart's content.
Des. Hum!
This foolish wine has warm'd me: what d'ye call
The name on't?
Cham. Sack.
Des. Sack! why, truly, son—
Cham. Nay,
Sir, make haste, for Death will be here instantly.
Des. At his own leisure, I would not be troublesome:
Now I do know his lodging, I can come
Another time.
Cham. But the will, father? you may write now—
Des. Deeds are not vigorous without legal witnesses;
My scrivener lives at the next town, and I
Do find my body in a disposition
To walk a mile or two. Sack, d'ye call it?
How strangely it does alter my opinion!
Cham. Why, have you no mind to hang yourself?
Des. I thank you,
I find no inclination.
Cham. Shall not I be your heir then?
Des. In the humour,

And spirit, I now feel in brain and body,
I may live—to see you hang'd: I thank you heartily.
Cham. But you will have the conscience, I hope,
To pay me for the wine has wrought this miracle.
Des. Your free gift, I remember; you know, *I use not*
To pay for nectar, as you call it. Yet
I am not without purpose to be grateful:
Some things shall be corrected in my will;
In the mean time, if you'll accept of a
Small legacy, this hemp is at your service;
And *it shall cost you nothing, I bestow it.*
[*Gives him the halter.*
We men of money, worn with age and cares,
Drink in new life from wine that costs us nothing.
Farewell, and learn this lesson from Despair,
Give not your father sack, to be his heir. [*Exit.*
Cham. Not a tear left? would's brains were in the bottle! [*Exit.*

SONG.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far,
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confin'd,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Ho, master, master!

Enter HOST.

Host. What's the matter?
Cham. Nothing but to ask you, whether you be
Alive or no, or whether I am not
My own ghost, that thus walk and haunt your house.
Host. Thou lookest frighted.
Cham. Death and his train are gone;
I thank heaven he's departed. I slept not
One wink to night, nor durst I pray aloud,
For fear of waking Death; but he at midnight
Calls for a cup to quench his thirst, a bowl
Of blood I gave him for a morning's draught,
And had an ague all the while he drunk it.
At parting, in my own defence, and hope
To please him, I desir'd to kiss his hand,
Which was so cold, o'th'sudden, sir, my mouth
Was frozen up, which as the case stood
Then with my teeth did me a benefit,
And kept the dancing bones from leaping out:
At length, fearing for ever to be speechless,
I us'd the strength of both my hands to open
My lips, and now feel every word I speak,[6]
Drop from it like an icicle.
Host. This cold
Fit will be over. What said Cupid?
Cham. He
Was fast asleep.
Host. The boy went drunk to bed:
Death did not wake him?
Cham. It was not necessary in point of reckoning;

[6] *feel every word I speak*] The old copies "feel'd every word I spake." D.

Death was as free as any emperor,
And pays all where he comes; Death quits all scores.
I have the *summa totalis* in my pocket,
But he without more ceremony left
The house at morning twilight.
Host. Hah! they knock.
Get thee a cup of wine to warm thy entrails.
[*Exit Chamberlain.*
Though Love himself be but a water-drinker,
His train allow themselves rich wines. Your fool
And madman is your only guests to taverns,
And to excess this licence time affords,
When masters pay, their servants drink like lords.

Re-enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Sir, they call for you: Cupid's up, and ready,
And looks as fresh, as if he had known no surfeit
Of virgins' tears, for whose fair satisfaction
He broke his leaden shafts, and vows hereafter
To shoot all flames of love into their servants.
There are some music come, to give his godship
Good morrow; so he means to hear one song,
And then he takes his progress.
Host. I attend him. [*Exit.*
Cham. But I have made my own revenge upon him,
For the hard-hearted baggage that he sent me;
And Death I have serv'd a trick for all his huffing.
They think not what artillery they carry
Along with them; I have chang'd their arrows.
How Death will fret, to see his fury cozen'd!
But how will Love look pale, when he shall find
What a mortality his arrows make
Among the lovers! let the god look to't.
I have put it past my care, and not expect

To see them again; or should I meet with Death,
I shall not fear him now; for Cupid, if
Lovers must only by his arrows fall,
I'm safe, for, ladies, I defy you all. [*Exit.*

SONG.

Stay, Cupid, whither art thou flying?
Pity the pale lovers dying:
They that honour'd thee before,
Will no more
At thy altar pay their vows.
Oh let the weeping virgins strow,
Instead of rose and myrtle boughs,
Sad yew, and funeral cypress now!
Unkind Cupid, leave thy killing;
These are all thy mother's doves;
Oh do not wound such noble loves,
And make them bleed, that should be billing!

The scene is changed into a pleasant Garden, a fountain in the midst of it; walks and arbours delightfully expressed; in divers places, Ladies lamenting over their Lovers slain by Cupid, who is discovered flying in the air.

Enter a LOVER, *playing upon a lute, courting his* MISTRESS; *they dance.*

Enter NATURE, *in a white robe, a chaplet of flowers, a green mantle fringed with gold, her hair loose. They start, and seem troubled at her entrance.*

Nat. Fly, fly, my children! Love, that should preserve,
And warm your hearts with kind and active blood,
Is now become your enemy, a murderer.
This garden, that was once your entertainment
With all the beauty of the spring, is now,
By some strange curse upon the shafts of Cupid,

Design'd to be a grave. Look, every where
The noble lovers on the ground lie bleeding,
By frantic Cupid slain; into whose wounds
Distracted virgins pour their tears so fast,
That having drain'd their fountains, they present
Their own pale monuments. While I but relate
This story, see, more added to the dead:
Oh, fly, and save yourselves! I am your parent,
Nature, that thus advise you to your safeties.
He's come already.

Enter CUPID, *who strikes the Lover, and exit.*

Lov. Hah! what winter creeps
Into my heart!
Nat. He faints, 'tis now too late.
Some kinder god call back the winged boy,
And give him eyes to look upon his murders.
Nature grows stiff with horror of this spectacle:
If it be death to love, what will it be,
When Death itself must act his cruelty!

Enter DEATH.

And here he comes: what tragedies are next?

Enter OLD MEN *and* WOMEN, *with crutches.*

Two aged pair[s]: these will be fit for Death;
They can expect but a few minutes more
To wear the heavy burden of their lives.

Death strikes them with his arrow, and exit; they, admiring one another, let fall their crutches and embrace.

Astonishment to Nature! they throw off
All their infirmities, as young men do
Their airy upper garments. These were the

Effects of Cupid's shafts; prodigious change!
I have not patience to behold 'em longer. [*Exit.*

They dance with antic postures, expressing rural courtship.

SONG.

What will it, Death, advance thy name,
Upon cold rocks to waste a flame,
Or by mistake to throw
Bright torches into pits of snow?
Thy rage is lost
And thy old killing frost.
With thy arrows thou may'st try
To make the young or aged bleed,
But indeed
Not compel one heart to die.

CHORUS.

Oh, Love, Oh, Death, be it your fate,
Before you both repent too late,
To meet, and try
Upon yourselves your sad artillery!
So Death may make Love kind again,
Or cruel Death by Love be slain.

Enter six GENTLEMEN *armed, as in the field, to fight three against three: to them* DEATH; *he strikes them with his arrow and exit; and they, preparing to charge, meet one another and embrace. They dance.*

SONG.

Change, oh, change your fatal bows,
Since neither knows
The virtue of each other's darts!
Alas, what will become of hearts!
If it prove
A death to love,

We shall find
Death will be cruel to be kind:
For when he shall to armies fly,
Where men think blood too cheap to buy
Themselves a name,
He reconciles them, and deprives
The valiant men of more than lives,
A victory and fame:
Whilst Love, deceiv'd by these cold shafts, instead
Of curing wounded hearts, must kill indeed.

CHORUS.

Take pity, gods! some ease the world will find
To give young Cupid eyes, or strike Death blind:
Death should not then have his own will,
And Love, by seeing men bleed, leave off to kill.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN, *leading two Apes.*

Cham. O yes, O yes, O yes!
All you that delight to be merry, come see
My brace of court Apes, for a need we be three.
I have left my old trade of up and down stairs,
And now live by leading my Apes unto fairs.
Will you have any sport? draw your money, be quick, sir,
And then come aloft, Jack! they shall shew you a trick, sir.
Now am I in my natural condition,
For I was born under a wandering planet:
I durst no longer stay with my old master,
For fear Cupid and Death be reconcil'd
To their own arrows, and so renew with me
Some precious acquaintance.

Enter DEATH; *he strikes* CHAMBERLAIN, *and exit.*

Oh my heart!

'Twas Death, I fear: I am paid then with a vengeance.
My dear Apes, do not leave me: hah! come near.
What goodly shapes they have, what lovely faces!
Ye twins of beauty, where were all those graces
Obscur'd so long? what cloud did interpose,
I could not see before this lip, this nose?
These eyes, that do invite all hearts to woo them,
Brighter than stars? ladies are nothing to them.
Oh, let me here pay down a lover's duty!
Who is so mad to doat on woman's beauty?
Nature doth here her own complexion spread,
No borrow'd ornaments of white and red;
These cheeks wear no adulterate mixtures on them,
To make them blush as some do,—fie upon them!
Look, what fair cherries on their lips do grow!
Black cherries, such as none of you can show,
That boast your beauties. Let me kiss your a—

Enter a SATYR, *who strikes him on the shoulder, and takes away his Apes.*

What's that? a shot i'th'shoulder too? hah!
What will become of me now? Oh, my Apes!
The darlings of my heart are ravish'd from me.
He beckons, and courts them back with passionate postures.
No? not yet, nor yet, hard-hearted Apes?
I must despair for ever to enjoy them.
Despair! that name puts me in mind—
[*He looks in his pocket, and pulls out the halter.*
'Tis here;
Welcome, dear legacy! I see, he was
A prophet that bestow'd it: how it fits me,
As well as if the hangman had took measure!
'Tis honour in some men to fight, and die
In their fair ladies' quarrel, and shall I
Be 'fraid to hang myself in such a cause?

Farewell, my pretty Apes! when hemp is tied,
Drop tears apace, and I am satisfied. [*Exit.*

A dance of the Satyr and Apes.

Upon the sudden, a solemn music is heard, and Mercury seen descending upon a cloud, at whose approach the others creep in amazed. In a part of the scene, within a bower, Nature discovered sleeping.

Mer. Hence, ye profane, and take your dwellings up
Within some cave, that never saw the sun,
Whose beams grow pale, and sick to look upon you!
This place be sacred to more noble objects.
And see, where Nature, tir'd with her complaints
To heaven for Death and Cupid's tyranny,
Upon a bank of smiling flowers lies sleeping.
Cares, that devour the peace of other bosoms,
Have by an overcharge of sorrow wrought
Her heart into a calm, where every sense
Is bound up in a soft repose and silence:
Be her dreams all of me! But to my embassy.

Cupid, wheresoe'er thou be,
The gods lay their commands on thee,
In pain of being banish'd to
The unfrequented shades below,
At my first summons to appear:
Cupid, Cupid!

Enter CUPID.

Cup. I am here.
What send the gods by Mercury?
Mer. Thy shame and horror. I remove
[*He unblinds him.*
This mist. Now see in every grove

What slaughter thou hast made! all these,
Fond Cupid, were thy votaries.
Does not their blood make thine look pale,
All slain by thee? 'twill not prevail
To urge mistakes; thy fact appears:
Jove and the gods have bow'd their ears
To groaning Nature, and sent me
From their high crystal thrones to see
What blood, like a dire vapour rise,[5]
Doth spread his wings to blind the eyes
Of heaven and day; and to declare
Their justice and immortal care
Over the lower world.—But stay,
Another must his fate obey.

Death, heretofore the look'd-for close
To tedious life, the long repose
To wearied nature, and the gate
That leads to man's eternal fate,
I, in the name of every god,
Command thee from thy dark abode,
As thou wilt fly their wrath, appear,
At my first summon[s]!

Enter DEATH.

Death. I am here.
Mer. Nature, awake, and with thy sleep
Shake off the heavy chains that keep
Thy soul a captive.
Nat. Mercury!
Or am I still in dreams?
Mer. Thy eye
Take truce with tears: see, much abus'd
Nature, whom thou hast long accus'd.
Leave thy wonder, and attend
What the gods by Hermes send.

[7] *rise*] for *risen*. D.

But first I charge you to resign
Your fatal shafts.
[*Cupid and Death exchange their arrows.*
Cup. Ay, these are mine.
Mer. Cupid, the gods do banish thee
From every palace; thou must be
Confin'd to cottages, to poor
And humble cells. Love must no more
Appear in princes' courts: their heart,
Impenetrable by thy dart,
And from softer influence free,
By their own wills must guided be.
Cup. I shall obey.
Mer. Death, thou may'st still
Exercise thy power to kill;
With this limit, that thy rage,
Presume not henceforth to engage
On persons, in whose breast[s] divine
Marks of art or honour shine:
Upon these if thy malice try,
They may bleed but never die;
These are not to be overcome
Above the force of age or tomb.
Is Nature pleas'd?
Nat. The gods are just.
Mer. To this you both submit?
Cup. } We must.
Death. }
Mer. Ye are dismiss'd.
[*Exeunt Cupid and Death.*
Nat. But, Mercury,
What satisfaction shall I have
For noble children in the grave,
By Cupid slain?
Mer. They cannot be
Reduc'd[5] to live again with thee;
And could thy fancy entertain

[5] *Reduc'd*] See note p. 178. D.

In what blest seats they now remain,
Thou would'st not wish them here.
Nat. Might I
With some knowledge bless my eye,
Nature would put on youth.
Mer. Then see
Their blest condition.

The scene is changed into Elysium, where the grand Masquers, the slain Lovers, appear in glorious seats and habits.

Nat. Where am I?
The world no such perfection yields.
Mer. These are the fair Elysian fields.

SONG.

Open, blest Elysian grove,
Where an eternal spring of love
Keeps each beauty fair: these shades
No chill dew or frost invades.
Look, how the flowers, and every tree,
Pregnant with ambrosia be;
Near banks of violet, springs appear,
Weeping out nectar every tear;
While the once harmonious spheres,
Turn'd all to ears,
Now listen to the birds, whose quire
Sing every charming accent higher.

CHORUS.

If this place be not heaven, one thought can make it,
And gods, by their own wonder led, mistake it.

Nat. Oh, who shall guide me hence? old Nature's sight
Grows feeble at the brightness of this glory.

Mer. I will be Nature's conduct.
Nat. Mercury, be ever honour'd. [*Exeunt.*

The grand Dance.

Re-enter MERCURY.

Mer. Return, return, you happy men,
To your own blessed shades again,
Lest staying long, some new desire
In your calm bosoms raise a fire:
Here are some eyes, whose every beam
May your wandering hearts inflame,
And make you forfeit your cool groves,
By being false to your first loves.
Like a perfuming gale o'er flowers,
Now glide again to your own bowers.

The Masquers retreated, the curtain falls.

THE CONTENTION

OF

AJAX AND ULYSSES

FOR THE

ARMOUR OF ACHILLES.

The Contention &c.] Was printed in a small octavo volume, in 1659, together with the drama (already given) *Honoria and Mammon:* the title of the old copy is, "*The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for the Armor of Achilles. As it was nobly represented by young Gentlemen of quality, at a private Entertainment of some persons of Honour. Written by James Shirley.*"

This piece is founded on the earlier part of the 13th book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses.* As that work is familiar to every schoolboy, I have not encumbered the page by quoting parallel passages from it. D.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Agamemnon.
Menelaus.
Nestor.
Diomedes.
Ajax.
Ulysses.
Calchas.
Thersander.
Polybrontes.
Lysippus, page to Ajax.
Didymus, page to Ulysses.

Captains, Officers, &c.

SCENE, The Grecian Camp.

THE CONTENTION

OF

AJAX AND ULYSSES.

SCENE I.

Near the Tent of Agamemnon.

Enter, from opposite sides, DIDYMUS *and* LYSIPPUS: *as they pass,* LYSIPPUS *justles* DIDYMUS.

Did. Why, how now insolence?
Lys. You know me, sir?
Did. For one that wants good manners—yes, I know
Your name, and best relation; you attend
A page on Ajax Telamon.
Lys. And you,
In such an office, wait upon Ulysses;
But with this difference, that I am your better,
In reference to my lord, as he exceeds
Your master, both in fortitude and honour:
Therefore, I take this boldness to instruct
Your diminutive worship in convenient duties,
And that hereafter when you see me pass,
You may descend, and vail, and know fit distance.
Did. To you descend, and vail! to you! Poor rat,

Is he not poison'd, that he swells so strangely?
I would bestow this admonition, that
You talk within your limits: I may find
A pity for your folly, while you make
Comparisons with me; but let your tongue
Preserve a modesty, and not dare to name
My lord, without a reverence, and not
In the same week your master is in mention,
Lest I chastise you.

Lys. Hah, hah, prodigy!
The monkey grins, the pigmy would be rampant!
Sirrah, 'tis I pronounce, [that] if you have
A mind to lose one of your lugs, or quit
Some teeth, that stick impertinent in your gums,
Or run the hazard of an eye, or have
Your haunches kick'd into a gentle cullice,
Or tell your master in whose cause you have
Deserv'd a cudgelling, and merited
A crutch to carry home your broken body,
Talk on, and when it is too late, you may
Repent your impudence.

Did. Mighty man of gingerbread!
Is not your name Lysippus? what mad dog
Has bit thee? thou art wild, hast lost thy senses.

Lys. You'll find I have not.

Did. Is all this in earnest?
And hast thou so much ignorance to think
That lump of flesh, thy master (a thing meant
By nature for a flail, and bang the sheaves)
Is fit to be in competition
With the wise prince of Ithaca? whose name
Shines, like a constellation, throughout Greece,
And is look'd at with admiration
By friends and enemies? For shame, retract
Thy gross opinion: it is possible
Thou may'st retrieve thy lost wits.

Lys. Very well:
Then, you do think, my little spawn of policy,

That your sly master, the oil-tongu'd Ulysses,
Will win the prize to day, Achilles' armour,
And that the kingly judges, and grave council,
Will give it against Ajax?
Did. In true wisdom,
As to the best deserver.
Lys. Dandiprat! [*They fight.*

Enter CALCHAS.

Cal. Remove yourselves, and petty differences:
This place is meant the scene for a contention
Between the valiant Ajax Telamon,
And the far-fam'd Ulysses, who shall best
Merit to wear the great Achilles' arms.
Methinks, I see heaven's mighty windows open,
And those great souls, whom noble actions here
Translated to take place among the stars,
Look down, and listen with much expectation
Of this day's glory. The rough winds (lest they
Should interrupt the plea of these competitors)
Stand close committed in their horrid caves;
And Phœbus, drest in all his brightest beams,
Curbs in his steeds to stay,[1] to wait upon
The great decision.
Silence! no noise profane this place; and may
The soul of wisdom be at this great council!
[*Exeunt Didymus and Lysippus.*

Enter Officers, *one after another, bearing the pieces of Achilles' armour: after them, in state,* AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, MENELAUS, DIOMEDES, THERSANDER, Captains, *&c.*

Agam. I need not, Grecian princes, spend much time,
Or language, in discoursing the occasion

[1] *stay*] Qy. day. D.

Why this great council hath been call'd. Achilles,
Whose very name will be enough to fill
The breath of fame, is here again concern'd;
Nor can his honour'd ashes be without
Contention in his sacred urn, until
The difference between these great competitors
Be reconcil'd.

Cap. They both, great Agamemnon, are prepar'd
And cheerful, as when honour call'd them forth
To fight, impatient of delay, or danger.

Agam. Attend them hither. [*Exit Captain.*

Diom. Let the officers
Take care the soldiers press not past their limit.

Enter AJAX, *preceded by* LYSIPPUS, *bearing his target.*

Ajax appears, with lightning in his eyes;
His big heart seems to boil with rage.

Men. He was
Ever passionate. Here comes Ulysses,

Enter ULYSSES, *preceded by* DIDYMUS, *bearing his target; he makes obeisance, and sits down in a chair.*

A man of other temper, and as far
From being transported with unhandsome anger,
He seems to smile.

Agam. They have both deserv'd
For their great service in this expedition,
We should with calm and most impartial souls
Hear and determine: therefore, if you please,
Because the hours are precious, I shall
Desire them lose no time.

Diom. We all submit,
And shall obey your prudence.

Agam. You honour much

Your Agamemnon.—Princes, then to you.
I hope you have brought hither with your persons
Nothing but what your honours may consent to;
Speak yourselves freely then; these are your judges,
Who are not only great in birth and titles,
And therefore bring no thoughts to stain their honour,
But bound by obligation of one country,
Will love, and do your name and valours justice.
There lies your great reward, Achilles' arms,
Forg'd by the subtle art of him, that fram'd
Jove's thunderbolts, pride of Cyclopian labours:
He that is meant by his kind stars to have
The happy wearing of them next, may write
Himself a champion for the gods and heaven,
Against a race of giants that would scale it.
I have said; and we with silence now as deep
As that doth wait on midnight, and as fix'd
As marble images, expect your pleasure.

[*Ajax rises, and looks about him.*

Ajax. Great Jove, immure my heart, or girt it with
Some ribs of steel, lest it break through this flesh,
And with a flame, contracted from just fury,
Set fire on all the world! How am I fallen,
How shrunk to nothing, my fame ravish'd from me,
That this sly talking prince is made my rival
In great Achilles' armour! Is it day?
And can a cloud, darker than night, so muffle
Your eyes, they cannot reach the promontory,
Beneath which now the Grecian fleet rides safe,
Which I so late rescu'd from Trojan flames,
When Hector, frightful like a globe of fire,
By his example taught the enraged youth
To brandish lightning? But I cannot talk,
Nor knows he how to fight, unless i' th' dark
With shadows. I confess, his eloquence
And tongue are mighty, but Pelides' sword

And armour were not made things to be talk'd on,
But worn and us'd; and when you shall determine
My juster claim, it will be fame enough
For him, to boast he strove with Ajax Telamon,
And lost the prize, due only to my merit.
Lys. Now, Didymus, how goes Ulysses' pulse?
Run to his tent, and fetch him some strong waters.
Did. This storm shakes not a leaf: it had been more
Honour for Ajax Telamon to have hir'd
A trumpeter, than make this noise himself.
Agam. Silence: the Duke proceeds.
Ajax. I am asham'd,
And blush, that I can plead so vast a merit.
Why am I not less honourable? a cheaper
Portion of worth, weigh'd in the balance with
This rival, would so croud and fill my scale,
His virtues, like a thin and trembling vapour,
Would lose themselves i'th' air, or stick a comet
Upon heaven's face, from whence, the matter spent,
It would fall down, the sport and scorn of children.
Allow me then less valiant, pinch all
The laurels from my brow, that else would grow there,
The honour of my birth and blood must lift me
Above the competition with Ulysses.
My father was Duke Telamon, a name
Fatal to Troy, companion to Alcides,
Whom in the expedition to Colchos
Argo was proud to bear. His father Æacus,
Who, for his exemplary justice here,
Was, by eternal patent from the gods,
Made judge of souls; him Jupiter begot
On fair Ægina, from whose womb I write
Myself a third from Jove. But let not this
Entitle me to great Achilles' arms,
Without my interest in his blood; our fathers

Grew from one royal stem; I am his kinsman,
And I demand in this, but just inheritance.
In what relation of blood can then
Ulysses, of a strange and forfeit race,
Equal in fraud to his progenitor,
Condemn'd to labour at the restless stone,
Lay claim to Achilles' arms?

Cal. What, asleep Thersander?

Ther. No, no, I observe every word: Ulysses has said very well; he was ever a good orator.

Cal. You are mistaken, sir, 'tis Ajax pleads; Ulysses has not spoke one word.

Ther. Was't Ajax?
I cry you mercy; it was very handsome,
And to the purpose, in my opinion,
Whoever said it.

Agam. I entreat your silence.

Ther. With all my heart.

Ajax. It is wonder, princes,
That this Dulichian king dare bring his face
Before a sunbeam, and expose that brand
Of infamy, the name of coward, writ
In leprous characters upon his brow,
To the world's eye.

Ul. How, Telamon?

Ajax. Ulysses,
'Tis I that said it, and these kings may all
Remember, when most wretchedly, to save
Those tender limbs of yours, and that warp'd face,
When Greece rise up, one man, to punish Troy,
Thou cowardly didst counterfeit a madness,
Till Palamedes pull'd that vizor off.
Was Ajax Telamon at that sordid posture?
Nay, was not I the first in field, and eager
To engage my person in these wars of Troy,
(Witness thou sacred genius of our country!)
As a curl'd youth could fly to meet a mistress,
And print his fervour on her amorous lip?

But for his valour since, let Nestor speak:
That good old man made not his age excuse,
Nor his white hairs, that like a grove of snow,
Shew'd what a winter dwelt upon his head,
But flung himself on war; when in the heat
Of battle, over-charg'd with multitudes,
And his horse wounded, he espied Ulysses,
To whom in this distress he call'd for succour,
When he (unworthy of his name and honours)
Left the old man to struggle with his dangers,
To whom the Gods sent aid. But here's the justice;
He that dishonourably forsook his friend,
Met with an enemy, that made him call
As loud for his relief; I heard that clamour,
And with my sword cut out my passage to thee;
When thou wert quaking at the enemies' feet,
And ready to exhale thy panting soul,
I interpos'd, bestrid thy coward body,
And took thy many deaths upon my target;
I, Ajax brought thee off, (my least of honours,)
And sav'd thy wretched life.
Diom. This Ajax did,
But being done, the honour's overpaid,
When he that did the act is commentator.
Ajax. If thou could'st call again that time, Ulysses,
The wounds upon thee, and thy fears of death,
When thou didst skulk behind my shield, and tremble
At every lightning of a sword, thy soul
Would have a less ambition to contest
For great Pelides' arms.
Men. Ajax will carry it.
Agam. It will
Become our prudence to expect, what may
Be said in answer to this accusation.
I have heard an orator, with that subtle method

Of art and language, state his client's cause,
And with such captivating arguments
Prevail'd on every ear, it was concluded
All law must be in favour of that interest;
But when the adverse part was heard, that which
Appear'd so sacred in the first relation,
Vanish'd, and 'twas the wonder of all men,
By what strange magic they were so deceiv'd.
I speak not this in prejudice of him
That pleads, whom we all know a man made up
Of every masculine virtue, but to stay,
(Where two of so much honour are concern'd,)
Precipitate and partial votes of merit.
Ajax has more to say.

Ajax. I know not how, with safety of mine own,
I should direct your judgments to consider,
That after all this story of myself,
I do not seek these arms, nor court the glory
To wear 'em; for 'tis justice to pronounce
They seek me, Ajax, and should prompt you to
Believe, I only worthily can wear 'em.
What hath Ulysses done, he should be nam'd
With Telamon? We have his chronicle:
He surpris'd Rhesus in his tent, a great
And goodly act, nay, had the heart to kill him!
He snatch'd a spy up, Dolon, and dispatch'd him
To the other world, a most heroic service!
And had the confidence to filch from Troy
The dead[6] Palladium,—memorable actions!
Fought he with Hector? did he stand immov'd
As I, when I receiv'd upon my casque
A mighty javelin, that he darted at me?

[6] *dead*] In my copy of this piece, some one has altered with a pen "dead" into "dread," not perceiving that Ajax applies contemptuously the former word to the Palladium, as being a lifeless image. I may add that Shirley did not borrow the epithet from Ovid;

"Priamidenque Helenum *raptâ* cum *Pallade* captum."
Met. xiii. 99. D

When you, pale with the wonder of my strength,
Forsook your prayers, and gave me from the Gods
Into my own protection, and at last
I was not overcome, but, in the face
Of both the armies, sent this mighty champion
Staggering home to Troy.
Nes. 'Twas a fierce battle,
And Ajax lost no honour.
Ajax. Had I done
But this alone, it might be argument
To prefer Ajax Telamon, before
Ulysses, to that armour, which I'm thinking
How he'll become, or how he dare sustain 'em:
Their very weight will crack his chine; that burgonet
Will bring his neck in danger of a cramp;
In pity of his fears, discharge his hope
Of so much steel; he has the art of running,
'Twill much retard his motion. Are you yet
Considering, as doubtful to distinguish us?
Some god convey those arms upon the wings
Of a swift wind into the enemies' camp!
Guard 'em with all the strength and soul of Troy,
Let every sword mount death upon the point,
And leave us to our single fate, who soonest
Should fetch 'em off; then you should tell yourselves,
How much this carpet prince came short of Ajax.
I had rather fight than talk: now hear him tattle.
Soldiers. [*within*] An Ajax, an Ajax!
Ulys. If my prayers, with your own, renowned kings,
Could have prevail'd with heaven, there had been no
Contention for these arms; he might have liv'd
To have enjoy'd them still, and we Achilles.
But since by the unkindness of our fate
We are decreed to want him, (pardon me,

If, at that word, unmanly tears break forth,)
Who can with greater merit claim the armour,
Than he, whose piety to Greece and you,
Engag'd alone his valour to these wars,
And made him yours? Nor let it be a sin
Ere I proceed, to pray this justice from you,
That since my adversary hath been pleas'd
To make a virtue my reproach, and stain
The name of eloquence, which in me is not worth
Your envy or his rage, (since he declares
His incapacity for more than fighting,)
You will not judge his dullness an advantage,
Or that which he calls eloquence in me
A blemish to my cause, who have employ'd
All that the gods made mine, to serve my country.

Diom. Thersander, are you not asham'd to sleep?

Ther. Hah! no: I sleep!
I have not scap'd a syllable, by my honour:
I thought not Ajax half so good an orator.

Diom. Ajax! it was Ulysses that spoke last.

Ther. Ulysses! ay, I meant Ulysses: did I say Ajax? between you and I be it spoken, Diomedes, Ajax is a blockhead.

Diom. Yet he spoke to purpose.

Ther. I grant you that: nay, nay, let him alone.

Agam. Silence.

Ulys. The lustre of our birth, by Ajax boasted,
Which we derive not from our act or virtue
We vainly call our own: nature contributes
A common gloss to all our blood; the honours
And swelling titles, pinn'd upon our name,
Chance often stamps upon a fool or coward.
But if, provok'd by Ajax, I must yield
Him magnified by blood, that title which
He takes from Jove, makes me his grandchild too:
Laertes was my father, his Arcesius,

Whom Jupiter begot; no difference here,
But that our family contain'd no uncle,
Banish'd for murder, as in Telamon's.
Besides, my mother but remember'd, makes
My derivation on both sides divine,
Which lifts me above Ajax, if I were
No king of Ithaca. But he hath pleaded
A nearer privilege, by being kinsman,
And calls these arms his just inheritance;
Your wisdom could not chuse but smile to hear him:
Pyrrhus, his son, is yet alive, and Peleus,
Achilles' father, Teucer, his next cousin;
And Ajax to be heir, is worth your wonder.
But you know how to waive impertinence
Of blood or kindred in this cause, nor shall
I need to pray your justice, that we both
May only charge the balance with our merits.

Diom. This is not ranting; he is master of
A worthy temper.

Agam. Give him your permissions.

Ulys. Ajax hath read, not without mighty lungs,
His own bold history: when I shall tell
But my first act for Troy, if it be less
Than all that Ajax yet hath done or boasted,
And with his own consent too, I quit all.
I have rais'd your expectations up to wonder,
And there I'll fix it, when I name Achilles,
Whose actions for your service, scorning all
Equality, are owing to Ulysses;
And I may call them mine, that made him yours.
By his sword fell the great Priamides,
Hector, whose single arm carried the strength
And fate of Ilion; the death alone
Of Hector is an act, if well consider'd,
Doth easily exceed what hath been done
In all your Grecian commentaries: I arm'd
Achilles first to do these mighty things,

And for those may deserve Achilles' armour.
Diom. We must acknowledge all the benefits
Of great Achilles' valour are a debt
We owe to Ulysses, who discover'd him
Under a female habit; 'twas Ulysses
That made him man again, and our great champion.
Men. All this is granted, yet, I think, Ulysses
Lost little blood in any of these services.
What do you think, Thersander?
Ther. I think as the general thinks; he's wise enough.
Ulys. But give me leave to offer to your memory
Another service, and reduce[5] your thoughts
To Aulis, when our army shipp'd, and big
With our desires for Troy, for want of wind
Were lock'd in the Eubœan bay at anchor;
When the oracle consulted gave no hope
Of the least breath of heaven or gentle gale
To be expected, till Diana's anger
Were first appeas'd by Iphigenia's blood;—
I melt with the remembrance, and I could
Accuse my faith, but that the public interest
And all your honours, arm'd me to persuade
Nature against the stream of her own happiness;—
There stands the tear-drown'd father, Agamemnon:
Ask his vex'd soul, (and let me beg his pardon,)
How I did work upon his murmuring heart,
Divided 'twixt a father and his country,
To give his child up to the bleeding altar;
Whose drops, too precious to enrich the earth,
The goddess (hid within a cloud) drank up,
And snatch'd her soul; whose brighter substance made
One of the fairest stars that deck yon canopy.
Had Ajax been employ'd to have wrought Atrides,
When he was angry with the gods, to have given

[5] *reduce*] See p. 178. D.

His only pledge, his loved Iphigenia,
Up to the fatal knife, our Grecian fleet
Had by this time been rotten in the bay,
And we, by a dishonourable return,
Been wounded in our fames to after ages.
Agam. This truth is urg'd too home.
Ulys. The deity appeas'd with virgin sacrifice,
The winds put on fresh wings, and we arriv'd,
Swift as our wishes, to affrighted Troy;
Where, after their first battle, they no more
Drew forth their army, which engag'd us to
Nine horrid winters' expectation.
It would be tedious to relate, how active
My counsels were, during this nine years' siege,
When Ajax, (only good at knocks and wrestling,)
Was of no use; the bold designs I carried;
My care of our defences and approaches,
Encouraging the soldier, wearied
And worn away with empty expectations;
How I did apt provisions, arms, and hearts,
To fight withal; I shall not here inforce,
When you, whose just commands I still obey'd,
Are conscious of my pious undertakings.
Ajax. He'll talk eternally.
Ulys. These actions have deserv'd no brand of coward:
How it may stain his forehead that accus'd me,
Judge you, by the short following story, princes.
There was a time when Agamemnon was
Deluded by a dream, and bid to leave
The siege; which coming to the soldiers' ear,
(Whose fears were help'd by superstition,)
How did they run to th' ships from every quarter!
Where was the torrent of great Ajax' valour,
So talk'd of, that did bear all things before it?
Why, it was here, that torrent carried him too:
I saw and blush'd at Ajax' preparation
To be aboard,—I will not call it running:

How did I, careless of all danger, throw
Myself among the mutineers, and court
The fugitives to face about again,
And build themselves a name and wealth in Troy,
Given over by the gods to be their captive!
What acted Telamon but unworthy fears,
And rather coward them by his retreat,
Than teach them honour by his own example?
Ajax. Can Jove hear this?—hah!
Agam. Look to Ajax.
Nes. Contain yourself.
Ajax. Let me fight him here,
Or you are all confederates in my infamy.
Nes. For my sake—
Ajax. I am patient.
Ulys. Nor am I without wounds and crimson characters,
Which, as her ornament, my bosom carries,
Greater than Telamon can boast, although
He fought with Hector; which was but his fortune,
And might have been the lot of Agamemnon,
Of Menelaus, Diomed, myself,
And others, who had equally engag'd,
And only chance preferr'd him to the combat.
But let me not be thought to take from Ajax
His just reward of fortitude. I grant
He did repress the fury of the Trojans,
When they came arm'd in fires against our navy,
But 'twas not single valour, that repuls'd
The numerous enemy; Patroclus had
The armour of Achilles on, that day,
Which struck a terror in the Phrygian courages,
And many princes' swords contributed;
Mine was not idle, and I merit some
Proportion of fame for that day's victory;
But if it come with murmuring, defer it,
And make it up in your accounts of honour
Due for the great Palladium, which I fetch'd,

(Assisted by the valiant Diomed,)
Out of the heart of Troy, spite of the groves
Of spears, that grew a bright defence about it,
And swords, whose every motion darted lightning,
To guard the fatal image. In this act
I gave you Troy: till this was ravish'd from 'em,
It was not in your fate to make a conquest;
Ajax, and all the army, might have fought
Against the moon, with as much hope of victory.

Diom. This must be granted him a signal service;
I can attest the danger of this action.

Ulys. I blush, I am compell'd to mention these,
But where my honour is traduc'd, 'tis just
To make my fairest vindication.
The wealth of Greece should not have brib'd me to
This contestation, but Achilles' armour
Would strike ambitious thoughts into a hermit:
Nor will my limbs much tremble to sustain 'em;
I had the honour, at his death, to carry
His body, with all that weight of arms upon it,
And plac'd him in his tent. Although I want
Some bulk of Ajax, I can walk, and fight,
And tell him where he fails, and mark him out
A truer path to glory, than his strength
Is able to pursue, with no more brains
To guide him, than his empty pannier carries.
Wise men join policy with force; the lion
Thus with the fox, makes up the soldier's emblem.
And now I look on Ajax Telamon,
I may compare him to some specious building:
His body holds vast rooms of entertainment,
And lower parts maintain the offices;
Only the garret, his exalted head,
Useless for wise receipt, is fill'd with lumber.
A mastiff dares attempt to combat lions,
And I'll find men among your mercenaries,
Shall fly on hydras, if you name that valour;

But he, that we call valiant indeed,
Knows how and when to fight, as well as bleed.
Soldiers [*shouting within.*] Ulysses, Ulysses!
Agam. Please you withdraw your persons for some minutes.
Ajax. Is't come to this?
Ulys. I obey. [*Exit.*
Ajax. I scorn to court
Such staggering opinions, and repent
That I once thought you fit to be my judges. [*Exit.*
Ther. For my part, with pardon of the general,
My voice shall be to please them both.
Agam. Impossible.
Ther. Divide the armour, and compose the difference;
Or give Ulysses, 'cause he has the better
Head-piece, Achilles' helmet, and to Ajax
Those parts that guard the body.
Diom. I am for
Ulysses.
Nes. He shall have my vote.
Men. And mine.
Agam Your judgments meet with Agamemnon's.
Entreat the prince of Ithaca return. [*Exit an officer.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Agam. Sir, I congratulate your fate: you have
With the concurrence of our votes, deserv'd
To be the second owner of these arms,
Which, as the first reward of all your service,
I, in their names, present; nor are these trophies
More than an earnest, and a glimpse, of those
Eternal monuments shall crown your wisdom.
Where's Ajax Telamon?
Off. Transported hence with fury.

Ulys. You have honour'd your Ulysses; and I now
Must call these things my blessing and your bounty.
Agam. Bear them in triumph to his tent, and say,
Wisdom, not downright valour wins the day;
Better is wise Ulysses in the field,
Than the great master of the seven-fold shield.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Near the Tent of Ajax.

Enter DIDYMUS *and* LYSIPPUS.

Did. I think, Lysippus, we may now be friends;
For, though you had a mind to quarrel, when
The victory was doubtful, I am not
The more exalted for my master's triumph;
His wit is none of mine; I honour Ajax
In his own arms, for I have seen him do
Brave things.
Lys. Thy hand; I love thee, Didymus,
And I will love Ulysses for thy sake too.
Did. But how does thy lord, Ajax, take the business?
Lys. He's mad, and rails at heaven and earth; I dare not
Come near him. Who's this? Polybrontes.

Enter POLYBRONTES.

Let us forget all differences, and make
Some sport with him.—Polybrontes,
I am proud to see your military face.
Did. My magazine of valour, I do honour you,
From that exalted tuft upon your sconce,
To the cold iron star upon your heel.
How is't?

Lys. How is't, my low and mighty Polybrontes?
Poly. Tir'd out with killing of the creature,
Wild beasts and men will come into my way;
Some I look dead, others I take the pains
To cut or quarter, as they move my fury:
The hate of Juno is entail'd upon
Our generation, I think.
Did. How, Juno?
I pray, what kin are you to Hercules?
Poly. I am his son, son to the Theban Hercules,
That did the mighty labours; we number twelve.
I have been told too, I am very like him:
There were fifty of us in one night begotten.
Did. You are not, sir, so big-bon'd as Hercules
Altogether.
Poly. Hang bones, and flesh, and blood!
It is the soul that's tall, a giant's spirit.
Lys. Not in that body;
A soul can hardly stand upright in't.
Poly. 'Tis the more dangerous being confin'd, and must
Break out like lightning.
Did. What's that upon your hat?
Poly. My case of toothpicks.
Lys. How? 'tis a lion's paw.
Poly. A legacy my father left me, part
Of that Nemean lion that he kill'd,
Whose skin he us'd to wear; which, since these wars,
I turn'd into a knapsack, and it carries
A charm against all venomous beasts come near it.
Did. Vermin he means.—What kind of belt is this?
Poly. This was a serpent, which at Aulis was
Observ'd to climb up to the sparrow's nest;
Where, having swallow'd nine, Calchas presag'd
We should be nine years at the siege of Troy,
And in the tenth be conquerors. This I kill'd

With a flint stone, as it came hissing toward me;
It had ten row of iron teeth.
Did. Where are they?
Poly. All beaten out with that stone I threw at her.
Did. Nothing scapes you then:
But, good sir, favour us, to let us know
How many men have fallen by your sword,
During our siege; I know you keep a catalogue.
Poly. Not of all;
I only register within my diary
The men of honour that I kill; the rest
I leave to the common bills of mortality.
Lys. The men of honour, I pray, sir?
Poly. They rise to
Seven hundred in my roll.
Did. With your own hand?
Poly. Ten princes, beside two of Priam's sons,
Paris and Hector.
Lys. Paris is alive.
Poly. Not that Paris I kill'd, upon my honour.
Did. And all the army knows, Achilles, with
His Myrmidons, slew Hector.
Poly. From me tell
Achilles, 'tis false.
Lys. He's dead too.
Poly. 'Tis well he is so; he that steals my fame,
Must not be long i'th'number of the living.
Did. You are
The little wonder of the world; you had
Done yourself right, to have put in with Ulysses
And Ajax, for the armour.
Lys. Had he stood,
There had been no competitor; Ulysses
Had this day miss'd his triumph.
Poly. Had Ulysses
The armour then?

Enter AJAX *behind.*

Lys. Given by all the judges.
Poly. I believe
The man is so modest, [he] at mention
Of me, would have recanted his ambition:
Do not I know Ulysses? yes, and Ajax.
Ajax. Hah!
Poly. And all the swelling flies that blow the army.
I'll tell that Ajax, when I see him next,
That I dare fight.
Ajax. [*coming forward*] With whom, sir, dare you fight?
Poly. With any man, that shall affront you, sir.
Renowned Ajax, my soul falls to crumbs,
That day I do not honour your remembrance.
Ulysses is a juggler: I do wonder
At's impudence, to stand in competition
With him, that is the man of men, brave Telamon.
Shall I carry him a challenge? prithee, let me,
I long to thunder him.
Ajax. Stay, weasel.
Poly. Or to Agamemnon, or the best of them?
Would I were in my knapsack nibbling cheese now! [*Aside.*
Ajax. I say the word, be dead.
[*Striking Polybrontes.*
Poly. My brains, my brains!
Ah, my own sweet brains! Who wants any brains?
Ajax. Art thou not dead?
Poly. Oh, yes, sir, I am dead!
Give my ghost leave to walk a little.
Ajax. Come back: your name?
Poly. Ah, when I was alive, the soldiers call'd me—
Ajax. Agamemnon?

Poly. I shall be brain'd in earnest.
Ajax. When thou hast pass'd the Stygian lake, commend me
To Æacus, one of the infernal judges.
Poly. I will, sir; I am acquainted with his clerk.
Ajax. And, when I have made my revenge perfect,
I'll visit him myself.
Poly. I'll bring you an answer too.
Ajax. Do so.
Poly. I were best to make haste, sir; Charon stays for me,
And I shall lose my tide.
Ajax. Then vanish.
Poly. Presto. [*Exit.*
Ajax. There's one dispatch'd; he's company for ghosts:
I know whose fate is next, and then I leap
To immortality. What cloud is that
Descends so big with prodigy? my steel
Shall give the monster birth. Hah! 'tis Ulysses
Come to affront me, in Achilles' armour:

Enter CALCHAS.

A thousand serpents creep within my skull:
I'll find the coward's soul through all this darkness.
Have at thee, politician! dost thou bleed?
Now I have met wi' ye, thanks to my good sword.
I kiss thy cold lips, for this brave revenge:
Thou art my own, without competitor,
And must be my last refuge, and companion.
Cal. Alas, poor Telamon!
Ajax. Who calls Telamon?
Cal. One you have known, and lov'd: can you forget
Calchas so soon?
Ajax. Our Grecian prophet? you are very welcome.

What news from the upper world? do they agree
In heaven? we are all to pieces.
Cal. I am trusted
With a direction to you: the sacred powers
You serve—
Ajax. Speak on, but let me tell you, as a friend,
They have not us'd me kindly; but no matter,
I'll be my own revenger.
Cal. Sir, take heed
How you provoke their anger, or contemn
Their precepts, for the partial acts of men:
They know, and pity that a man so valiant
Should for a trifle lose his manly temper.
You are not, sir, forgotten by the Gods,
And I am sent, their prophet, to acquaint you,
That what you lost alive by human judges,
Their divine justice shall restore with honour
To your calm dust: for know, those very arms,
In which Ulysses triumphs now, shall be
Snatch'd from him by a tempest, and shall land,
A floating treasure, upon Ajax' tomb,
And by their stay convince the future age
Who best deserv'd 'em. Be not then unmann'd,
And thus deface the beauties of your reason.
Ajax. I thank 'em, they are pleas'd, when I am dead,
To make a restitution to my fame,
And send me home the armour; this is something.
I'll make myself in a capacity,
By death, to be an object of their justice;
I'll die immediately; I can do't myself.
Cal. Your piety avert so black a deed!
This is a way to make the world suspect
The worth of all your former actions,
And that they were not births legitimate,
Born from true honour, but the spurious issue
Of an unguided heat, or chance. How shall
We think that man is truly valiant,
And fit to be engag'd in things of fright

And danger, that wants courage to sustain
An injury? It shews a fear of others,
To be reveng'd upon ourselves; and he
Is not so much a coward that flies death,
As he that suffers, and doth fear to live.
Besides, this will enlarge your enemy's triumph,
And, in the world's opinions, be granted
A tame concession to his worth: nay, men,
And with much face of reason, may affirm,
Ulysses did not only win the arms,
But conquer'd Ajax.

Ajax. Therefore I will die
With my own hand, and save that infamy:
I am resolv'd, all fate shall not prevent it.
Leave me.

Cal. I must not.

Ajax. I am not confin'd
To place: thy office yet is thy protection;
Do not presume to follow, lest my rage
Make me forget your person, and, by sad
Mistake, I turn the priest into a sacrifice.
Go, tell the world, I am dead, and make it known,
That Ajax fell by no hand but his own. [*Exit.*

Cal. This will turn all our triumph into mourning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the camp.

Enter CALCHAS *before the body of* AJAX, *supported by six princes,* AGAMEMNON, DIOMEDES, MENELAUS, THERSANDER, NESTOR, *and* ULYSSES, *following the hearse, as going to the temple.*

Cal. *The glories of our blood and state*
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:

Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late;
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust. [1]

Agam. Set forward to the temple. This was once
A day of triumph, but the death of Ajax
Will make it dark within our calendar:
Joys are abortive, or not born to last,
And our bright days are quickly overcast.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] Here the old copy tells us "This was afterwards sung in parts, the music excellently composed by Mr. Ed. Coleman."
"In this *Contention*," says Oldys "is the fine song which old Bowman used to sing to king Charles, and which he has often sung to me, *The glories*, &c." M. S. note on Langbaine's *Acc. of English Dram. Poets*, p. 485 (in the Brit. Mus.) D.

POEMS

FROM THE

OCTAVO VOLUME OF 1646,

&c.

Poems &c.] The pieces which immediately follow, appeared in an octavo volume, in 1646, under the title of *Poems &c. by James Shirley. Sine aliquâ dementiâ nullus Phœbus.* What portions of that volume I have now rejected, because they have been already printed in the present work, the subjoined table will shew:

Poems &c. Ed. 1646.	Present Edition.
Commendatory Verses	prefixed to vol. i.
Upon his Mistress sad, p. 18,	partly in the *Changes, or Love in a Maze*, vol. ii. p. 327., and partly in *The Witty Fair One*, vol. i. p. 335.
A Gentleman in Love with two ladies, p. 19.	in the *Changes, or Love in a Maze*, vol. ii. p. 354.
Melancholy converted, p. 19,	in *The Example*, vol. iii. p. 364.
Strephon, Daphne, p. 24,	in *The Cardinal*, vol. v. p. 344.
A Letter to the Lady D. S. sent with a New Comedy, p. 39,	prefixed to the *Changes, or Love in a Maze*, vol. ii. p. 271.
To the never enough Honoured E. of St. on New-Yeares day at night, after other entertainment, p. 40.	appended as Epilogue to *The Royal Master*, vol. iv. p. 187.
Io, p. 44.	in *The Imposture*, vol. v. p. 189.
A Song in a Play called Hide Parke, p. 46.	*Hyde Park*, vol. ii. p. 512.
Prologue to his own Comedy there, called Rosania, or Loves Victory, p. 148.	prefixed to *The Doubtful Heir*, vol. iv. p. 278.
A Prologue to his Comedy at the Cock-pit, called the Coronation, Presented in the person of a Lady, p. 149.	prefixed to *The Coronation*, vol. iii. p. 458.
A Prologue to his Comedy of the Changes, or Love in a Maze, First Acted at Salisbury Court, p. 151.	prefixed to the *Changes, or Love in a Maze*, vol. ii. p. 273.
The Epilogue [*to the same*] p. 152.	appended to the same p. 364

An Epilogue, p. 153.	appended to *The Coronation*, vol. iii. p. 540.
A Prologue at the Globe to his Comedy call'd The doubtfull Heire, which should have been presented at the Black-Friers, p. 154.	prefixed to *The doubtful Heir*, vol. iv. p. 279.
Epilogue to the same play, there, p. 155.	appended to the same p. 361.
A Prologue to his play called the Brothers, p. 156.	prefixed to *The Brothers*, vol. i. p. 191.
Epilogue [*to the same*] *in the person of Don Pedro*, p. 157.	appended to the same p. 272.
Prologue to his Tragedy call'd the Cardinall,[1] p. 158.	prefixed to *The Sisters*, vol. v. p. 356.
The Triumph of Beautie.	in vol. vi. p. 315.

In the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is a MS. collection of *Verses and Poems by James Shirley*,—*Rawl. Poet.* 88. With the exception of one or two poems, it consists entirely of pieces, which were printed, though with very great variations, in our author's volume of 1646. The reader, perhaps, in turning over the following pages, will think that I have given too many, rather than two few, extracts from this MS. collection: the hitherto unpublished poems which it has furnished, he will find placed by themselves. D.

[1] The lines entitled *A Prologue to his Trajedy call'd the Cardinal*, in the vol. of *Poems*, 1646, Shirley afterwards printed as a *Prologue* to *The Sisters* in 1652, and prefixed a different prologue to the *Cardinal* when it was given to the press in the latter year.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE,

BERNARD HYDE, ESQ.

SIR,

IT will be a long ambition satisfied, if by this I have the happiness of making myself more known to you, though in the same act I put myself to a blush, that I have not a better present to excuse the confidence. If I do look upon you but as you relate to me in the common interest and fame of your virtues, wherein I share with others, I may be censured a bold man, since as they are proportioned to me, they are more than equal to the whole deserts of some that write both honour and abilities. But when I consider that graceful part of your character, sweetness, which gives both the price and beauty to your other furnitures of art and nature, I cannot think myself without capacity of pardon for this application, the well meant tender of my service.

They are papers in themselves not worth your eye, or to be numbered with those reserves of wit and learning that wait upon your recreations; and if they receive entertainment abroad, I shall acknowledge it rather a debt which men pay to your name, than a merit of the poems; and if they meet with the frowning world, I have subscribed my own, to be accused for them and this presumption. Howsoever, if they may enjoy but your smile and shade, which was the first choice of my thoughts, it shall encourage me to reach your worth with more suitable imaginations; till when, give me leave to write myself

Your faithful honourer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

POEMS.

CUPID'S CALL.[1]

Ho! Cupid calls, come, lovers, come,
Bring his wanton harvest home;

[1] *Cupid's Call*] In Rawlinson's MS. stands thus:

The Courtezan.

Cupid calls, Oh young men, come,
Bring his wanton, wanton harvest home!
When the birds most sweetly sing,
And flowers are in their prime,
No season but the spring
Is Cupid's harvest time.

Into love's field, or garden walk;
Virgins dangle, dangle on their stalk,
Blown, and playing at fifteen,
And pointing to their beds;
Come, bring your sickles then,
And reap their maidenheads.

Another.

Hark, hark, how in every grove
Nightingales do sing of love:
They have lost their sullen note,
Warbling with a merry throat,
There is no bliss to men,
Oh let them ravish me again!

Virgins, that are young and fair,
Kiss yourselves into a pair;
Warm and active keep your blood,
Let no thought congeal the flood;
In youth refuse no art,
For age will snow upon your heart. D.

The west wind blows, the birds do sing,
The earth's enamell'd, 'tis high spring;
Let hinds, whose soul is corn and hay,
Expect their crop another day.

Into Love's spring-garden walk;
Virgins dangle on their stalk,
Full blown, and playing at fifteen;
Come bring your amorous sickles then;
See, they are pointing to their beds,
And call to reap their maiden-heads.

Hark, how in yonder shady grove
Sweet Philomel is warbling love,
And with her voice is courting kings;
For, since she was a bird, she sings,
There is no pleasure but in men,
Oh, come and ravish me again!

Virgins, that are young and fair,
May kiss, and grow into a pair;
Then warm and active use your blood,
No sad thought congeal the flood;
Nature no medicine can impart,
When age once snows upon our heart.

To his unkind Mistress.

Sure, thy heart was flesh at first;
For what sin hath it been curst
Into that stubborn thing of late,
Above the reach of wonder? What,
In some winter was it lost,
And, its blood drunk up by frost,
Grew stiff, and so a rock became?
Yet this would soften at a flame.
Or didst thou bathe thy pretty limbs
In some cold and fatal streams,

Which turn what they embrace to stone,
And by degrees thy heart grew one?
I know not, but too true I find
A quarry of prodigious kind:
Yet since I lov'd it, I will try,
From the warm limbeck of my eye,
In such a method to distil
Tears on thy marble nature, till
Their frequent drops, by love's new art,
Write my epitaph on thy heart;
That men may know for whom I die,
And say, beneath that stone I lie.

Good Morrow.

Good morrow unto her, who in the night
Shoots from her silver brow more light
Than Cynthia, upon whose state
All other servile stars of beauty wait:

Good morrow unto her, who gives the day,
Whose eyes preserve a purer ray
Than Phœbus, when in Thetis' streams
He hath new bath'd himself, and wash'd his beams:

The day and night are only thine, and we
Were lost in darkness but for thee;
For thee we live, all hearts are thine,
But none so full of faith and flame as mine.

To his Mistress.

I would the God of love would die,
And give his bow and shafts to me,
I ask no other legacy;
This happy fate I then would prove,
That, since thy heart I cannot move,
I'd cure, and kill my own with love.

Yet why should I so cruel be,
To kill myself with loving thee,
And thou a tyrant still to me?
Perhaps, couldst thou affection show,
To me, I should not love thee so,
And that would be my medicine too.

Then choose to love me, or deny,
I will not be so fond to die
A martyr to thy cruelty:
If thou be'st weary of me, when
Thou art so wise to love again,
Command, and I'll forsake thee then.

To Odelia.

Health to my fair Odelia! Some that know
How many months are past
Since I beheld thy lovely brow,
Would count an age at least;
But unto me,
Whose thoughts are still on thee,
I vow
By thy black eyes, 'tis but an hour ago.

That mistress I pronounce but poor in bliss,
That, when her servant parts,
Gives not as much with her last kiss,
As will maintain two hearts
Till both do meet
To taste what else is sweet.
Is't fit
Time measure love, or our affection it?

Cherish that heart, Odelia, that is mine,
And if the north thou fear,
Dispatch but from thy southern clime
A sigh, to warm thine here;

But be so kind
To send by the next wind,
'Tis far,
And many accidents do wait on war.

To his Mistress confined.

Think not, my Phebe, 'cause a cloud
Doth now thy heavenly beauty shroud,
My wandering eye
Can stoop to common beauties of the sky;
Be thou but kind, and this eclipse
Shall neither hinder eyes, nor lips,
For we will meet
Within our hearts, and kiss, when none shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
Without some loving signs of me;
When thou dost spy
A sun-beam peep into thy room, 'tis I,
For I am hid within that flame,
And thus unto thy chamber came,
To let thee see,
In what a martyrdom I burn for thee.

[When[2] thou dost touch thy lute, thou may'st
Think on my heart, on which thou play'st;
When each sad tone
Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groan:
When thou dost please, they shall rebound
With nimble airs, struck to the sound
Of thy own voice:
Oh, think how much I tremble, and rejoice!]

[2] *When thou dost, &c.*] This stanza is inserted from Rawlinson's MS. and Carew's *Poems*: see note on Shirley's *Post-script to the Reader*. D.

There's no sad picture that doth dwell
Upon thy arras wall, but well
Resembles me.
No matter though our years do not agree;
Love can make old, as well as time,
And he that doth but twenty climb,
If he will prove
As true as I, shews fourscore years in love.

Love's Hue and Cry.[3]

In Love's name you are charg'd, oh, fly
And make a speedy hue and cry
After a face, which t'other day
Stole my wandering heart away:
To direct you, take in brief
These few marks to know the thief.
Her hair, a net of beams, would prove
Strong enough to imprison Jove,
Drest in his eagle's shape; her brow
Is a spacious field of snow;
Her eyes so rich, so pure a grey,
Every look creates a day,
And if they close themselves (not when
The sun doth set) 'tis night again;
In her cheeks are to be seen
Of flowers, both the king and queen,
Thither by all the graces led,
And smiling in their nuptial bed;
On whom, like pretty nymphs, do wait
Her twin-born lips, whose virgin state
They do deplore themselves, nor miss
To blush, so often as they kiss

[3] *Love's Hue and Cry.*] These lines, with many variations, occur in *The Witty Fair One*, vol. i. p. 311, and in Carew's *Poems*: see note on Shirley's *Postscript to the Reader*. D.

Without a man. Beside the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue; for, when your ear
Once a harmony shall hear
So ravishing, you do not know
Whether you be in heaven, or no,
That, that is she; oh, straight surprize,
And bring her unto love's assize;
But lose no time, for fear that she
Ruin all mankind, like me,
Fate, and philosophy controul,
And leave the world without a soul.

Good Night.

Bid me no more good night; because
'Tis dark, must I away?
Love doth acknowledge no such laws,
And love 'tis I obey,
Which blind, doth all your light despise,
And hath no need of eyes
When day is fled:
Besides, the sun, which you
Complain is gone, 'tis true,
Is gone to bed:
Oh, let us do so too!

Song.[4]

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Remit you to the down, or air:
The stars we all acknowledge bright,
The snow too is exceeding white:

[4] *Song.*] This piece, as printed in Carew's *Poems*, (see note on Shirley's *Postscript to the Reader,*) agrees almost entirely with the copy in Rawlinson's MS. The present text of it differs much from that of those collections. D.

To please your scent, 'twill not be hard
To present you bruised nard:
And would you heavenly music hear,
I'll call the orbs to take your ear,
If old Pythagoras sing true:
But ambrosia, heavenly dew
Divinely must affect your taste,
And nectar is your drink at last:
But would you have all these delights in one,
Know but the fair Odelia, and 'tis done.

A Fairing.

A Fairing if you ask, I will next day
Bestow upon you the new puppet play:
The children made in wax, I dare not try,
For, I confess, the models at your eye
Will melt themselves away, and then you know
The man will be undone, and lose his show.
What monsters would you see? I'll bring a man
Has been in France or Italy, that can
Play his deformities with all the fair.
We'll for the Cloisters, where the pictures are,
The king and queens, the princes, all the babies,
The paper lords, and all the painted ladies;
The men of ginger-bread; what art can do!
You shall see cannibals will eat them too.
We'll to the horse that dances, and ('tis said)
Tells money, and which virgin is a maid:
This beast must be an understanding creature,
For he will snort you by instinct of nature,
If you but name the pope; there's something in't,
That a wall eye should read Geneva print.
These are but half the knacks we'll see, and buy,
If you will walk into the fair with me:
But you are angry, mistress; troth, I meant
A jest, in answer of your merriment;

For sure you cannot mean, with hope to gain
That gift from me is worth your entertain.
For whatsoever is not I, must be
Trifles, and empty things bestow'd on thee;
And you may thank your beauty for't, I am
So poor, I have not left myself a name,
Or substance, not translated thine before;
He that bestow'd his heart, can give no more.
If thou wilt have a fairing from me then,
Give myself back, I'll give it thee again.

To L.[5] for a wreath of Bays sent.

Soul of my Muse, what active unknown fire
Already doth thy Delphick wreath inspire!
O'th'sudden, how my faculties swell high,
And I am all a powerful prophesy!
Sleep, ye dull Cæsars! Rome will boast in vain
Your glorious triumphs; one is in my brain,
Great as all yours; and circled with thy bays,
My thoughts take empire o'er all land and seas:
Proof against all the planets, and the stroke
Of thunder, I rise up Augustus' oak,
Within my guard of laurel, and made free
From age, look fresh still as my Daphnean tree.
My fancy's narrow yet, till I create
For thee another world, and in a state
As free as innocence, shame all poets' wit,
To climb no higher than Elysium yet,
Where the pale lovers meet, and teach the groves
To sigh, and sing vain legends of their loves;
We will have other flights, and taste such things
Are only fit for sainted queens and kings.

[5] *To L. &c.*] The first twenty lines, and the concluding couplet, of this piece, occur, slightly varied, in *Honoria and Mammon:* see p. 29. D.

Musæus, Homer, and ye sacred rest,
Long since believ'd in your own ashes blest,
Awake, and live again! and having wrote
Our story, wish your other songs forgot,
And yourselves too; but our high subject must,
In spite of death and time, new soul your dust.
What cannot I command? what can a thought
Be now ambitious of, but shall be brought
By virtue of my charm? I will undo
The year, and at my pleasure make one new,
All spring, whose blooming paradise, but when
I list, shall with one frown wither again.
Astrologers, leave searching the vast skies;
Teach them all fate, Odelia, from thine eyes;
All that was earth resolves, my spirit's free,
I have nothing left now but my soul and thee.

To the Painter[6] preparing to draw M. M. H.

Be not too forward, painter; 'tis
More for thy fame and art, to miss
All other faces, than come near
The lady, that expecteth here;
Be wise, and think it less disgrace
To draw an angel, than her face,

[6] *To the Painter, &c.*] In 1720, a bookseller named Jauncy published an octavo volume, called *A New Miscellany of Original Poems, Translations and Imitations. By the most Eminent Hands,* viz. *Mr. Prior, Mr. Pope, Mr. Hughes, &c. Now first published from their Respective Manuscripts. With some Familiar Letters by the late Earl of Rochester never before Printed.* At p. 150 of this *Miscellany*, the present poem occurs, with many variations, and is entitled;

"To the Painter preparing to draw Mrs. Mary Hammond, Sister to Sir William Hammond of St. Alban's in Kent.

Written by Mr. James Shirley, In the year 1634." The Editor no doubt printed it from a manuscript copy.

It is found also, much varied, in Rawlinson's MS. D.

For in such forms, who is so wise
To tell thee where thy error lies?
But since all beauty (that is known)
Is, in her virgin sweetness, one,
How can it be, that painting her,
But every look should make thee err?
But thou art resolute I see;
Yet let my fancy walk with thee.
Compose a ground more dark and sad,
Than that the early-chaos had,
And shew, to the whole sex's shame,
Beauty was darkness till she came.
Then paint her eyes, whose active light
Shall make the former shadows bright,
And with their every beam supply
New day, to draw her picture by.
Now, if thou wilt complete the face,
A wonder paint in every place.
  Beneath these, for her fair neck's sake,
White as the Paphian turtles, make
A pillar, whose smooth base doth shew
Itself lost in a mount of snow;
Her breast, the house of chaste desire,
Cold, but increasing others' fire.
  But how I lose (instructing thee)
Thy pencil, and my poetry!
For when thou hast express'd all art,
As high as truth, in every part,
She can resemble, at the best,
One in her beauty's silence drest,
Where thou, like a dull looker on,
Art lost, and all thy art undone:
For if she speak, new wonders rise
From her teeth, chin, lip, and eyes,
So far above that excellent
Did take thee first, thou wo't repent
To have begun, and lose i'th'end
Thy eyes with wonder how to mend.

At such a loss, here's all thy choice,
Leave off, or paint her with a voice.

TO A LORD, WHO HAD COURTED A LADY OF MUCH PERFECTION, AND AFTER OFFERED HIS SERVICE TO ANOTHER OF AN INFERIOR BEAUTY AND PARTS, IN CONFIDENCE THAT THE FIRST WOULD RE-ACCEPT HIM.

And can thy proud apostate eyes
Court her again, with hope t'entice
One gentle language, or a smile
Upon a renegade so vile?
Thing call'd a lord, forbear; 'tis fit
Ambition leave thee, like thy wit.
Send for an exorcist from Rome,
And let him with full orders come,
To dispossess thy wanton sense
Of this grand devil, Impudence.
  Can she, in whom shines every grace,
Love's wide fancy can embrace,
Forget her nobler soul to be
Upon thy pride retreiv'd by thee?
She hath let fall too many beams;
Thus heaven upon corrupted streams
Hath dropp'd transparent dew, which shews
The spring is clear, whence crystal flows.
Enjoy thy madness, or what's worse,
Thy new made mistress. 'Tis a curse
To be in hell, but thine is more,
Whose eyes have witness'd heaven before:
Th'Hesperian apples thou may'st see
Hereafter, but ne'er climb the tree;
For rather than thou gather fruit,
The plant will wither at the root.
Dote still upon the dragon, she
Is fierce, and form'd enough for thee;
And if thy own ill can dispense,
Kiss there, and suck more poison thence.

A Lover that durst not speak to his Mistress.

I can no longer hold, my body grows
Too narrow for my soul; sick with repose,
My passions call to be abroad; and where
Should I discharge their weight, but in her ear,
From whose fair eyes the burning arrow came,
And made my heart the trophy to her flame?
I dare not. How? Cupid is blind we know,
I never heard that he was dumb till now;
Love, and not tell my mistress! How crept in
That subtle shaft? Is it to love a sin?
Is't ill to feed a longing in my blood?
And was't no fault in her to be so good?
I must not then be silent. Yet forbear,
Convey thy passion rather in some tear,
Or let a sigh express, how much thy bliss
Depends on her, or breathe it in a kiss,
And mingle souls; loud accents call the eyes
Of envy, and but waken jealousies:
Then silence be my language, which if she
But understand, and speak again to me,
We shall secure our fate, and prove at least
The miracles of love are not quite ceast.
Bar frowns from our discourse, and every where
A smile may be his own interpreter:
Thus we may read, in spite of standers by,
Whole volumes, in the twinkling of an eye.

To one that said his Mistress was old.

Tell me not, Time hath play'd the thief
Upon her beauty; my belief
Might have been mock'd, and I had been
An heretic, if I had not seen;

My mistress is still fair to me,
And now I all those graces see,
That did adorn her virgin brow;
Her eye hath the same flame in't now,
To kill or save, the chemist's fire
Equally burns; so my desire;
Not any rosebud less within
Her cheek, the same snow on her chin;
Her voice that heavenly music bears,
First charm'd my soul, and in my ears
Did leave it trembling; her lips are
The self same lovely twins they were:
After so many years I miss.
No flower in all my paradise.
Time, I despise thy rage, and thee;
Thieves do not always thrive, I see.

Upon his Mistress dancing.

I stood and saw my mistress dance,
Silent, and with so fix'd an eye,
Some might suppose me in a trance;
But being asked why,
By one that knew I was in love,
I could not but impart
My wonder, to behold her move
So nimbly with a marble heart.

To a Mistress, in whose Letter some Tears were dropped.

Think not, my dearest mistress, that I can
Forget my vows to thee, and be a man;
Love is for more than life, that's but a span.

Those drops which on thy letter did appear,
At once both stain'd and made thy paper clear;
I would have read thy eyes, and not thy tear.

Yet I'll not chide thee for it; it may be
To make me rich thou send'st those pearls to me:
Alas, I must be poor in wanting thee!

Had I a thought about me did not lay
Thee up a treasure to my love, I'd say
Thy tears were sorrow for my sin, and pray:

But knowing myself thine, howe'er thou do
An act to grieve my love, and thy own too,
Myself I'll flatter by not thinking so.

Examine thy own soul, and if thou find
Faith there, it was but copied from my mind,
Which may be wounded, never be unkind.

So, farewell, my Odelia: be thou just;
For when I die, I'll love thee in my dust,
And when I fail thee most, secure thy trust.

Presenting his Mistress with a Bird.

Walking to taste the welcome spring,
The birds which cheerful notes did sing
On their green perches; 'mong the rest,
One, whose sweet warble pleas'd me best,
I tempted to the snare, and caught.
To you I send it to be taught;
'Tis young, and apt to learn, and near
A voice so full of art and clear
As yours, it cannot choose but rise
Quickly a bird of paradise.

Upon scarlet and blush-coloured Ribbands, given by two Ladies.

Let other servants boast a snowy glove,
Or glory in their mistress' hair,
Or think they straight immortal prove,
If they once obtain to wear
A ring enamell'd, by her finger blest,
Wherein the rainbow is exprest,
In whose circle Cupid dwelling,
Doth offer a sweet poesy to their smelling.

Not all the orient beauties that embrace
Fair Venus' neck, nay, grant that she
Deign to disfurnish her own face,
And bestow her mole on me,
Not this, nor those are half so rich, so fair
As these two silken ribbands are;
Favours Juno might have given
The Graces, on her wedding day in heaven.

Mysterious colours, carrying more than shew!
For you express in your rich dye
Rare virtues, which the givers owe,[7]
Constant love, and modesty:
To which when I prove false, my blood be curst,
To satisfy the injur'd first;
Shame be next reward, and then
I forfeit blush and scarlet back again.

To his Mistress, upon the Bays withered.

Fair cruel, see the bays, which thou
Didst send to crown my verse:
How well with cypress and sad yew
Would it become my hearse!

[7] *owe*] i. e. own. D.

'Tis thy unkindness that doth kill
The leaves, which fade like me;
Yet on the wreath but cast a smile,
'Twill seem another tree.

Such shine will quicken what is dead;
Then send it me again,
Which shall have virtue on my head,
To make the wearer grêen.

Thus, in a frost, I'll meet a flame,
And Phœbus' priest am made,
And thee, I growing fresh, will name
My nymph, my light, my shade.

Taking leave when his Mistress was to ride.

How is it my ungentle fate,
When love commanded me to wait
Upon my saint, by break of day,
I brought a heart, but carried none away?

When we join'd ceremonious breath,
And lips, that took a leave like death,
With a sad parting thought opprest,
Did it leave mine, to glide into her breast?

Or was it, when like Pallas she
Was mounted, and I gaz'd to see,
My heart then looking through mine eye,
Did after her out at that window fly?

'Twas so, and 'cause I did not ride,
My heart would lackey by her side,
Or some more careful angel be,
To see my mistress safe convey'd for me.

Nay then attend thy charge, nor fear
Storms in the way, and if a tear
By chance, at looking back on thee
Bedew her eye, drink that a health to me.

But smile at night, and be her guest,
At once her music and her feast,
And if at any mention made
Of me, she sigh, say all thy travail's paid.

But when she's gently laid to rest,
Oh listen softly to her breast,
And thou shalt hear her soul, but see
Thou wake her not, for she may dream of me.

But what's all this when I am here,
If fancy bid thee welcome there?
Heart, this last duty I implore,
Or bring her back, or see thy cell no more.

Love for Enjoying.

Fair lady, what's your face to me?
I was not only made to see;
Every silent stander by
May thus enjoy as much as I.
That blooming nature on your cheek,
Is still inviting me to seek
For unknown wealth; within the ground
Are all the royal metals found.
Leave me to search; I have a thread
Through all the labyrinth shall lead,
And through every winding vein
Conduct me to the golden mine;
Which once enjoy'd, will give me power
To make new Indies every hour.

Look on those jewels that abound
Upon your dress; that diamond
No flame, no lustre could impart,
Should not the lapidary's art
Contribute here and there a star;
And just such things ye women are,
Who do not in rude quarries shine,
But meeting us, you're made divine.
Come let us mix ourselves, and prove
That action is the soul of love.
Why do we coward-gazing stand,
Like armies in the Netherland,
Contracting fear at either's sight,
Till we both grow too weak to fight?
Let's charge for shame, and chuse you whether
One shall fall, or both together.
This is love's war, whoever dies,
If the survivor be but wise,
He may reduce[8] the spirit fled,
For t'other kiss will cure the dead.

Upon the Prince's Birth.[9]

Fair fall the Muses, that in well-chim'd verse
Our prince's happy birth do sing!
I have a heart as full of joy as theirs,
As full of duty to my king;
And thus I tell,
How every bell
Did ring forth England's merry glee;
The bonfires too,
With much ado,
It were great pity to belie her,
Made all the city seem one fire,
A joyful sight to see.

[8] *reduce*] See note, p. 178. D

[9] *Upon the Prince's Birth*] Charles II. was born May 29th, 1630. D.

The graver citizens were fox'd[1] that day,
With beer and joy most soundly paid:[2]
The constables in duty reel'd away,
And charged others them to aid;
To see how soon
Both sun and moon,
And the seven stars forgotten be;
But when 'twas night
Their heads were light,
To which they did exalt their horn,
Because a prince of Wales was born,
A joyful sight to see.

The Dutchmen, having drunk so much before,
Could not so well express their joy:
The French, condemn'd not to be sober more,
Drank healths unto the royal boy,
In their own wine,
Neat, brisk, and fine:
The valiant Irish, Cram-a-cree,
It pledged hath
In usquebath,[3]
And being in this jovial vein,
They made a bog even of their brain,
A joyful sight to see.

The Welsh for joy her cousin prince was born,
Was mean to change St. Tavie's day,
Swearing no leeks was be hereafter worn
But on the twenty nine of May;
None so merry
Drinking perry,

[1] *fox'd*] i. e. drunk. D.
[2] *paid*] See note, vol. iv. p. 124. D.
[3] *usquebath*] So Rawlinson's MS. The old copy "usquebagh." D.

And metheglin on their knee,
Was every man
A Trojan than ;[4]
Thus arm'd the tivel her defy,
And dare tell Beelzebub her lie,
A joyful sight to see.

The Scots in bonny ale their joy did sing,
And wish'd the royal babe a man,
That they might beg him but to be their king,
And let him rule'em when he can:
The Spaniard made
A shrug, and said,
After my pipe, come follow me:
Canary sack
Did go to rack,
Some merchants went to Malago,
Some drown'd in good old Charnico,
A joyful sight to see.

[But while[5] the bells about us make a din,
And bonfires for the prince we make,
The puritans did only burn within,
With spiritual faggots for his sake;
Should they maintain
A fire profane?
They rather martyrs wish'd to be:
But these remit,
Till judges sit;
Next sessions, some or other may
Find wholesome Tyburn in their way,
A joyful sight to see.]

[4] *than*] Often used for *then* by our old poets. D.
[5] *But while, &c.*] This stanza is inserted from Rawlinson's MS. D.

And now let all good subjects' prayers ascend,
That heaven with milk would swell their breast
That nurse the babe; may angels still attend
To rock him gently to his rest!
Let his glory
Raise a story
Worthy an immortal pen:
So Charles God bless,
Our queen no less;
And in conclusion of my song,
I wish that man without a tongue
That will not say amen.

To his honoured friend Thomas Stanley,[6] Esquire, upon his elegant Poems.

A palsy shakes my pen, while I intend
A votive to thy muse; since to commend
With my best skill, will be as short of thee,
As thou above all future poesy.
Thou early miracle of wit and art,
That hath prodigiously so got the start
Of ages in thy study! Time must be
Old once again in overtaking thee.
I know not where I am, when I peruse
Thy learned loves; how willingly I lose

[6] *Thomas Stanley*] The intimacy between Shirley and this very learned man is noticed in the account of our author and his works. He was the son of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, of Laytonstone in Essex, and Cumberlow in Hertfordshire, and born about 1625. He was fellow commoner of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; on leaving which, he visited the continent. He married Dorothy, daughter and coheir of Sir James Enyon, Bart., of Flower in Northamptonshire, and died in 1678. His *Poems*, though they do not deserve so high an eulogium as the friendship of Shirley has bestowed on them, possess considerable beauty. D.

Myself in every grove, and wish to be
(Might it contribute to thy wreath) a tree!
Carew,[7] whose numerous language did before
Steer every genial soul, must be no more
The oracle of love; and might he come
But from his own to thy Elysium,
He would repent his immortality
Given by loose idolaters, and die
A tenant to these shades, and by thy ray
He need not blush to court his Celia.
Thy numbers carry height, yet clear, and terse,
And innocent, as becomes the soul of verse:
Poets from hence may add to their great name,
And learn to strike from chastity a flame.
But I expect some murmuring critic here
Should say, no poems ever did appear
Without some fault; this I must grant a truth;
And sir, let me deal plainly with your youth,
Not error-proof yet, something may admit
A censure; if you will secure your wit,
I know the only way to bring't about,
Accept my love, and leave this copy out.

[7] *Carew*] Thomas Carew, brother of Sir Matthew Carew, was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and spent several years of his youth in France and Italy. By Charles the first he was appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer in ordinary. He is supposed to have died about the year 1639. His *Poems* and *Cœlum Britannicum a Masque*, are still justly admired. "He was," says Clarendon, "a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way) which for the sharpness of the fancy, and the elegancy of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal if not superior to any of that time: but his glory was, that after fifty years of his life, spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of christianity that his best friends could desire." *Life of the Earl of Clarendon*, vol. i. p. 41, ed. 1827. D.

To the E[arl] of S[trafford][8] upon his recovery.

My lord, the voice that did your sickness tell,
Strook like a midnight chime or knell;
At every sound
I took into my sense a wound,
Which had no cure till I did hear
Your health again
Restor'd, and then
There was a balsam pour'd into mine ear.

It was my wonder first, what could invade
A temper was so even made;
Then fear stept in,
Lest nature should commit a sin,
By yielding to resign your breath,
Upon whose hearse
All tears and verse
Would fall, but not enough lament your death.

But hymns are now requir'd; 'tis time to rise,
And pay the altar sacrifice:
My heart allows
No gums, nor amber, but pure vows;
There's fire at breathing of your name,
And do not fear,
I have a tear
Of joy, to curb any immodest flame.

In you, since honour is restor'd, oh, may
Health in your noble bosom stay,
And with your blood
Move in a circle all that's good;

[8] *Earl of Strafford*] See the account of Shirley and his works. This great man was born in 1593, and beheaded in 1641. D.

And though time sicken with his years,
And winters come,
Let your age bloom,
And look as fresh as when the spring appears!

One that loved[9] none but deformed Women.

What should my mistress do with hair?
Her frizzling, curling, I can spare;
But let her forehead be well plough'd,
And hemp within the furrows sow'd.

No dressing should conceal her ear,
Which I would have at length appear,
At which should hang with a device,
The wealthy pearls of both her eyes.

And such a nose I would desire
Should represent the town a' fire;
Cheeks black, and swelling like the south,
No tongue, nor mark within her mouth.

Oh, give me such a face,
Such a grace!
No two should have sport,
Or in wedlock better agree:
The devil should into the bawdy court,
If he durst but cuckold me.

The Commonwealth of Birds.[1]

Let other poets write of dogs,
Some sing of fleas, or fighting frogs,

[9] *One that loved &c.*] See note vol. iv. p. 226. D.

[1] *The Common-wealth of Birds*] In Rawlinson's MS. stands thus:

Listen, gallants, to my words,
I sing the Commonwealth of Birds.

Another's Muse be catching fish,
And every bard[2] cook his own dish;
The Common-wealth of Birds I bring
To feast your ears; then hear me sing.
A Buzzard is the Mayor o' th' town,
And Gulls are Brethren of the Gown;

A Buzzard doth command the town;
Gulls are brethren of the gown;
Great, but not Moguls they be,
Of the land, and not the sea.

There is, in every ward, of these
Widgeons plac'd for deputies:
The citizens have merry lives;
They cuckoos are, who take to wives,
Pretty Parrots, Black-birds, Rails,
Many of them prove Wagtails.

Each parish-constable is a Daw;
Wry-neck, watchmen with club law,
Who, taking any Owls by night,
Straight convey them to the Kite,
Who keeps the Counter, and indeed
Knows on Poultry how to feed.

Divers gentlemen there are,
A Robin-red-breast, and a Stare;
Canary Birds are not a few;
Rooks have crept among them too;
Dunghill Cocks, that will be beat;
Godwits, only good to eat.

Would you know the Lawyers? these
Are a nest of Goldfinches:
But few men there are, that know
The Physician from a Crow;
Yet Bitter many of them are,
And the good like Black-swans rare.

If any chance to ask of me,
Where this Commonwealth should be,
I answer, 'tis above the Moon,
'Twas mine by revelation;
There the Larks are, and we shall
See them, when the sky doth fall. D.

[2] *bard*] The old copy "Bird." D.

Some Widgeons of the peace and quorum,
Commit all that are brought before 'em.
Cocks are the under men of trade,
Within whose hall a law is made,
That every spring each citizen
Shall march, to bring the Cuckoo in.
Every constable has a claw,
A head of Bat, and brain of Daw;
And, as wise as these, you will
Know the Watchmen by their bill,
Who take no wandering Owls by night
But they convey them to the Kite,
Who keeps the Compter, where together
They laugh, and drink, and molt their feather.
If you come to court, there are
A Robin-red-breast, and a Stare:
Canary birds do sigh, not sing,
The Larks have quite forgot the spring;
What should harmonious birds sing there,
When a Rook's master of the quire?
They that do practise Common pleas
With greatest art, are Goldfinches,
And Crows by physick, plump and thrive;
Men die, that birds of prey may live.
If for the church you look, sad age!
You'll find the clergy in a cage:
Faith and Religion declines,
When good wits are no more divines;
For Lapwings everywhere you'll see
Perch up, and preach Divinity;
Who sing, though every soul be vext,
Here 'tis, when farthest from their text.
But what most admiration moves,
The soldiers are all fighting Doves;
And no reward for prose, or verse,
The scholars are turn'd Woodpeckers.
So fast the various Birds intrude,
Art cannot name them: to conclude,

Every wise man is a Wren,
And black Swans the honest men.
A wonder in the close I bring;
A Nightingale to these is King,
Who never (sweet bird) goes to rest,
But has a thorn upon his breast.

To the excellent pattern of Beauty and Virtue, L[ady] El[izabeth,] Co[untess] of Or[mond].[3]

Madam,

Were you but only great, there are some men
Whose heat is not the Muses', nor their pen
Steer'd by chaste truth, could flatter you in prose,
Or glorious verse, but I am none of those.
I never learn'd that trick of court to wear
Silk at the cost of flattery; or make dear
My pride, by painting a great lady's face
When she had done't before, and swear the grace
Was Nature's; anagram upon her name,
And add to her no virtue, my own shame.
I could not make this lord a god, then try
How to commit new court idolatry;
And when he dies, hang on his silent hearse
Wet elegies, and haunt his ghost in verse.
These, some hold witty, thriving garbs, but I
Choose to my loss a modest poesy,
And place my genius upon subjects fit
For imitation, rather than bold wit;
And such are you, who both in name and blood
Born great, have learn'd this lesson to be good.

[3] *Elizabeth Countess of Ormond.*] Wife of the celebrated James Butler, successively Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Ormond. She was the cousin of her husband, and only child of the Earl of Desmond. She died in 1684. D.

Arm'd with this knowledge, madam, I not fear
To hold fair correspondence with the year,
And bring my gift, hearty, as you are fair,
A servant's wish, for all my wealth is prayer,
Which with the year thus enters. May you be
Still the same flowing goodness that we see.
In your most noble lord be happy still,
And heaven chain your hearts into one will;
Be rich in your two darlings of the spring,
Which as it waits, perfumes their blossoming,
The growing pledges of your love, and blood;
And may that unborn blessing timely bud,
The chaste and noble treasure of your womb,
Your own, and th'age's expectation come;
And when your days and virtues have made even,
Die late, belov'd of earth, and change for heaven.

To the H[onourable] Lady D. C.,[4] at his departure.

Madam, whose first stile is good,
Great in virtue as in blood,

[4] *To the Honourable Lady, D. C. &c.*] in Rawlinson's M.S. stands thus:

To the Right Honourable sisters, the Lady B. and Lady Dia: Curs:

Ladies, whose first style is good,
Great in virtue, as in blood,
For my entertainment, take
This poor sacrifice I make,
In wishes only, so in part
I shall express my thankful heart.
May you be happy all your life,
Either of you a blest wife:
May your husbands' love renew
Every day their marriage vow,
And yourselves, as newly wed,
Give each night a maidenhead.
When you sleep, may flowing numbers
Charm you into heavenly slumbers:

For my entertainment, take
This warm sacrifice, I make
In wishes, which flow best, while[5] art
Hath little traffick with the heart.
May every sun that rises, pay
You pleasure long-liv'd as the day,
And at night the silent streams
Of pious thoughts fill up your dreams.
For him, to whom your heart is tied,
Keep it still virgin, and bride,
That often as you go to bed,
You give and take a maidenhead.
Never sigh, but when you pray:
May your husband smile all day;
And when clouds make dark his sky,
Strike new daylight from your eye,
And if e'er he think amiss,
May you cure him with a kiss.
But, to keep his heart at home,
Be rich in treasures of your womb,
And taught by examples of your love,
With every Olive branch a Dove.

When you wake, may you be kept
As free from sin, as when you slept.
Never sigh, but when you pray:
May your husbands smile all day,
And, when clouds make dark their sky,
Strike new daylight from your eye;
And, if e'er they think amiss,
May you cure them with a kiss.
May you happy mothers be,
And your childrens' children see;
Live to be very old, and then
Return into your spring again,
And when a second age is past,
Though late, may you reach heaven at last. D.

[5] *while*] The old copy "which." D.

To W[illiam] M[arquis] of N[ewcastle].[6]

Hail, great preserver of the king,
And your own honour! Such a thing
At court but rare appears;
And when in calmer years
So much virtue, so much crime
Shall be read both at one time,
Treason shall want a child, and, your worth known,
Posterity shall thank the kingdom's groan.

When I before did fancy men
Of a most glorious soul, my pen
Did prophecy of you,
To whom so much is due,
That each patriot must rise
To court you with a sacrifice,
And boldest writers telling ages why,
Need fear no fiction in their poetry.

Great both in peace and war, thus fame
Did honour Sidney; on your name
Two laurels grow,[7] and they
That speak them both, may say,
Thus the fluent Ovid wrote,
And thus, too, wise Cæsar fought;
For when your story shall be perfect, you
May both deserve, and have their envies too.

[6] *William Marquis of Newcastle.*] See the account of Shirley and his works. This distinguished nobleman was born in 1592, and died in 1676. D.

[7] *grow*] The old copy "grew." D.

To Master Philip Massinger,[8] on his Renegado.

Dabblers in poetry, that only can
Court this weak lady, or that gentleman,
With some loose wit in rhyme;
Others that fright the time
Into belief with mighty words, that tear
A passage through the ear;
Or nicer men
That through a perspective will see a play,
And use it the wrong way,
(Not worth thy pen)
Though all their pride exalt them, cannot be
Competent judges of thy lines or thee.

I must confess, I have no glorious name
To rescue judgment, no poetic flame
To dress thy muse with praise,
And Phœbus his own bays;
Yet I commend this poem, and dare tell
The world I lik'd it well;
And if there be
A tribe, who in their wisdom dare accuse
The offspring of thy Muse,
Let them agree,
Conspire one comedy, and they will say
'Tis easier to commend than make a play.

To a Lady, upon a Looking-Glass sent.

When this crystal shall present
Your beauty to your eye,
Think that lovely face was meant
To dress another by:

[8] *To Master Philip Massinger, on his Renegado.*] These lines are prefixed to the 4to. ed. of that play, 1630. D.

For, not to make them proud,
These glasses are allow'd
To those are fair,
But to compare
The inward beauty with the outward grace,
And make them fair in soul as well as face.

Epithalamium.

1. Oh, look anon, if in the seeded sky
You miss no stars; here I did spy
Two gliding by.
2. Did not thy trembling sense mistake the shine,
Which from the flaming marriage pine
Shot like divine?
1. No, no, oh no, within his stock of light
Hymen was never half so bright.
2. Behold, the nuptial train
Come smiling back again:
Hymen, hold up thy torch.
1. Now, now I see
The virgin bride, fair Willoughby,
From whose fair eyes
This day did rise,
2. Whilst her chaste blushing strows
Fresh roses on the morning as she goes.
1. What music have they?
2. None,
But what's the bridegroom's own:
See, where he follows to supply
All that a well tun'd ear
Can wish to hear,
Being himself a walking harmony.

Chorus.

Heaven on this pair drop all the joys
Of love, health, fortune, pleasure, boys!

A Mother hearing her Child was sick of the Small-pox.

What hath my pretty child misdone,
That heaven so soon,
(As if it did repent
The sweetness it had lent)
Making so many graves, mistook the place,
And buried all her beauty in her face?

But it foresaw, if she remain'd
Fresh and unstain'd,
So blooming in each part,
She might take every heart,
Charm all the Muses to forget their verse,
Or name no beauty in their song, but hers.

But this is still my sorrow, child,
With which turn'd wild,
I send my tears to seek,
And bathe thy wither'd cheek:
Which, could my kisses reach, with warm supplies,
I would leave thee no spots, or me no eyes.

Epithalamium.

To his noble friend, Mr. I. W.

Adorn the altar; many come to day
To sacrifice;
But first upon't let me presume to lay
My grain of spice;
'Tis all I have, though others bring
Rich gifts, mine is the offering.

Live one in heart so long, till time forget
You have been two;
Upon your bosoms, joys more frequent sit
Than pearls of dew
On the green cheek of earth, but may
No sun kiss one of these away.

Plenty your tables, chaste desires still meet
To crown your beds;
And may the bridegroom the first night beget
New maidenheads.
I could say more, but verse is tied;
Wild joys in prose are best supply'd.

A Catch.

Come, let us throw the dice, who shall drink?
Mine is ⚅ ⚅, and his ⚅ ⚄;
⚅ and ⚃ is a cast; ⚅ and ⚄ not too fast;
Come aloft ⚄ ⚄; ⚅ ⚀ fair play;
⚅ ⚃ is your throw, sir; ⚅ ⚀ they run low, sir;
⚃ ⚃ we see; ⚃ ⚀ is but three;
Oh, where is the wine? come, fill up his glass,
For here is the man that has thrown ⚀ ⚀.

On a black Ribband.

Though love and honour take a pride to dress
Their servants in these silken liveries,
But choose the colours always gay, and bright,
Excluding black, as the dark child of night,
(Which, constant to its own complexion, knows
Not how to blush, nor one indulgence owes

Either to beauty, or the gift of kings,
This jealousy, and that vexation brings,)
Give me the black embracement on my arm,
Which, like a potent amulet or charm,
Shall countermand all magic, and defy
The smiles of love, and snares of majesty.
Of this I'll be more proud, than when the fair
Odelia once gave me her wreath of hair,
Wherein, her fingers, taught by love, had wrought
A net, to catch and hold each subtle thought.
This mourning bracelet is to me above
All ribbands, which the Robinhoods of love
Are trick'd withal, who but present at court
Which are the race nags for the ladies' sport.
Give me that sable ornament, that may
Vie honour with the Nova Scotia,
Or crimson Bath; and still reserv'd to th'king
My reverence, who is the soul and spring
Of English honour, for the garter's sake,
I should not mourn, although the blue were black;
And 'tis within his breast, when Charles will please
To create one of black, to outshine these,
For what bold antiquaries will deny,
Of colours, sable the first heraldry?
All orders have their growth, and this, when sent
To me, had something that was glorious meant,
From one, whose blood writes noble, but his mind
And soul's extraction leave that stream behind;
And this, who knows, in calmer time may thrive,
And grow into a name, if arts survive?
Till when, to this black armlet, it shall be
My honour, to be call'd a votary.

To Gentlemen that broke their promise of a meeting, made when they drank claret.

There is no faith in claret, and it shall
Henceforth with me be held apocryphal;
I'll trust a small-beer promise, nay, a troth
Wash'd in the Thames, before a French wine oath.
That grape, they say, is binding; yes, 'tis so,
And it has made your souls thus costive too.
Circe transform'd the Greeks, no hard design,
For some can do as much with claret wine
Upon themselves, witness you two, allow'd
Once honest, now turn'd air, and a-la-mode.
Begin no health in this, or if by chance
The king's, 'twill question your allegiance;
And men will, after all your ruffling, say,
You drink, as some do fight, in the French way,
Engage and trouble many, when 'tis known,
You spread their interest to waive your own.
Away with this false christian, it shall be
An excommunicate from mirth, and me;
Give me the catholic, diviner flame,
To light me to the fair Odelia's name;
'Tis sack, that justifies both man and verse,
Whilst you in Lethe-claret still converse;

[9] *To Gentlemen, that broke their promise, &c.*] in Rawlinson's MS. stands thus:

To E. H. and W. H.

There is no faith in claret; now I see
That blushing wine doth merely Frenchify.
Can promises in wine, and wine, that should,
Having no colour, best agree with blood,
Make men so cold, that after, they appear
As dull as they which compliment in beer?
But 'tis no wonder, for we do not seek
A christian, where there is no catholick:
'Tis sack that justifies; and had you both
Promis'd in sack, each word had been an oath. D.

Forget your own names next, and when you look
With hope to find, be lost in the church book.

Upon a Gentlewoman that died of a Fever.[1]

Death, Time, and Sickness, had been many a day
Conspiring this sweet virgin to betray;
At last impatient, vow'd, ere the next sun,
To finish what their malice had begun.
Sickness went slowly on, but Time apace,
Death lagg'd behind; by night all reach'd the place.
But when, resolv'd of a surprise, they came,
They found her guarded by a holy flame
Her waking fever kept: this did affright
The thieves, who are still fearful of the light.
Time stays without; but Sickness, by the sin
Of bribing a false servant, was let in;
Death follow'd the advantage, and did creep
Into her chamber, where though in her sleep,
Sickness faint-hearted could not stop her breath,
But she soon found the icy hand of Death.
Her groan awak'd some friends; and, the maid kill'd,
With sighs and clamours all the air was fill'd.
Fearing a swift pursuit, Time ran away;
Sickness no longer had the heart to stay;
Death with his prey soon hid him under ground,
Not since by any living creature found.

Upon the death of G. M.

I lov'd him, and I lost him too; then why
Should others weep their farewell, and not I?

[1] *Upon a Gentlewoman that died of a fever.*] In Rawlinson's MS. these lines, greatly varied, are entitled, *Upon Sr G. Ca. Ladie: Ep.* D.

If souls know more by being body-free,
He'll know, from all the rest, these drops from me.
Then flow apace: I see where store of rain
Is met, and swoln itself into a main;
Go lose yourselves in that; it cannot be
In vain, to add some water to the sea,
Since heaven, whose glorious constellations are
So many, hath yet took another star.
If any think my grief has but a face
Of mourning, and my tears a common place,
Be judge yourselves, that know what 'tis to leave
A friend, then wisely teach me how to grieve.
Be judge you that did want him, while he liv'd,
But more now, since he then your lives repriev'd,
Forfeit to miseries, and let me know
What height and method you'll prescribe your woe.
Be judge that were companions of his wit,
And knew with what wise art he manag'd it.
When nature's darling bleeds, who can be found,
Whose heart would not drop balm into the wound?
Last be you judges, who best teach the way,
And steer our erring souls to heaven; then say
How much divinity is gone, and, by
Your grief, I'll learn to write his elegy.

Upon the death of King James.[2]

When busy fame was almost out of breath,
With telling to the world king James his death,

[2] *Upon the death of King James,*] March 27th, 1625.—This poem in Rawlinson's MS. stands thus:

Is the sea richer for a drop of rain,
Or, being mingled, can we know't again?
Then why (though I have interest in the care)
Should I into the flood let fall a tear?
Yes, drop into the sea my tear, before
Heaven (which was full) hath a star added more?

I gave the voice no credit; not that I
Believ'd in law, that kings can never die;
For, though of purer mould, at last they must
Resolve to their cold principle, the dust,
Distinguish'd only from the common men,
That being dead, their dust is royal then.
What though the king were old? as soon must they
Be at home, whose journey's down-hill all the way:

Credibile est illum non potuisse mori.
When at my ear the rumour did arrive,
Of the king's death, unwilling to believe,
Perhaps, so sad a story, like a voice
Empty of truth, having but made a noise,
I gave't no entertainment; not that I
Held an opinion, kings can never die,
Who, though of purer mould, yet one day must
Die, and dissolve again to princely dust;
That's all the difference then, all life's a way
'Twixt earth and earth, and sooner needs must they
Finish their course, who old, of their years' sum,
Having past many, leave but few to come;
Bird-like the soul flies out, when once the cage
Is made too weak a prison by old age;
But I would trust my eye, not every sound;
The ear oft catches things at false rebound.
To clear my doubts, some told me who did bring
By torchlight the dead body of the king,
(When every star, like kinsmen to the dead,
That night, close mourners, hid their golden head)
And had repos'd that royal burden where
His people might embalm him with their tear.
My grief found quick direction: I came
Unto a house, I know not how to name,
It had so many; only this I know,
It might be justly call'd the House of Woe,
Death's inn of late for princes, who there lay,
Taking it, as a lodging, in their way
Unto the grave. Entering the court, I see
Many were cloth'd in black; but this might be
Their abstinence for Lent; for who was there
That would not fast from colours once a year?
I pass'd the guard, and to the Presence came,
Which did but mock enquiry with a name,

But I would trust my eye, not every sound;
The ear oft catches things at false rebound.
To clear my doubts, some told me, that did bring,
By torch-light, the dead body of the king,
When every star, like kinsmen to the dead,
That night, close mourners, hid their golden head,
And had repos'd that royal burden, where
His people might embalm him with their tear.
Sorrow finds quick direction: I came
To a fair house, I cannot give't a name,
It had so many; only this I know,
It might be aptly call'd the House of Woe,
Death's inn of late for princes, who there lay,
As taking but a lodging, in their way
To the dark grave. Enter'd the court, I see
Many attir'd in black; but this might be

For it presented nothing to the eye,
But blacks and tears for absent majesty.
Thence to the Privy Chamber I did pass,
To see if he were there; but there, alas,
I found new shapes of sorrow! men, whose eyes,
Drunk up by tears, shew'd life but a disguise.
The mournful State here did renew my woe
Of the lost Presence; velvet hangings too
Made sorrow of more value, which beheld
The scutcheon royal in a sable field.
To the Bed Chamber (which I cannot name
With too much veneration) next I came,
Now made the hallow'd shrine, wherein they said
The sacred body of the king was laid.
Oh, fitly may we call the bed, the grave,
Since we but sleep in both, in both we have
Our winding-sheet about us, thus to be
Prepar'd to sleep short death, or long sleep die!
This sad room
At first affrighted, opening, like a tomb,
To shew me death; where tapers, round about,
Flameless, would tell me that our light was out:
But, by the little day which was let in,
I'th'midst of an amaze, hope would begin
New comfort, and persuade my trembling eye,
The king was there alive; so fresh a dye

Their abstinence for lent, for who is there
That cannot fast from colours once a year?
After some justling with the guard, I came
To th' Presence, which but mock'd me with a name,
For it presented nothing to my eye
But blacks, and tears for absent majesty.
Thence to the Privy-Chamber I did pass,
In hope to find him there; but there, alas,
I found new shapes of sorrow! men, whose eyes,
Drunk up by tears, shew'd life in a disguise:
The mourning state here did renew my woe
For the lost presence; velvet hangings too
Made sorrow of more value, which beheld
The 'scutcheon royal in a sable field.
To the Bed-Chamber then (the shrine, some said,
Where the pale body of the king was laid)
My wild devotion brought me. This sad room
At first did fright me, opening like a tomb,

Dwelt on his cheek, a terror in his brow;
His eye[s] not clos'd by death, seem'd still to throw
Their glorious beams upon us; and who could
Not then expect a voice? But no sound would
Bless our attentive ears: oh, where were all
The treasures of his tongue, which he let fall
So oft in oracles! In this amaze,
My eye with more intention did gaze
Upon the countenance, and return'd at last
An error in my judgment, that had past
A sorrow upon trust; for what I see,
Were but king James his ornaments, not he;
A crowned model i'th'imperial robe,
Art, taught to hold a sceptre and a globe.
Alas! was *this* the way to get belief
That he was dead, to paint him now to life,
As if, when we had lost him, it had been
Enough, to have thought him but alive again?
This did my late suspicion renew,
King James might be alive, for aught I knew,
For what was this same figure to me more
Than hundred pictures I had seen before?
From this Black house unto the White, a place
Which with his person he did use to grace,

To shew me death; where tapers, round about,
Flameless, would tell me that our light was out:
But, by that melancholy day was lent,
I might discover on his monument
A king, with subtle artifice so set,
My sense did stagger at the counterfeit.
Alas, was this the way to gain belief
That he was dead, to paint him now to life!
As if, when we had lost him, it had been
Enough to have thought him but alive again:
But to these sad remonstrances I give
No faith; the king I sought, might be alive,
For all these figures, and their makers be
(At least as my soul wish'd) more dead than he.
From thence to White-hall when I came, with wing
Nimble as fear could make, I found the king;
I triumph'd here, and boldly did revive;
King James not dead, he was in Charles alive.

I went to be confirm'd, but, when I came,
I found it turn'd all mourner but the name;
But, like the Burse frequented, every where
Business and whisper that the king was there,
King Charles, not James: this granted, 'twas not strange,
To say the Burse was there the Royal Exchange:
Our day being gone, no night hung o'er our eyes,
For at sun-setting did the sun arise.
Here tears and triumph did divide me so,
I knew not what to answer to my woe:
At length resolv'd to wait, I wish'd to see
Our Jacob's staff, this springing majesty
From ashes of our phœnix, whose bright ray
Made such a sunshine in a rainy day.
At last, by unlook'd for happiness, I had
Sight of his person, in whose face I read
That which my late opinion did revive,
King James not dead, he was in Charles alive.
Credibile est illum non potuisse mori. D.

Upon the death of Sir Thomas Nevill.

Swelling eyes, forbear to weep:
Can the marble, that doth keep
So rich a Nevill, not appear
Full of cold drops, without your tear?
Or the earth, beneath his tomb,
Not feel a labour in her womb,
When with her profaner dust
His ashes mingle? Sure it must
Break with burden of new pain,
And from her root he grow again.

An Elegy upon the honourable, fair, and virtuous Mistress Borlase.

Come hither, virgins that are good, and fair;
Instead of flowers, here careless strew your hair;
Pay down the tribute due from all your eyes;
For underneath this dewy marble lies
One, worth you all: although you cannot make
Her live again, 'tis justice for her sake
To weep yourselves blind, for in vain you keep
Your eye-sight, while Maria's gone to sleep,
That was your path and leader. But away,
You are but common mourners; for this day,
Hid in a storm of tears, doth wait the name
Of great Borlase, wounded, and led by fame.
The mist is blown away; I see it come
With temper'd haste to look into her tomb,
To find an arm, which, from his body rent,
Does lie embalm'd in this white monument.
Forbear, chief mourner, and consent to be
Without this limb; more must be torn from thee,
And kept by death, till the whole body meet,
And sleep together, in one winding sheet.

Upon the Death of C. Dalby, Engineer, who died upon service, to which he had no command.

If we those men for gallant justify,
Who, when they are commanded on, dare die,
Tell me, how glorious shall their valour stand,
That dare, like Dalby, die without command?
Though order be the life of war, the sword
And bullet will not ask us for the word:
Nor did his courage know to make a pause,
When honour call'd so loud, and such a cause
As would untame a hermit, and make room
With his own fire to meet the martyrdom.
All that the sons of phlegm and fear can say,
Is, that he might have liv'd; and so will they,
Like earth-worms, safe in their own slime, and sleep,
Till the last trumpet wake'em, and then creep
Into some blind, and wish this worthy then
Alive, to hide them in some turfs again.
But his soul, wing'd with nobler flame, found out,
Not to be active, is the way about
To glory; which he being fond to taste,
They are too wise, that blame him for his haste.

Epitaph on the Duke of Buckingham.[1]

Here lies the best and worst of fate,
Two kings' delight, the people's hate,[1]
The courtier's star, the kingdom's eye,
A man to draw an angel by,
Fear's despiser, Villiers' glory,
The great man's volume, all time's story.

[1] *Duke of Buckingham.*] The extraordinary man, whom these lines so concisely describe, was stabbed by Felton in 1628, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. D.

An Elegy upon the truly honourable, Thomas Viscount Savage.[2]

Is Savage dead? and can the rock which bears
His name, not straight dissolve itself in tears,
And weep into the sea, where it may have
A burial too, whilst every frighted wave,
At this new guest, may raise his curled head,
And in a storm tell all the world who's dead?
But here's no want of flood, for every eye
Conspires in melting to an elegy.
But first, see, where the king and queen are come,
To pour their grief into their servant's tomb:
Let public sorrow be first serv'd; 'tis clear,
The kingdom weeps in every prince's tear.
And now his children drop their pious rain,
(Though none can soften his stiff clay again)
And sigh, they had a father, from whose care,
And wealth in virtue, every child's an heir.
Their tribute paid, close not the shrine: see, where
The treasure of his bosom doth appear,
Now coming to her saint with her drown'd eyes,
For sorrow leads her where her dead lord lies;
To whose pale relic she devoutly pays
A kiss, as holy as his life, and prays
With many tears, till quite dissolv'd in them,
She seems contriv'd into a walking stream,
As destiny had meant her to descend
From Rivers, but to satisfy this end.

[2] *Thomas Viscount Savage.*] Sir Thomas Savage, Bart. was created Viscount Savage of Rocksavage in the county of Chester, Ireland, by Charles the first. He married the eldest daughter and heiress of Thomas Lord Darcy, Viscount Colchester, and Earl Rivers, by whom he had a large family. He died in 1635. I may add, that the Marchioness of Winchester, whom Milton has made immortal by an epitaph, was daughter of Viscount Savage. D.

More sorrow doth attend this hearse, for here's
A train of lords that follow, though no peers;
For all the stock of honour is too low
For competition; yet upon this woe
Wait all that in nobility are good,
And he that weeps not, hath no gentle blood.
Nor are these all the mourners: see, how fast
The rear advances; I suspect their haste,
And weight, may overbear his sepulchre:
Friends to the dead, contain yourselves, nor fear,
You that were servants, crowding to the urn
Of your dead lord, but you'll have time to mourn
This, your immortal loss. But why among
Set shapes of mourning, suffer ye to throng
Those that profane his monument, the poor?
What make they at his tomb, and leave his door?
He was their bread, and, miracles not gone,
They hope to find it in his funeral stone:
He gave the blind men eyes too, and they can
Do no less now, than weep them out again.
Be sorrow free for all men, since he dies,
Worth love of heaven, and the world's sacrifice.

Upon Mr. Charles Beaumont, who died of a Consumption.

While others drop their tears upon thy hearse,
Sweet Charles, and sigh to increase the wind, my verse,
Pious in naming thee, cannot complain
Of death, or fate, for they were lately slain
By thy own conflict; and, since good men know
What heaven to such a virgin saint doth owe,
Though some will say they saw thee dead, yet I
Congratulate thy life and victory.
Thy flesh, an upper garment, that it might
Aid thy eternal progress, first grew light;

Nothing but angel now, which thou wert near,
Almost reduc'd[3] to thy first spirit here:
But fly, fair soul, while our complaints are just,
That cannot follow for our chains of dust.

The passing Bell.

Hark, how chimes the passing bell!
There's no music to a knell;
All the other sounds we hear,
Flatter, and but cheat our ear.
This doth put us still in mind
That our flesh must be resign'd,
And, a general silence made,
The world be muffled in a shade.
[4][Orpheus' lute, as poets tell,
Was but moral of this bell,
And the captive soul, was she,
Which they call Eurydice,
Rescu'd by our holy groan,
A loud echo to this tone.]
He that on his pillow lies
Tear-embalm'd before he dies,
Carries, like a sheep, his life,
To meet the sacrificer's knife,
And for eternity is prest,
Sad bell-wether to the rest.

Et longum, formosa, vale.

Friendship; or verses sent to a lover, in answer of a copy, which he had writ in praise of his Mistress.

Oh, how I blush, to have ador'd the face
Of any mistress, when I gave the grace,

[3] *reduc'd*] See note, p. 178. D.
[4] The lines in brackets are inserted from Rawlinson's MS. D.

For which I robb'd the flowers! how I did swear
Her eyes were stars, and love's soft nets her hair!
Disgrac'd the chiming of the spheres, to tell
Her voice! and in her breath, profess'd to smell
The eastern spices on the phœnix' pile!
And, for her chin, and forehead did beguile
Heaven of his milky way! These trimmings must
Be paid again; they're taken all on trust.
But let the mistress thou dost serve, be fair
With her own beauty, as some such there are;
Compound with the whole sex, to make a mind
Include the graces of fair womankind;
I shall not think her worth my praise, or smile,
And yet I have a mistress all this while,
But am a convert from that sex, and can,
Reduc'd[5] to my discretion, love a man,
With honour, and religion; such a one,
As dares be singly virtuous 'gainst the town;
A man that's learned too, and for his parts
Is held a prodigy of all the arts;
A man of a clear soul, bold, temperate, free,
Fortune and passion wear his livery,
And do obey; and, when he will resign
To mirth, is in at all things, but the wine;
Of an extraction noble, and, to do
Him and the wonder right, he is young too;
As handsome as thy mistress, more divine,
And hath no fault but that I call him mine:
My jealousy doth cloud his name, 'tis fit,
Nor art thou ripe for thy conversion yet.

The Garden.

This garden does not take my eyes,
Though here you shew how art of men
Can purchase nature at a price
Would stock old Paradise again.

[5] *Reduc'd*] See note, p. 178. D.

These glories while you dote upon,
I envy not your spring nor pride;
Nay boast the summer all your own,
My thoughts with less are satisfied.

Give me a little plot of ground,
Where might I with the sun agree,
Though every day he walk the round,
My garden he should seldom see.

Those tulips, that such wealth display,
To court my eye, shall lose their name,
Though now they listen, as if they
Expected I should praise their flame.

But I would see myself appear
Within the violet's drooping head,
On which a melancholy tear
The discontented morn hath shed.

Within their buds let roses sleep,
And virgin lillies on their stem,
Till sighs from lovers glide, and creep
Into their leaves, to open them.

I'th'centre of my ground compose
Of bays and yew my summer-room,
Which may, so oft as I repose,
Present my arbour, and my tomb.

No woman here shall find me out,
Or if a chance do bring one hither,
I'll be secure, for round about
I'll moat it with my eyes' foul weather.

No bird shall live within my pale,
To charm me with their shames of art,
Unless some wandering nightingale
Come here to sing and break her heart:

Upon whose death I'll try to write
An epitaph, in some funeral stone,
So sad, and true, it may invite
Myself to die, and prove mine own.

Curse.

Woman, I cannot call thee worse,
For thy vow-break, take this curse!
May that man, whom thy embrace
Shall make happy in my place,
At a time when all thy blood
Lust hath poison'd, and no good
Left in a thought, strike, with that air
He breathes upon thee next, despair;
Some death in his curl'd forehead sit,
And every kiss more cold than it.
Yet live, and my revenger be;
For when thou dost this Gorgon see,

6 *Curse*] In Rawlinson's MS. stands thus:

Woman, I cannot call thee worse,
For thy change, I breathe this curse!
May that man, whom thy embrace
Would make wanton in my place,
By thy example prove
So false to thee and love;
And ere thy second sheets invite
Him, to glory in my right,
May thy own fears make thee see
Medusa in his face, that he,
With every look and hair,
May teach thee new despair.
Rest not here, but, fond to know
Whether thy heart be stone or no,
Doubtful then, to be releast
Bestow a wound upon thy breast,
So bold and great, that I,
Assured thou wilt die,
And that thou art a sacrifice to me,
And then I will forgive thy perjury. D.

Betwixt thy horror, and no doubt
But that thou art a stone throughout,
With some knife, or poniard, wound
Thy heart, till falling to the ground,
And pale, the world believe thee dead,
But not one tear upon thee shed:
No matter where thy spirit flies,
Or whose pity close thine eyes.

To the proud Mistress.[7]

Proud woman, know I am above
As much thy anger as thy love.
I did once think thou hadst a face;
But when next thou tak'st thy glass,
If thou canst see through so much paint,
Pray to thy own, no more my saint.

[7] *To the proud mistress*] In Rawlinson's MS. stands thus:

Know, coy disdain, I am above
As much thy anger, as thy love.
To thy mirror shew thy face,
And thy blush will stain the glass;
Look upon thy eyes, and see
What misleading fires they be;
But they cannot long hold bright,
For lovers will curse out their light,
Whom, like me, thou hast betray'd,
When thou had'st thy engines laid,
Counterfeiting wanton arts,
To catch, then triumph o'er our hearts.
But I am now ashore, and fear
No rock disguis'd, nor tempest near:
Sing like a Mermaid still, and be
The scorn of all that sail by thee;
Grow enamour'd of some shelf,
Beneath whose sands entomb thyself;
Live not to spawn; or let me stand
Safe upon some neighbouring land,
That I may hear thee sigh, and mock
Thy songs, in courting of a rock. D.

Thy eyes, those glouring twins, shall be
No more misleading fires to me;
Nor hope they shall continue bright,
For I will curse out all their light.
But this would shew that I were vext,
And so thy triumph might be next,
That thou should'st force me into rage:
No, I will laugh thee into age,
Strike wrinkles on thy brow, and not
Discompose my pleasant thought,
Till thou thy witch's face despise,
And grow angry with thy[2] eyes.
Thus, wretched, thou shalt wish to die,
But late obtain it; and when I
Have jeer'd thee into dead and rotten,
I'll throw thee into quite forgotten.

CUPID UNGODDED.

Why how now, Cupid, grown so wild?
So great a tyrant, and a child?
What wert thou but an empty shade,
Until our superstition made
Thee first a god, blind, young, to be
A soft and harmless deity?
Our fancy gave thee that rich pair
Of wings, to wanton in the air;
Thy gaudy quiver, and thy bow,
And golden shafts we did bestow,
But for no other exercise,
Than to kill bees, or butterflies.
  But since thou hast employ'd thy darts
Only to wound thy makers' hearts,
And that thy wings serve but to fly
From lovers, when they bleeding die;
Thy blindness us'd but to invite
Our pity, till we lose our sight;

[2] *thy*] The old copy "their." D.

Thy weakness, not through want of years,
But from the surfeit of our tears;
Stoop to the justice of thy fate,—
We can unmake, that did create.
And first give back, ingrateful thing,
To us, that made, thy glorious wing:
Those painted feathers thou shalt find
Contemn'd, and tost by every wind,
Till wandring in some night, they are
The mark of a prodigious star,
And blasted: these the world shall name
The spotted wings of evil fame.
Next, give thy arrows back, which we
Did mean for love, not cruelty.
That rich enamell'd bow is mine;
Come, that gay quiver too resign,
And shining belt: these will I burn,
And keep their ashes in some urn,
Till open'd on that solemn day,
When men to souls sad requiems pay,
Lovers shall curse, and sigh, and make
A new litany for thy sake.
But thou art still alive; and be;
To murder, were to pity thee.
Know, wretch, thou shalt not die, before
I see thee begging at some door!
And, taken for a vagrant, stript,
Then by a furious beadle whipt,
No more with roses, but with thorn:
To all the world thus made a scorn,
I'll give thee eyes, before we part,
To see thy shame, and break thy heart.

Fie on Love.

Now, fie on foolish love! it not befits
Or man or woman know it:
Love was not meant for people in their wits;
And they that fondly shew it,
Betray the straw and feathers in their brain,
And shall have Bedlam for their pain.
If single love be such a curse,
To marry, is to make it ten times worse.

To a beautiful Lady.

Away with handsome faces, let me see
Hereafter nothing but deformity!
Ill favour'd ladies may have souls, and those
In a capacity to be sav'd, who knows?
All that are fair are false; and, if you find
A middle essence here of woman kind,
Party per pale they are, and curst to be
Halting betwixt mishape and perjury.
Madam, put on your mask, your eyes have lost
Their charm; your beauty be at your own cost.
I am ashore;[8] go muster up the train
Of mermaids; I am deaf to every strain;
And will so voice their story to wise men,
They shall not spawn upon the land again.
Farewell, fond love, for ever! but to be
Safe in my soul, I could want charity.

Dialogue.

1. I prithee, tell me, what prodigious fate
Hath discomplexion'd thee of late?

[8] *I am ashore &c*] Compare the latter part of the poem from Rawlinson's MS. at p. 456. D.

2. Love, that doth change all minds and men,
Hath thus transformed me, and when
Thou seest her heavenly face—1. Describe her
then.

2. Her hairs are Cupid's nets,[9] which, when she
spreads,
She catches hearts and maidenheads;
Her forehead the white Alps doth show,
Or rather 'tis a shrine of snow,
To which with fear approaching pilgrims bow.

Her eye-brows are love's bows, from which her eyes
Do never shoot, but some man dies;
Her cheeks, like two fair gardens, rise,
With the choice flowers of paradise;
Her lips disclose where Music's temple is.

Her tongue I call love's lightning, but the throne
Of Graces is her neck alone;
Or poets may inspired say,
There the wanton doves do play,
When Venus means to make it holiday.

1. No more, for shame; how hath thy fancy stray'd!
What a chimera hast thou made,

[9] *Her hairs are Cupid's nets &c.*] Compare a passage in *The Witty Fair One*, vol. i, p. 287.

This stanza, and the next, stand thus in Rawlinson's MS.

Her hairs are Cupid's [nets], which when she spreads,
She catches hearts and maidenheads;
Her forehead makes all gazers proud,
Not her, and is by gods allow'd
A fairer coast, than heaven without a cloud.

Her eye-brow is Love's bow, from which her eyes
Do never shoot, but some man dies;
Her lips the temple are of bliss,
And he that can but get a kiss,
Hath pray'd enough, his heaven he cannot miss. D.

To dote upon. 2. What would I give
Old Michael Angelo to revive,
Make Titian, Vandyke, or bold Ruben[s] live!

1. But suppose one of them, or all their art,
Should paint this darling of thy heart,
A net, a rock, a shrine of snow,
A church, a garden, and a bow,
Is't not a pretty face compounded so?

Or if a pencil, and their hand, should make
A flame of lightning, who will take
This for a tongue? or if men see
A throne, doves billing two or three,
Who will commend this for a neck but thee?

Collect thy scatter'd sense, poor man, be wise;
Love, but first give thy reason eyes;
Thy fancy bears all like a flood:
Reduce them to their flesh and blood,
And women then are hardly understood.

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER.

I had no intention upon the birth of these poems, to let them proceed to the public view, forbearing in my own modesty to interpose my fancies, when I see the world so plentifully furnished. But when I observed most of these copies corrupted in their transcripts, and the rest fleeting from me, which were by some indiscreet collector, not acquainted with distributive justice, mingled with other men's (some eminent) conceptions in print,[1] *I thought myself con-*

[1] *mingled with other men's (some eminent) conceptions in print,*] Three of the foregoing pieces, viz. *To his Mistress confin'd,* (p. 409.) *Love's Hue and Cry,* (p. 410.) and *Song,* "Would you know what's soft" (p. 411.) &c., were printed, with very considerable variations, among the *Poems* of Thomas Carew, in 1640. D.

cerned to use some vindication, and reduce them to my own, without any pride or design of deriving opinion from their worth, but to shew my charity, that other innocent men should not answer for my vanities.

If thou beest courteous, reader, there are some errors of the press scattered, which thy clemency will not lay to my charge; other things I remit to thy judgment: if thou beest modest, I repent not to have exposed them and myself to thy censure. J. S.

NARCISSUS,[2]

OR

THE SELF-LOVER.

Hæc olim.

Fair Echo, rise, sick-thoughted nymph, awake;
Leave thy green couch and canopy of trees;
Long since the quiristers o'th' wood did shake
Their wings, and sing to the bright sun's uprise:
Day hath wept o'er thy couch, and, progressed,
Blusheth to see fair Echo still in bed.

If not the birds, who 'bout the coverts fly,
And with their warbles charm the neighbouring air,
If not the sun, whose new embroidery,
Makes rich the leaves that in thy arbours are,
Can make thee rise; yet, love-sick nymph, away,
Thy young Narcissus is abroad to day.

[2] *Narcissus* &c.] From the subject of this piece, and from the motto prefixed to it, there can be little doubt, that it is a reprint of the poem published by our author in his youth, under the title of *Echo, or The Infortunate Lovers.* See the Account of Shirley and his writings. D.

See, not far off, Cephisus' son appears;
No nymph so fair in all Diana's train,
When, like a huntress, she for chace prepares;
His bugle horn, tied in a silken chain,
And mounted on a comely steed, which knows
What weight he carries, and more proudly goes.

Pursue him, timorous maid, he moves apace;
Favonius waits to play with thy loose hair,
And help thy flight; see, how the drooping grass
Courts thy soft tread, thou child of sound and air;
Attempt, and overtake him, though he be
Coy to all other nymphs, he'll stoop to thee.

If thy face move not, let thy eyes express
Some rhetoric of thy tears, to make him stay;
He must be a rock, that will not melt at these;
Dropping these native diamonds in his way,
Mistaken, he may stoop at them, and this,
(Who knows how soon?) may help thee to a kiss.

If neither love, thy beauty, nor thy tear,
Invent some other way to make him know,
He need not hunt, that can have such a deer:
The queen of love did once Adonis woo;
But hard of soul, with no persuasions won,
He felt the curse of his disdain too soon.

In vain I counsel her to put on wing;
Echo hath left her solitary grove,
And in a vale, the palace of the spring,
Sits silently, attending for her love;
But, round about, to catch his voice with care,
In every shade and tree, she hid a snare.

Now do the huntsmen fill the air with noise,
And their shrill horns chafe her delighted ear,
Which with loud accents give the wood a voice,
Proclaiming parley to the fearful deer:
She hears the jolly tunes, but every strain,
As high and musical, she returns again.

Rous'd is the game, pursuit doth put on wings;
The sun doth shine, and gild them out their way;
The deer into an o'er-grown thicket springs,
Through which he quaintly steals his shine away:
The hunters scatter; but the boy o'erthrown
In a dark part o'th' wood complains alone.

Him Echo, led by her affection, found;
Joy'd (you may guess) to reach him with her eye,
But more, to see him rise without a wound,
Who yet obscures herself behind some tree:
He vex'd exclaims, and asking, where am I?
The unseen virgin answers, here am I.

Some guide from hence! will no man hear? he cries;
She answers in her passion, O man hear!
I die, I die, say both; and thus she tries
With frequent answers to entice his ear,
And person to her court, more fit for love;
He tracts the sound, and finds her odorous grove.

The way he trod was pav'd with violets,
Whose azure leaves do warm their naked stalks;
In their white double ruffs the daisies jet,[3]
And primroses are scattered in the walks;
Whose pretty mixture in the ground declares
Another galaxy emboss'd with stars.

[3] *jet*] i. e. strut. So the old copy: Shirley most probably, for the sake of the rhyme, wrote "jets." D.

Two rows of elms ran with proportion'd grace,
  Like nature's arras, to adorn the sides;
The friendly vines their loved barks embrace,
  While folding tops the checker'd ground-work
    hides:
Here oft the tired sun himself would rest,
Riding his glorious circuit to the west.

From hence delight conveys him unawares
  Into a spacious green, whose either side
A hill did guard, whilst with his trees, like hairs,
  The clouds were busy binding up his head:
The flowers here smile upon him, as he treads,
And, but when he looks up, hang down their heads.

Not far from hence, near an harmonious brook,
  Within an arbour of conspiring trees,
Whose wilder boughs into the stream did look,
  A place more suitable to her distress,
Echo, suspecting that her love was gone,
Herself had in a careful posture thrown.

But time upon his wings had brought the boy,
  To see this lodging of the airy queen;
Whom the dejected nymph espies with joy,
  Through a small window of [sweet] eglantine;
And that she might be worthy his embrace,
Forgets not to new dress her blubber'd face.

With confidence she sometimes would go out;
  And boldly meet Narcissus in the way;
But then her fears present her with new doubt,
  And chide her over-rash resolve away:
Her heart with over-charge of love must break;
Great Juno will not let poor Echo speak.

Ungentle queen of heaven, why was thy curse
So heavy on this virgin? Jove compress'd
Not her, and must her destiny be worse
Than theirs' that met his[4] flame? Thy angry breast
Holds not in all the list a blacker doom:
Better transform the maid, than make her dumb.

Thy jealousy was sin, above what she
Was guilty of; but she is wife to Jove:
For that in heaven must there no justice be?
Or didst thou find this cruelty, for her love
To this coy lad, whom in the book of fate
Thou didst foresee thyself shouldst love too late?

Thou, tedious to thyself, not being fair,
To whom thy wakeful jealousy succeeds
A greater curse: when mortals jealous are,
They're cur'd to know their faith abus'd: what seeds,
For some act worse than her's, grow up in thee,
At once to doubt, and know Jove's perjury?

But still this nymph was innocent; reverse
Thy rash decree, repentance is no sin
In heavenly natures; but I vain rehearse
The[5] story of thy hate: it is not in
Poor Echo's power to court the boy with more
Than smiles or tears, and his last breath restore.

Narcissus now collects his scatter'd sense;
He finds himself at loss, drawn thither by
Imagin'd answers to his grief; from whence
That he may find some surer guide, he'll try
His bugle horn, whose sound was understood,
But drew no great compassion from the wood

[4] *his*] The old copy "her. D.
[5] *The*] The old copy "Thy." D.

Only, so soon as he dispatch'd the air,
At her own bower Echo receiv'd the noise;
Every thing help'd to bring the message near,
And the wind, proud to wait upon the voice,
When she return'd a cheerful answer, knew
The way again, and with loud musick flew.

Narcissus, glad that such return was made,
And flatter'd by his over-busy ear,
Was soon directed to the virgin's shade,
Without a thought to find a fair nymph there;
Nor did he see the maid, for she, so soon
As he appear'd, found passage to be gone.

The boy, inquisitive, looks round with fear,
But could see none to make addresses to,
Nor observes any print of foot-step there;
The flowers unpress'd his modest forehead view,
And court his stay; the trees, and every thing,
Give him a silent welcome to the spring.

Amazed what this solitude should mean,
And wondring at the sound that did invite him,
So late, to that fair desert, a new scene,
With a most curious arbour doth delight him,
Who now, to please his late surprised eyes,
Whilst they do gaze, down on a bank he lies.

And now does every object shew what spell
It hath upon his senses; too much sight
Deprives him of his eyes, a mist doth dwell
About 'em, and by soft degrees invite
The boy to slumber; which glad Echo spies,
And, while he dreams, keeps sentry with her eyes.

In silence she approaches where he lay,
With his arms chained 'cross upon his breast:
His silken bonnet, sliding, did betray
A face, which all the nymphs did call the best;
A bank his pillow was, the flowers his sheet,
His blanket air, the trees his coverlet.

Sometimes the wind befriends a tender bough,
Part of his leafy canopy, which hides[6]
The subject of all wonder, his white brow,
And helps it nearer to obtain a kiss,
Which once enjoy'd away the twig doth skip,
Not daring to be taken at his lip.

While taller boughs hover about his head,
And justle one another for their view,
The humble branches are enamoured,
And have their short caresses with him too:
Thus all conspire him several ways to woo,
For whose love only they delight to grow.

Echo at every look feels new desires,
And wishes that he were Endymion,
For whom, in her most glorious star-attires,
Oft in her night-gown came the love-sick moon
To Latmos' sacred hill, when for his sake,
Whilst he did sleep, she'd ever wish to wake.

But this she soon revokes, her love will bear
No rival thoughts, no competition;
The queen of heaven must have no interest here;
This beauty's empire must be all her own:
Thus, while she all embraceth, her desires
Conspire but to enlarge her funeral fires.

[6] *hides.... kiss*] The rhyme being imperfect here, "hides" is probably a misprint, but I know not what word can be substituted for it. D.

Her eye takes in more flame now than before;
Gazing improves her love's perfection,
Whose every part riseth a silent wooer,
And the most taking presence doth put on,
Sweetly enticing her delighted sense,
To lose herself in every excellence.

One while she thinks all but a cozening dream,
And him but some fantastic mockery;
'Tis too much happiness if he be the same,
And she the nymph that she was wont to be;
If she sleep not, who blessed more than she?
Yet if she dream, awake she'd never be.

How could his hair, so many finest threads
Of gold, but make a net to catch her sight?
How could she trace his brow? or see those lids,
Whose either ivory box shut up a light
To travellers more cheerful, than the star
That ushers in the day, but brighter far?

She with her danger doth these parts admire,
But loves'em more; another's flame and art
May praise; her love belongs to her own fire,
And is the office proper to her heart:
But Echo has not done, for she pursues
Dangers, above what she at distance views.

Sh'as yet but exercis'd her wondering eye
Upon his wealthy cheek, his brow, his hair;
Another sense the nymph will satisfy;
She thinks his heavenly lips forgotten are,
Which now she boldly tastes, and, at first kiss,
Concludes, there is no other heaven but this.

The lips that will not open to praise his,
She wishes may be clos'd eternally:
These, freely touch'd, are able to entice
The soul to lose its immortality;
The gods may boast ambrosia alone,
But she feeds on a dew above their own.

Oft doth she kiss, as often doth she see
A fresher blush dye o'er his coral gate,
Whose close enjails his tongue, and seems to be
Asham'd, the maid is so insatiate;
But speak he cannot, though she do him wrong,
Her door and his do double bar his tongue.

But stay, rash Echo, see what thou hast done:
His lips, that kiss'd themselves like two rose leaves,
Grow pale o'th'sudden, thy impression
Them of their blushing modesty bereaves;
His blood will be requir'd of you, I fear;
And see, some drops upon your lip appear.

And wilt thou still, forgetful nymph, pursue
Thy wanton touches? all the blood is gone;
What, of his cheek wilt thou be murtherer too,
Thinking the other's sanguine thither run?
Alas, there is but of its own a part!
Fear hath sent back the rest unto his heart.

Leave, shameless Echo, leave a little here,
Another time to enrich thy lip withal;
For thy own sake this cruelty forbear;
Dost think the guilt of such a blood is small?
But 'tis the last she fears, and cannot tell
Better, than with a kiss to take farewell.

But use thy freedom, I'll not blame thee now;
Thou know'st his stubborn disposition;
Hasten thy kisses then, and take enow
To serve thee for an age, ere thou hast done;
And, when thou hast took all but one, foresee
Thou be'st a taking that, eternally.

But Echo needs no counsel to proceed;
Fearing too soon Narcissus should awake,
She plies his lips, as if to make them bleed,
Were to restore the colour she did take:
But mark what follows this offence; his eyes
Ope by degrees, and she thence guilty flies.

It was a cowardice to steal away,
Not daring to avouch what she had done:
Fugitive lover, thou hadst better stay,
The boy's alone, and put fresh beauty on;
Nor dost thou wisely, maid, pursue thy choice,
For Echo seldom goes without a noise.

But she is gone, and the fair youth is risse,[7]
Suspicious that he felt some person there;
Then busily he looks about the trees,
Whose boughs would guide him on the way to her:
Directed by the wind, at last he found
The beauteous nymph laid careless on the ground.

Amaz'd that such a presence should remain
In such an unfrequented place as this,
He takes the wisest counsel of his brain,
In supposition she some goddess is;
And, when he had devote submission paid
To her, this with a trembling voice he said:

[7] *risse*] or *rise* (see note p. 364), used by our old Poets for *risen*. D.

Celestial dweller, sure thou art no less,
Such brightness never knew mortality;
Or if thou be'st a mortal, I may guess
There are no gods, nor heaven; if gods there be,
Thou dost excel; and if a heaven, 'tis clear,
That here it is, because thou art not there.

Yet here it cannot be, for I am here
Conscious, that I am wretched and alone:
If this be heaven, I wish myself elsewhere;
All joys inhabit heaven, but here are none;
For, if true joy exceed the name of things,
We must deduce them from the higher springs.

Where am I then? alas I cannot tell,
Whether in earth, or hell! if earth it be,
Then it is both; yet can it not be hell,
For that cannot be capable of thee;
Beside, if sages do not hell belie,
In hell, I sure should have more company.

But I do walk this labyrinth alone,
And this adds to the languish of my heart,
That, in this sad confinement,[8] I have none
Will join his misery, and take a part:
I never yet provok'd the high heavens so,
That they should mark me out alone to woe.

With many more as late I hunting was
In this unlucky wood, I know not where
I lost my train, ill fortune, and the place,
Conspiring with my horse to leave me there:
Since when, endeavouring myself to find,
I might as well o'ertake, and stay the wind.

[8] *confinement*] The old copy confinements. D.

Fair goddess, then inform me, where I am,
And, with thy kind and safe direction,
Convey a lost man thither, whence he came,
Or, if not thither, to a place more known;
Nay, into any other wilderness;
There is a path from any place, but this.

Then shall the nymphs, for they affect my name,
Build thee a glorious temple for this deed,
Wherein they shall a stately altar frame,
Which shall not with the tender firstlings bleed;
They shall present fresh chaplets, which their love
Shall set on fire, and their sighs incense prove.

Echo, who all the while attentive sate,
And heard the music of his passion,
But held first pity due to her own fate,
Yet knew not with what art it should be done,
Rallies her wiser thoughts, and, while he stays
Expecting answer, to herself she says:

What shall poor Echo do? I want a voice
To tell him, what I am, how I have lov'd:
Juno, thy curse was an unhappy choice,
Some other punishment thou mightst have prov'd;
Revoke this cruel doom, a power restore
To my chain'd tongue, I'll never ask thee more.

Meantime, like a pale prisoner at the bar,
Oppressed more with fear, than his own chains,
(These of the feet, those the head troubles are)
Suspecting much her silence, he complains
In smother'd sighs, and, 'cause they not prevail,
Look, and you'll see a tear is breaking jail.

The nymph, in pity of his grief, put on
Her stock of smiles, and love in either eye,
Courts him to shine, the majesty is gone
That frighted him; and now a fresher dye
Dawns in his cheek, and his own eye, so near
New burnish'd, drew up the complaining tear.

Echo, now thinking she had won the prize,
Seeing all clouds clear up, and in his brow
The milky path of heaven again, his eyes
Sparkling out heavenly fire, which even now
Peep'd through the brine of sorrow, came once more
Boldly to kiss her convert paramour.

But Echo miss'd her aim, for he went back,
And with his hand check'd her unruly one,
As such addresses did good manners lack;
She else perhaps might an embrace have stol'n:
Angry he was, a second knowledge now
Appears too plain upon his rugged brow.

Look, how some infant, by the parent beat,
For having played the wanton with her breast,
Afraid to cry, looks pale, some pearly wet
Swelling to peep out of her watery nest,
Shrinking his pretty lip, hangs down the head,
His red to pale, his pale converts to red.

So far'd poor Echo in this extacy,
Whose trembling blood, although it had forsook
Her cheek, was ignorant yet where to be;
Fear had deflower'd the beauty of each look;
And had not some divine relief been sent,
She had settled there her own pale monument.

But, unexpectedly, her tongue releas'd
By Juno's own compassion to the maid,
Whose sufferings in love her wrath appeas'd,
Gave Echo a new life; who thought to have said
Within her heart, proud boy, thou'st done thy worst,
But found her voice a clear one as at first.

Then wisely fearing to have call'd him proud
Could be no argument to make him kind,
She thought to cure him with a palinode,
Saying her heart was of another mind,
And thought him gentle; yet, some spirits gain'd,
Unto the boy thus she at last complain'd:

Mankind, from henceforth, must not nature call
An equal mother, fondly to bestow
Upon thee one, her beauties' stock, her all,
And others by her empty hand undo;
For, though not eldest, she hath made thee heir,
And thou, above thy numerous brethren, fair.

But too much sweetness is ill plac'd upon
A stubborn heart; a panther and a dove,
Cruel and fair, were never meant for one;
Resign thy beauty, or else put on love;
Thou wert unkind, Narcissus, to deny
Thyself the office of a courtesy.

What was a kiss? the rape of such a treasure
What tyrant, were he judge, would call a sin?
Thou canst not lose thy lip, but find a pleasure:
Come let us now, though late, love's war begin;
And meet me boldly, for one kiss of thine
I'll give a thousand; love's exchequer's mine.

If thou beest scrupulous, I will not pay,
Thou shalt have half in earnest, if thou please;
Or if not so, I ask no longer day
To number the whole sum, before I cease;
And at the total, if thy lip repine,
I'll treble all, to have one more of thine.

But whither doth suspicion draw thy eye?
Thou may'st commit thyself to silent groves;
The listening trees grooms of my chamber be,
This air close secretary to our loves:
Be not too coy then to receive a kiss;
Thou might'st have kiss'd me twenty times ere this.

Come, sit thee down upon this bank a while,
And let us sport, as other lovers do:
The heaven in gold, the earth in green doth smile;
My heaven on earth, prithee do thou so too:
Unwreathe thy arms, and with an amorous twine
Girdle my waste, whilst I encircle thine.

My shady province, wall'd about with trees,
The wealthy currents that divide the land,
Shall give up all their treasure to thy eyes;
Pleasure itself shall spread, at thy command,
Her most desired soul, and thou, as free
As air, shalt move, and share all bliss with me.

If thou wilt hunt, the lion and the pard
Shall every morn unto the chace invite thee;
The boar and panther, when thou art prepar'd,
Shall play before thy spear, and never fright thee;
Bleed any beast, hunt what thou likest most,
All wild shall tame before thee, as thou go'st.

See, how the trees bow their exalted heads,
And not a shrub but sign of gladness bears,
Which else would shrink into their earthy beds,
Or through their bark break out in gummy tears,
And for thy absence weep out all their rind,
Proud if they have for thee their soul resign'd.

The wind, thy herald, flies about the groves,
Aloud proclaiming thee the wood-nymphs' king,
Snatching up odours, as he whistling roves,
At thy hand to unlade them from his wing;
The silvans frisk about, while nymphs prepare
A rosy garland to o'ertop thy hair.

Shepherds shall all the day new pastimes spring,
A masque of satyrs shall beguile the night;
The choicest birds shall to the anticks sing,
The stars grow brighter to behold the sight:
Yet these but shadows of the mirth we'll prove,
If thou wilt stay, and be thy Echo's love.

I have a cloister overlooks the sea,
Where every morning we, secure from fear,
Will see the porpoise and the dolphins play,
And all the wonders that inhabit there,
Where many a bark into the clouds doth leap,
While surges caper round about the ship.

Lovely Narcissus, prithee, stay with me:
If thou do thirst, from every spring shall rise
Divinest nectar, and thy food shall be
The glorious apples of Hesperides;
A nymph shall be thy Hebe, if thou need
Shalt have another for thy Ganymede.

Feel how my pulses beat, my breasts swell high:
Come, come, be not so modest, pretty one;
Why dost thou turn that heavenly cheek from me?
Who but thyself would such a blessing shun?
Those frowns will discompose thy beauty quite;
My lips do blush in daring thee to fight.

Prithee, unlock thy words' sweet treasury,
And rape me with the music of thy tongue,
But let no accent touch upon deny;
This will thy beauty, and my passions wrong:
I'll rather praise thy silence; it may prove
What lovers use t'expound, consent to love.

The boy seems pleas'd, and here begins to break
Into a language, extasied the maid;
By her own heart's dictamen he did speak,
And, if she ask'd him love, he lov'd he said:
She darts a glance, and he returns a smile;
She sees, and surfeits on his lips the while.

But soon these sun-beams vanish'd; all his smiles
Were feign'd, to get some knowledge how to quit
The wood; when she, not moved with those wiles,
Told him all information was unfit
Against herself: at this, swift as the wind,
Away he flies, but leaves his frown behind.

Echo laments his absence, and in vain
Calls him again unto her amorous wars;
She hath too sure a proof of his disdain;
She sighs and curses her maliguant stars,
And, while she chides the fate that gave her birth,
Her eyes make poor themselves, t'enrich the earth.

Oh, that I ne'er had seen his face, quoth she,
That ignorant of the sweetness, I might rest
In supposition, what the bliss might be!
My knowledge has betray'd me to the best,
And, by acquaintance with so much delight,
I find a new flame in my appetite.

Justice, thou dreadful queen Rhamnusia,
Punish with sorrow my contemner's pride,
And, by some strange and most prodigious way,
Let him the weight of thy revenge abide;
And since to me his heart a rock hath prov'd,
Let him so love at last, and die unlov'd.

Echo hath spent her sting: Narcissus now
Hath got the top of an aspiring hill,
Whose site commands the country round, to view
Some tract, to lead him from the place; but still
In vain he does employ his searching eyes;
Through thick embracing woods no path he spies.

Wounded with objects that no comfort bring,
He might conclude his fortune at the worst,
Had he not seen hard by a goodly spring;
And thither he descends to quench his thirst:
Oh, do not taste, Narcissus! hence will flow
What will thee more than[1] thy past fate undo.

Thy eyes betray thee, and are sorrow's spies;
Contain thy feet, thy danger is beneath;
Run not quicksighted to a precipice;
A blind man cannot miss his way to death;
Thy liberty was all thou lost before;
The nymphs too soon may thus thy death deplore.

[1] *than*] The old copy "thou."

Chuse any other fountain: hark, and fear;
The birds are singing dirges to thy death;
Does not a sooty raven strike thine ear,
From an high oak tuning her fatal breath?
A mighty cloud obscures the sun's bright eye,
Not willing to behold thy tragedy.

And yet these move thee not: then reach the stream,
And meet thy blacker destiny; the sun
Is bright again, wrath burns in every beam,
And gilds the scene of thy destruction;
Each sullen wind is in his prison penn'd,
Lest with their murmur it the spring offend.

No portion of a bird's forsaken nest
Fell from the boughs to interrupt the calm;
No wither'd leaf did in his fall molest
The stillness of it, smooth as settled balm,
But crystal less transparent: such a mirror,
So form'd, could only shew disdain his error.

And now Narcissus, humbled on the grass,
And leaning with his breast upon the brink,
Looks into th'water, where he spies a face;
And, as he did incline his head to drink,
As fair a countenance seem'd to meet with his,
Off'ring to entertain him with a kiss.

Giving a little back, he doth admire
The beauty of the face presented to him,
Thinking at first some water-nymph was there,
And rising from her silver couch to woo him:
Yet court she cannot whom she did surprise,
Never from water did such flames arise.

His heart glows in him; punishment fulfils;
Love leaps into full age, at the first hour;
New wonders, like the waves, with rolling hills
Follow his gazes; all that lov'd before
Have flung their gather'd flames into his breast,
Fit him for love, a sacrifice and priest.

But, strucken with his own, his burning eyes
Are only thirsty now; he drinks apace
Into his soul the shadow that he sees,
And dotes on every wonder of the face:
He stoops to kiss it; when the lips half way
Meet, he retreats, and th'other steals away.

He, mov'd at the unkindness which he took
By his own teaching, bows himself again;
The other meets him in the silent brook;
They spy again, but he cannot refrain
To court whom he desires, and, at his talk,
The lips within the water seem to walk;

And every smile doth send his own again:
This cheers him; but he cannot hear a sound
Break from the watery prison, and he then
Complains afresh, that his unhappy wound
Admits no cure, and, as he beats his breast,
The conflict under water is exprest.

What e'er thou art, come forth, and meet me here,
He cries; why dost deceive me with a look?
What means that imitation? come near,
Leap from the depth of thy imprisoning brook;
Fold not thy arms like mine, [n]or smile on me,
Unless I may enjoy thy company.

But whither is my wiser reason fled?
It is the shadow of myself, I see,
And I am curst to be enamoured:
Where did I lose my soul? or where am I?
What god shall pardon me this sin, if here
I must become my own idolater?

Thou fatal looking-glass, that dost present
Myself to me, my own incendiary,
Oh, let my eyes, in love with their lament,
Weep themselves out, and prove a part of thee!
This I shall gain, either my shade may fleet,
Or, if it stay, I may want eyes to see't.

Under this burthen of my love I faint,
And find I am with too much plenty poor;
Wealthy I am in nothing but my want;
I have, and yet, Oh gods, want nothing more!
Mysteriously divided thus I stand,
Half in the water, half upon the land.

But, sure, it cannot be myself I love;
How with myself despair I to agree?
By one example both must gentle prove,
If I Narcissus love, can he hate me?
It is no shade then doth my fancy flatter,
But something that's divine doth bless the water.

Essence of all that's fair, ascend to me;
To thy acceptance I present my heart;
Let not these elements our prisons be,
I in a fire, and thou in water art;
Oh let a friendly kiss, as we two meet,
From thy cool water rise t'allay my heat!

This said, Narcissus doth his hold secure;
And, with intention to receive a kiss,
His lip descends to meet the other there,
But hence his expectation cozen'd is;
For, touching but the superficies,
He did too soon the frighted image leese.[9]

Th'offended water into circles ran,
And with their motion so disturb'd the place,
The lover could not see himself again:
Then doth he call aloud unto this face,
Thou bright-beam'd star, oh, whither art thou gone,
But newly shewn thy head, and set so soon?

Or if a comet, thou hadst spent thy light,
(The matter gone, should feed thy flaming hair,)
Thou art mistaken; thy unnatural flight
Is heaven; all meteors to the earth repair,
Where I now mourn thy absence; but I fear
I have some way profan'd the waters here.

What god soever doth this fountain owe,[1]
Forgive me; and you Naiades that lave
Your tresses here, trust me I did not know
What sacred power, or president you have:
My mother was a nymph, Liriope;
Oh, for her sake, some kind one pity me!

Forgive, disturbed water, my rude touch,
'Twas not to rob thee of the smallest drop;
In penitential tears I'll pay as much,
As there can hang upon my lips' cold top:
Oh, calm thy brow then, let thy frowns declare
Themselves at once finite, and circular!

[9] *leese*] i. e. lose. D. [1] *owe*] i. e. own. D.

In thy smooth bosom once more let me pray
A sight of that sweet figure I adore,
Unless to heaven return'd some other way;
And if it be, 'tis not so far before,
But I can die, and, off this flesh robe hurl'd,
I'll overtake it in the other world.

Now doth each swelling circle gently haste
To be dissolv'd, and spread themselves to air;
No polish'd marble seem'd more smooth and fast;
The boy takes this a fruit of his own prayer,
Yet ere he thank'd the gods, he thought it fit,
To see his love, and, seen, forgot them quite.

Fearing to be depriv'd again, he woos,
As every syllable had bled a life;
A sigh at every clamorous period goes,
With greater noise than it, but no relief:
His air of tongue and breast thus spent, a look
Presents their stories, doubled in the brook.

But all in vain; the face, he saw before,
Is in the same ill-shewing silence drest,
Chang'd to more sad, but not one accent more,
Deaf as the stream; and now he beats his breast,
Condemn'd again to his more hapless thought,
He had but all this while his shadow sought.

This multiplies his grief into despair,
Since his own image doth procure the fire,
And nothing left in nature to repair
His vex'd affections, that now grow higher;
That face, his own, or whoseso'er, was that,
Which took him first, to unlove is too late.

He beckons to the figure, that replies,
Taught by his posture how to call him thither;
To lift him from the water then he tries,
But, when their white hands should have met together,
A new distraction fell upon the stream,
And his, because alone, thence weeping came.

When he, to bear that company, lets fall
More tears than would have made another spring,
Till grief had not another drop to call,
Though to have cur'd his eyes: but will this bring
The loved shade again? no; every tear
Was both his own and t'other's murderer.

But more than this must be, Narcissus, borne,
As a revenge for many nymphs that lov'd,
And died upon the torture of thy scorn:
And see, his eyes, that once so charming mov'd,
Do lose their beams, and hasten to be dead,
In their own hollows born and buried.

See, what a dotage on himself hath sent:
That brow, that challeng'd late the snow for white,
Veins, that were made to shame the firmament,
The cheek, that so much wonder drew to it,
The voice, when tun'd to love, might gods entice
To change for earth their immortalities;

All, all is vanish'd. Nemesis, have yet
Some pity, let him live! he faints, he dies:
'Twere safer for the boy himself to hate,
Than, if he love, to pay so dear a price:
He did but love himself, and, if he die
That loves, propose the hater's destiny.

But Nemesis' irrevocable doom
Must be obey'd, though Echo late repent;
Who, with a murmuring pace, unseen was come
To mourn for his and her own punishment;
His groans had thrill'd her soul, and, at his death,
She comes to catch his farewell-taking breath.

And as a glimmering taper, almost spent,
Gasping for moisture to maintain its fire[s],
After some dark contentions, doth present
A short-liv'd blaze, and presently expires;
So he, collecting ebbing nature, cries,
Oh youth, belov'd in vain, farewell! and dies.

Farewell poor Echo did repeat, and fled
With what wings sorrow lent, t'embalm the boy;
But, looking carefully to find the dead,
She miss'd the shadow of her lifeless joy;
His body vanish'd; by what mystery
Convey'd, not found by her inquiring eye.

But, in the place where he did disappear,
Out of the ground a lovely flower betrays
His whiter leaves, and visibly did rear
His tufted head, with saffron-colour'd rays;
Upon a smooth stem all this beauty grows;
This change to heaven the lost Narcissus owes.

Echo with wonder turns a statue now,
Yet not an idle figure; for her eyes
From their[2] dark swelling springs do overflow,
Having no power to check them as they rise:
She thus presents a fountain, as she were
Meant to refresh the new-born tulip there.

[2] *their*] The old copy "her." D.

To which, after some truce with tears, she says,
Art thou a pledge for the sweet boy I lov'd?
Oh, take a voice, tell, by what airy ways,
The choicest flower of nature is remov'd!
If in the blessed shades, I can make room
Through death to meet him in Elysium.

Assume the wings of love, Echo, away
Unto the Stygian lake, go, follow him;
There thou mayst find him on a bank of clay,
Eying himself upon the water's brim;
The sooty gods enamour'd on him are,
And round about him on his beauty stare.

But since he was unkind alive to me,
I must despair to meet his love in death,
And this remaining flower, another he,
Shall be preserv'd with my best use of breath;
And, though the obstinate deserv'd to die,
I will be just, and love his memory.

But, since his curse, though just, upon his pride,
Hath made him this example for his sin,
Never shall dream ease my distracted head;
Sleep shall forget his office, and within
Dark shades, shut up from all society,
In rocks or caves I'll undiscover'd lie.

And, to redeem the shame my folly had
Contracted, by preposterous wooing man,
Whose bolder nature was in order made
To court our sex; Juno, take back again
Thy gift; from henceforth Echo will return
But their own words, sent back again in scorn.

This said, she walketh to the fountain's side ;
Where she no sooner did the stream survey,
But her own shadow in the glass she spied,
And cried, some other witchcraft did betray
That heavenly boy: Oh perish in some wave,
Be drown'd for ever, since thou wouldst not save!

It is not thee I seek: open, thou stream,
And shew me where that fairer strumpet is,
That, from whose sight the boy's infection came,
And from poor Echo did her soul entice:
Will no charm call it back? poor Echo then,
Here cease to be the scorn of gods and men.

With that impatient, she threw her weight
Into the tempting stream, where now we leave her ;
Whom the proud waters did imprison strait,
Yet of her voice they did not quite bereave her;
For, when I ask'd aloud, is she not dead?
Not dead, distinctly the nymph answered.
Of Echo now no more remains to tell,
But that I her, and she bid me farewell.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES,

WRITTEN TO SEVERAL PLAYS PRESENTED IN THIS KINGDOM, AND ELSEWHERE.

A PROLOGUE TO MR. FLETCHER'S PLAY IN IRELAND.

I am come to say, you must, or like the Play,
Or forfeit, gentlemen, your wits to day.
'Tis Fletcher's Comedy: if after this,
[1]Detraction have but so much breath to hiss,
An English poet bid me tell you, when
He shall salute his native shore again,
He will report your stories, all this while
False, and that you have serpents in this isle.[2]
For your own sakes, though th' actors should not hit,
Be, or seem, wise enough to like the wit.

A PROLOGUE TO THE ALCHEMIST, ACTED THERE.

The Alchemist, a play for strength of wit,
And true art, made to shame what hath been writ
In former ages; I except no worth
Of what or Greek or Latins have brought forth;

[1] *detraction*] The old copy "Distraction." D.

[2] *serpents in this isle*] See *St. Patrick for Ireland*, vol. iv. p. 441. D.

Is now to be presented to your ear,
For which I wish each man were a Muse here,
To know, and in his soul be fit to be
Judge of this masterpiece of comedy;
That when we hear but once of Jonson's name,
Whose mention shall make proud the breath of fame,
We may agree, and crowns of laurel bring
A justice unto him the poets' king.
But he is dead: time, envious of that bliss
Which we possess'd in that great brain of his,
By putting out this light, hath darken'd all
The sphere of poesy, and we let fall,
At best, unworthy elegies on his hearse,
A tribute that we owe his living verse;
Which though some men, that never reach'd him may
Decry, that love all folly in a play,
The wiser few shall this distinction have,
To kneel, not tread, upon his honour'd grave.

A Prologue there to the Irish Gent[leman.][3]

It is our wonder, that this fair island, where
The air is held so temperate (if there
Be faith in old geographers, who dare
With the most happy, boldly this compare)
That to the noble seeds of art and wit,
Honour'd elsewhere, it is not natural yet.

[3] *A prologue there to the Irish Gentle[man]*] "There is no prologue in the old quarto," says Mr. Gifford, in his prefatory notice of *The Royal Master*, "but among Shirley's Poems will be found one addressed to the '*Irish Gentry*,' which I am inclined to assign to this comedy." vol. iv. p. 102. Mr. Gifford must have looked but hastily at the title of the present lines: there cannot, I think, be the slightest doubt, that '*Irish Gent*,' is the name of a play, though no such piece has come down to us. D.

We know at first, what black and general curse
Fell on the earth; but shall this isle be worse?
While others are repair'd, and grow refin'd
By arts, shall this only to weeds be kind?
Let it not prove a story of your time,
And told abroad to stain this promising clime,
That wit, and soul-enriching poesy,
Transported hither, must like serpents die.[4]
Unkind to both alike, shall the fair train
Of virgin Muses only here be slain?
Forbid it Phœbus, that this air should still,
Like things of venom, all thy prophets kill!
Disperse thy beams through these cold killing parts,
And make it fruitful in thy own great arts.
Oh, do not bury all your brain in glebes,
But tune your harps to build the walls of Thebes;
With harmony new towers frame, to be
Dwellings for you, and your posterity!
But truce poetic rage, and let not what
Concerns the country, fall upon a spot
Of it, a few here met to see a play:
All these are innocent; the better they
To tell this fault abroad, that there may be
Some repair done to injur'd poesy.
Then we may grow, and this place, by your rays
Cherish'd, may turn into a grove of bays.

A Prologue to a play there, called, No Wit to a Woman's.[5]

We are sorry, gentlemen, that with all pains
To invite you hither, the wide house contains

[4] *like serpents die*] See *St. Patrick for Ireland*, vol. iv. p. 441. D.

[5] *No Wit to a Woman's*] Most probably the comedy by Thomas Middelton which was not printed till 1657, when it was entitled *No Wit: No Help like a Woman's*. D.

No more. Call you this term? if the courts were
So thin, I think 'twould make your lawyers swear,
And curse men's charity, in whose want they thrive,
Whilst we by it woo to be kept alive.
I'll tell you what a poet says; two year
He has liv'd in Dublin, yet he knows not where
To find the city: he observ'd each gate;
It could not run through them, they are too strait.
When he did live in England, he heard say,
That here were men lov'd wit, and a good play;
That here were gentlemen, and lords; a few
Were bold to say, there were some ladies too:
This he believ'd, and though they are not found
Above, who knows what may be under ground?
But they do not appear, and missing these,
He says he'll not believe your Chronicles
Hereafter, nor the maps, since all this while,
Dublin's invisible, and not Brasil;
And all that men can talk, he'll think to be
A fiction now above all poetry.
But stay, you think he's angry; no, he pray'd
Me tell you, he recants what he has said;
He's pleas'd, so you shall be, yes, and confess
We have a way 'bove wit of man to please;
For though we should despair to purchase it
By art of man, this is a Woman's Wit.

A Prologue to another of Master Fletcher's plays there.

Are there no more? and can this Muses' sphere
At such a time as this, so thin appear?
We did expect a session, and a train
So large, to make the benches crack again.
There was no summons, sure: yes, I did see
The writs abroad, and men with half an eye

Might read on every post, this day would sit
Phœbus himself, and the whole court of wit.
There is a fault, Oh give me leave to say!
You are not kind, not to yourselves, this day;
When for the pleasure of your ear would come
Fletcher's dear shade, to make Elysium
Here, where each soul those learned groves might see,
And all the sweets are fam'd in poesy.
Were there a pageant now on foot, or some
Strange monster from Peru or Afric come,
Men would throng to it; any drum will bring
(That beats a bloodless prize or cudgelling)
Spectators hither; nay, the bears invite
Audience, and bag-pipes can do more than wit.
'Tis pity; but awake, brave souls, awake,
Throw off these heavy chains for your own sake:
Oh do not grieve the ghost of him, whose pen
Had once the virtue to make statues men,
And men turn statues! less could not befit
Their justice, and the wonder of his wit.
Stoop, when you touch the laurels of the dead;
Be wise, and crown again the poet's head.

A Prologue to a play there, called the Toy.[5]

So sickly are the palates, now a-days,
Of men that come to see and taste our plays,
That when a poet hath, to please some few,
Spent his most precious sweat, Minerva's dew,
And after many throes, a piece brought forth,
Legitimate in art, in nature, birth,
'Tis not receiv'd, but most unhappy dies,
Almost as soon as born, wit's sacrifice;

[5] *The Toy*] No such drama is known to exist: most probably it was never printed. D.

When children of the brain, not half so fair
And form'd, are welcome to the nurse and air.
Since 'tis not to be help'd, and that we find,
Poems can lay no force upon your mind,
Whose judgments will be free, 'tis fit we prove
All ways, till you be pleas'd to like and love.
And as at a great mart or fair, we see
Some things of price, which all men do not buy,
But guided by their eye, or strength of purse,
Lay out their pence upon a hobby-horse
Sometime, or a child's rattle; so we are
In this wit's market furnish'd with all ware.
But please yourselves, and buy what you like best;
Some cheap commodities mingle with the rest:
If you affect the rich ones, use your will,
Or if the Toy take, you're all welcome still.

To another play there.

A prologue you expect, we ask'd for one;
Our poet said 'twas old, and should have none.
We urg'd the custom; he replied, if good,
The play needs not, if bad, a prologue would
Not make it better, taxing us to be
Too superstitious. We desir'd that he
Would then give way to have another writ;
He swore there should be none, and this was it.

To a play there, called the General.[6]

There are some soldiers then, though but a few,
Will see the General before they go;

[6] *The General*] Was probably never printed: a tragi-comedy under this title, was in the library of Dr. Farmer, and afterwards in that of Mr. Reed. D.

You're welcome. Players have suffer'd since you came,
And wounded too in fortunes and in fame:
Your drums and trumpets carried all the town
Into the fields, and left them here to moan
Their own sad tragedy, for want of men
Enough to kill'em. Strange! the benches then
Were all the grave spectators, but that here
Some cruel gentlemen in your hangings were.
O dreadful word *vacation!* But they mean
To be reveng'd upon't, and change their scene
Awhile to th'country, leave the town to blush,
Not in ten days to see one cloak of plush.
I do but think how some, like ghosts, will walk
For money surely hidden, while the talk
O'th'city will be, would the term were come!
Though law came with it, we would make it room,
And own our faces in the shop again,
And for a time hope to converse with men,
To trust, and thank'em too. This is a curse
For their not seeing plays, or something worse:
But to you, gentlemen, whom we have no art
To multiply, welcome, with all my heart.
The General should have a guard; but we
Conceive no danger in this company:
But if you fear a plot from us, alas!
Here are so few, I think the play may pass.

POEMS BY SHIRLEY

FROM

RAWLINSON'S MS.

POEMS.

The Kiss.

I could endure your eye, although it shot
Lightning at first into me;
Your voice, although it charm'd my ear, had not
The power to undo me:
But, while I on your lip would dwell,
My ravish'd heart leap'd from his cell,
For, looking back into my breast,
I found that room without a guest.

Return the heart you stole thus with a kiss,
When last our lips did join,
Or I'll forgive the theft, to change a bliss,
And have your heart for mine.
I ne'er till now believ'd it truth,
That lovers' hearts were at their mouth;
Now by experience I may say,
That men may kiss their hearts away.

Orpheus.

From the Stygian abyss,
Where all kind of torment is
For the sinful race of men,
Comes pale Orpheus agen,
With groans upon his lyre to tell
Horrid pains, and plagues of Hell.

Walking through the gloomy brakes,
Some I saw were whipt with snakes;
Some did burn; while others cried,
In the frozen lakes they died,
But by shifting of their pain,
They found it death to live again.
For whose sake, when I did try
With my harp to mollify,
Not one torment could I charm
To do the pale, poor ghosts no harm;
Their pains encreased at my chime,
For abusing life and time.
Though I mov'd the forest here,
I drew no compassion there:
Strains may men and satyrs quell,
But no art can soften Hell.

Upon the Lady Rivers, who died with grief; Epitaph.

Gentle eyes, your tears distill
So oft upon this stone, until
The marble yield, for under there's
A River to receive your tears.
If the stone prove hard, and so
Deny a passage to your woe,
Shed so many drops upon
The marble, till you drown the stone,
For between two Rivers then
Shall no more this tomb be seen.
If you not so much water have
To drench this figure in a wave,
In it sad Niobe will appear,
Or statua compos'd of tear;
A frozen sorrow, all her own,
A woman wept into a stone.

Paranymphi.

1. Come away, Hymen doth stay,
   All his tapers burn away.
2. Time it is, to change the life
   Of barren maid to fruitful wife.
1. Come away, away, away,
2. And upon his altars lay
   Nuptial vows; these are the myrrh
   With which his fanes perfumed are.
1. You shall need no fire but this;
2. All is kindled with a kiss.
1. Joined hands, united hearts,
   Music is of many parts.
2. Wear no garlands on your head,
   But of roses, white and red.
1. To Hymen, Venus, and her son,
   Haste, and let the rites be done.

Upon M. E. S. Epitaph.

If, to maintain the use, I must
Say, here lies,—Here lies the dust
Of one, that added to the Graces,
Whose memory no death defaces;
Not she herself to heaven flown;
Earth hath nothing but her own:
She cannot be, it is most true,
Here, and in heaven an angel too.

Upon a Parson.

For them that leave no monument
Behind them good, much gold is spent
To build a tomb; the gentle son
Will turn his father into stone,

And on a cushion carved fair
Cut him into form of prayer,
And in jet beneath command
To be writ in golden hand,
(If no other good beside,)
His worship's name, and when he died.
But when did charity find room
To raise an honest parson's tomb,
Or bestow upon his hearse
Figure, or a marble verse?
Then let her, whom he did trust
With life and love, enclose his dust
At the cost of double mite,
(The widow's all,) and underwrite
This epitaph, which she'd have read
To shew her duty to the dead.

Epitaph inscribed on a small piece of marble.

No more marble let him have;
He hath treasure in his grave,
And his piety will survive,
To keep his memory alive:
A glorious nothing it would be,
To say, his tomb were rich, not he.

Verses.

Canst thou, dear God, forgive so soon
A soul hath sinn'd so long?
Canst thou submit thyself to one,
That loads thee still with wrong?
Canst thou invite me to repent,
And woo me to return,
As if thy Godhead were destroy'd,
If I in hell should burn?

Thou never wert in such distress
Of me, a barren shade,
Nor could thy honour have been less,
Though I had ne'er been made.
Could I with all the saints compare,
Yet I were black to thee;
But more defil'd than lepers are
Whence is this love to me?

Canst thou be just in the reward
Of goodness, and of sin?
Are angels at heaven's gate a guard,
And shall I enter in?
It is no virtue of mine own,
But blood of him that died,
Our elder brother, and thy son,
Whom my sins crucified:

Strange way, by such a guiltless wave,
To wash away our crimes,
Whose least drop was enough to save
The world a thousand times!
For every crimson tear, that he
Thus shed to make me live,
Oh, wherefore, wherefore have not I
A thousand souls to give!

Upon a Gentlewoman, that died, with child, by blood-letting.

Tears are too late, sad friends to her that's gone;
You should, when she was living, wept upon
Her sufferings; had you conspir'd your woes,
Your sighs, and elegies in time, who knows
But heaven would have relented, and maintain'd
Her life, at once if many had complain'd;

She's now past reach of sorrow. Had she been
One of a small and single virtue, then
The world, that suffers not in private theft,
Had pardon'd you and death, since more were left
To have repaid that loss; but when she died,
Richer in goodness than her sex beside,
You were to blame to summon no relief,
When millions would have fled to prayer and grief,
To have preserv'd her still. Beside, you knew
What brought her to that groan, out of which flew
Her angel soul; compassion to see
Sin in the earth so fruitful, and to be
A benefactor to the world, she tried
To multiply her virtue, and so died:
Thus, while she labour'd to enrich us all,
We lost both copy and original.
But now I find, why no sad voices rent
The air; opinion made you confident;
'Twas the physician you did trust, whose art
Made promises to reconcile her heart
To a calm temper, but the blood he took
Convey'd her life with it; i'th'crimson brook
Who could not see it ebb? Then, if you be
Excus'd for silence, ye shall join with me
T'arraign him, and such agents for the tomb,
That betray bodies, ere their time be come,
To the cold marble: what can they reply
To make us be less discontent to die
Hereafter, than be cur'd? were they not curst
That they have medicine to restore the worst,
And is it not within their art to give
Them life, for whose sake they and others live?
No marvel if so many women be
Afraid to be so chaste and good as she.
If thus physicians practise, heaven I crave,
Let it be death hereafter, when they save!

COMMENDATORY VERSES

BY SHIRLEY.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

To the Author upon his Poem.[1]

While other Muses wanton poems sing,
Thy pen, being taken from a cherub's wing,

[1] *To the Author upon his Poem*] Prefixed to *La Dance Machabre; or Death's Duell by W. C*[*olman*]. n. d. small octavo: it has an exquisitely engraved title page by Cecill, and a dedication in French "A la Royne"—i. e. Henrietta Maria. I used to consider my copy of this poem unique, till I discovered another among the volumes bequeathed to the Bodleian Library by Malone, who has noted, on one of its fly leaves, that he "purchased it at an enormous price," at the sale of Mr. Reed's books. For the benefit of those readers who are curious in old English literature, I subjoin a few stanzas from *La Dance Machabre:*

"The careful pilot, wafting from the shore
His full fraught vessel, sitteth at the stern,
Judiciously to guide what goes before,
And from the hoary-headed pole doth learn
Which way to steer, and furrow up the ocean,
With a secure, though unsteady, motion.

"The world's the sea, and we the vessels are,
Consideration steersman, and pale Death
The stern, in which we have an equal share,
Swift-footed Time still towards us beckoneth,
Dappled with age, which careless youth doth know,
Yet all too late believes it to be so.

"But so it is, whate'er we do pretend,
And fondly flatter our imagination,
Being as near unto our journey's end,
For ought we know, as aged declination,
Experience tells us; whence we may presage
No certainty in youth, nor hope in age.

Teacheth the way to bliss, where they and we
Meet in a quire, to adore eternity:
Death must begin our triumph, and the dust,
That hangs upon our fleshy garment, must
Be first brush'd off: the vanities of life,
Riches and pleasures, that but sweeten strife,
And to the eye of sense make[2] Death appear
Deform'd, by thy diviner raptures here
Are quite destroy'd, the rugged path made even,
And men acknowledge thee the way to heaven.

" The one may live, the other cannot long,
A possibility on which we build
Our certain ruin, and receive a wrong
That's irrecoverable, if we yield
Unto such reasons nature will produce,
In her desires evermore profuse.

" He whose pulse beats the strongest, hath no more
Assurance of his life than he that lies
Upon his death-bed, and perhaps before
His dear companion, whom he mourns for, dies:
The near-allied, whose care the sick attends,
Sicken themselves, and die before their friends.

" The Priest doth offer holy sacrifice
Upon the altar for departing souls
Live to be present at his obsequies,
And hear the sexton's death-bell when it tolls:
So the physician, while he physic gives
T'another, dies himself, his patient lives.

" The forward heir, who thinks that life too long
By which he lives, desirous to see
His father canoniz'd whilst he is young,
And not go limping t'immortality,
Leaves him oft-times, although decripit, ill,
To be the over-seer of his will.

" For honour this, for office, that man waits,
A third gapes for a new-bought benefice,
Meanwhile Death with inevitable baits
Cancels their hopes; the Priest the Clerk survives,
And many a time and oft, when he is dead,
Feeds on the goose that grazeth o'er his head.

pp. 4, 5, 6. D.

[2] *make*] The old copy " makes." D.

To my friend[3] Master John Ford.

Unto this altar, rich with thy own spice,
I bring one grain to thy Love's Sacrifice;
And boast to see thy flames ascending, while
Perfumes enrich our air from thy sweet pile.
Look here, thou,[4] that hast malice to the stage,
And impudence enough for the whole age;
Voluminously ignorant! be vext
To read this tragedy, and thy own be next.

To the deserving author, upon his Essays.[5]

'Tis common to commend; but to deserve,
Is for some few, that march in a reserve
With thee. Thy Essays, rich in native worth,
Need not our trimming praise to set them forth;
But while judicious men the readers be,
Are monuments of judgment, wit, and thee.

[3] *To my friend, &c.*] Prefixed to *Love's Sacrifice*, 1633.

[4] *Look here, thou,* &c.] Prynne. Octavius Gilchrist (*Letter to W. Gifford, Esq. on the late edition of Ford's Plays, p.* 33) observes, that, though the title of Prynne's book, *Histrio-mastix, the Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragedie,* in addition to its whimsical division into acts and scenes, might have suggested to Shirley the point with which he closes these verses, it is most probable that the expression "thy own tragedy" was an anticipation of the punishment about to fall on that maligner of the drama. D.

[5] *To the deserving author,* &c.] Prefixed to *Horæ Vacivæ, or Essays. Some Occasionall Considerations, by John Hall,* 1646, 16mo. This little volume was published by Hall at the age of nineteen. His *Poems,* which appeared with the same date, have been reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges. He wrote several other works, and died before he had completed his twenty-ninth year. D.

In Laudem Authoris.[6]

Though here be wonder when 'tis known
A child[7] should make this work his own,
(Since he that can translate and please,
Must needs command two languages)
Yet this is nothing to the rest
Of treasure, which this little chest
Contains, and will in time break[8] forth,
To call just volumes of his worth.
If thus a branch, what will he be
When he is grown to be a tree?
So glorious in the bud, let men
Look for th'Hesperides again;
And gather fruit, nor think't unfit
A child should teach the world more wit.

To his worthy friend, Master Richard Brome, upon his Comedy, called A Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars.[9]

This Comedy, ingenious friend, will raise
Itself a monument, without a praise
Begg'd by the stationer, who, with strength of purse
And pens, takes care to make his book sell worse.
And I dare calculate thy Play, although
Not elevated unto fifty two,

[6] *In Laudem Authoris*] Prefixed to *Youth's Behaviour, or Decency in Conversation amongst Men. Composed in French by grave persons, for the use and benefit of their youth. Now newly turned into English By Francis Hawkins. The fourth Edition*, &c. 1646, *small* 8*vo*. D.

[7] The translator was only eight years of age. D.

[8] *break*] In an ed. of 1668 "bring," as cited in *Brit. Bib.* vol. iv. p. xii. D.

[9] *To his worthy friend*, &c.] Prefixed to the 4to. ed. of *A Jovial Crew*, 1652. From the pen of Richard Brome, who was originally a menial servant to Ben Jonson, we possess sixteen plays: one of them was written in conjunction with Heywood. D.

It may grow old as time or wit, and he,
That dares despise, may after envy, thee.
Learning, the file of poesy, may be
Fetch'd from the arts and university;
But he that writes a play and good, must know,
Beyond his books, men and their actions too.
Copies of verse, that make the new men sweat,
Reach not a poem, nor the Muses' heat:
Small bavin wits and wood may burn awhile,
And make more noise than forests on a pile,
Whose fibres[1] shrunk may invite a piteous stream,
Not to lament, but to extinguish them.
Thy fancy's mettle, and thy strains much higher
Proof 'gainst their wit, and what that dreads, the fire.

Upon the Printing of Mr. John Fletcher's Works.[2]

What means this numerous guard? or do we come
To file our names or verse upon the tomb
Of Fletcher, and by boldly making known
His wit, betray the nothing of our own?
For, if we grant him dead, it is as true
Against ourselves, no wit, no poet now;
Or, if he be return'd from his cool shade
To us, this Book his resurrection's made:
We bleed ourselves to death, and but contrive
By our own epitaphs to shew him alive.
But let him live, and let me prophecy,
As I go swan-like out, our peace is nigh;
A balm unto the wounded age I sing,
And nothing now is wanting but the King.

[1] *fibres*] The old copy "Fivers." D.

[2] *Upon the Printing of Mr. John Fletcher's Works.*] Prefixed to the folio collection of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, 1647. D.

To my very much honoured, and judicious friend, Major Wright, upon his Loving Enemy.[3]

This book, sir, needs no fillet on the brows,
Or silken Muse, to grace it; Beauty grows
In every line, and borrow'd Grace defies,—
Tie ribbons where you mean to sacrifice.
Oh, had this fair composure been my own,
I should have boasted some perfection,
And my exalted soul reach'd that degree,
Before I died, to *love my enemy!*
But this piece to your art owes all her glory,
And I but late admitted to your story,
Am only now concern'd to wonder, how
You should throne Love and Malice in one brow,
So sweet, I knew not, as the flames were drest,
Whether the Fiend or Angel pleas'd me best;
For still Clione ravish'd as she mov'd,
Her rage as excellent as when she lov'd;
Had there been less of either in her blood,
I had repented Laurean was so good.
But with what reason, some bold critic says,
Should I on you translate the Author's praise?
This was Bellay's: divide me 'twixt you two;
But what I understand I owe to you.

To my noble friend, Mr. Edmund Prestwich, upon his elegant Poems.[4]

Sir, you have gently cur'd my fears, and I
Congratulate emergent Poesy,

[3] *To my very much honoured &c.*] Prefixed to *The Loving Enemie, or, a famous true History, Written originally in the French Tongue, by the most incomparable Penman of the Age, J. P. Camus B.*[*ishop*] *of Belley. Made English by Major Wright, As his Recreation, during his Imprisonment*, 1650, 12*mo*. D.

[4] *To my noble friend &c.*] Prefixed to *Hippolitus, Translated out of Seneca. By Edmund Prestwich. Together with divers other Poems of the same Author's* 1651. 12*mo*. D.

And you, her tutelar Angel, who have made
Her live, and by your wit secur'd her shade.
By you (his better Seneca) reviv'd,
Hippolitus is now grown longer liv'd;
And Seneca himself, that could not die,
Hath gain'd another immortality.
Yet here you but translated: when you chuse
An amorous tract, and speak your own free Muse,
My admiration over-reads my eye,
And I am lost in the full harmony.

To MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. JOHN OGILBY.[5]

In what part of our hemisphere could spread
A cloud, so long t'obscure thy radiant head?
Shine forth, prodigious star, and make us know
What to thy welcome beams our age must owe!
As thou appear'st, how doth each trembling light
Retreat, whilst thou emergent from the night,
Like day's new sovereign, hast discover'd more
Than all their revolutions shew'd before!
At this a marble heaves! Methinks, I see
The learned shade of Virgil rise to thee,
Taught our own language, with that soul and sense
As hath not sham'd his Roman eloquence;
And, kissing his fresh shroud, smile that he must
Confess himself thy debtor in his dust;
Whilst we admire both thy bold hand and fate,
Who hast perform'd the next thing to create.
Yet here thou leav'st us not, as if thy fame
Were narrow, and too stooping for thy name;
Æsop, the great Mythologist, thy pen
Hath rais'd, and more than made alive again:

[5] *To my worthy friend &c.*] Prefixed to *The Fables of Æsop Paraphras'd in Verse and adorn'd with Sculpture, by John Ogilby*, 1651, 4to. Concerning Ogilby, and his acquaintance with Shirley, see the Account of our poet and his writings. D.

When rhymers vex'd his ghost and men to see't,
Staining fair paper with their cloven feet,
Thou hast new made him, for, as if by thee
Shuffled into his antique dust, we see
Him rise, but visible in some earthy part,
His soul is the new creature of thy art.
This could thy great converse with Virgil do,
To make old Æsop rise a poet too.
What in thy method must our wits amaze
Next thy Translation, and this Paraphrase?
Awake that Poem, born from thy own flame,
And at least second in heroic name;
This, only this remains; then, thou may'st try,
And thy Muse tell thee 'tis too late, to die.

On the death of Anne,[6] Queen of James the First.

Oh, let me weep! and, though I censur'd be,
I'll add one drop of water to this sea:
Yet why should this be vain, since that before
Heaven being full, one star is added more?

Flens post posuit Jac. Shirley, Aul. Cather. in Art. Bac.

[6] *On the death of Anne,* &c.] These verses, and the epitaph, are written on a fly leaf at the end of a copy of the following work, in the possession of Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh, who kindly communicated them to me: *Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses: In obitum Serenissimæ Reginæ Annæ, Conjugis dilectissimæ Jacobi Magnæ Britanniæ et Hiberniæ Regis,* 1619, 4to. The first four lines were transplanted by Shirley, with some variations, into his poems *Upon the Death of G. M.* and *Upon the Death of King James,* as the latter stands in Rawlinson's MS. see p. 443. D.

Epitaphium.

Lo, here the star, which rose on Denmark's sky,
By Juno fix'd in Scotland's royal sphere!
Whose princely orb did mount her up so high,
That she on kingdoms three shin'd sixteen year;
To mighty kings both daughter, sister, wife,
And mother,—have her princely son long life!
Now God her soul, the world her fame doth keep,
All hearts her love, her corpse herein doth sleep.

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FINIS.

ERRATA.

Vol. III.

p. 467, line 13, for "*you*" read "*your.*"
p. 509, line 4, dele "*great.*"

Vol. IV.

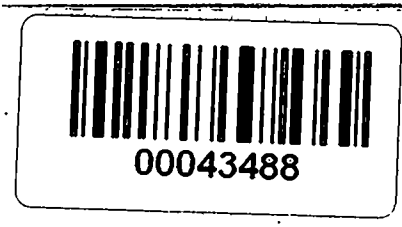
p. 10, last line but two from the bottom, for "*Lord B.*" read "*Lady B.*"
p. 36, line 2, for "*gentlemen*" read "*gentleman.*"

Vol. V.

p. 33, line 21, for "*Mal.*" read "*Tho.*"
p. 216, the seventh line from the bottom, for "*Hort.*" read "*Ber.*"
p. 250, the fifth line from the bottom, for "*Hon.*" read "*Hort.*"
p. 286, line 6, for "*Sec.*" read "*Ant.*"
p. 361, line 4, for "*Lord*" read "*Lon.*"
p. 384, line 9, for "*Pau.*" read "*Pac.*"
p. 391, line 12, for "*darkne*" read "*darkness.*"
p. 394, line 7, for "*pistols*" read "*pistoles.*"
p. 419, line 2, for "*Farn.*" read "*Pip.*"
p. 468, line 10, for "*Mar.*" read "*Man.*"
p. 471, line 14, for "*spread*" read "*spreads.*"

Vol. VI.

p. 2, line 2, for "1562" read "1659."
p. 47, line 14, for "*Alworth's*" read "*Master Alworth's.*"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